

PHOTOPLAY

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M O V I E M I R R O R

10¢

DECEMBER



LANA TURNER
BY PAUL HESSE

LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE

Exclusive!—STIRLING HAYDEN TELLS WHY HE QUIT HOLLYWOOD



Perfume, Face Powder, Lipstick, Talcum, Single Loose Powder Vanity \$5.00



Purse flacon of Evening in Paris Perfume, Eau de Cologne \$1.50 and Talcum



Purse Flacon of Perfume, Face Powder and refreshing \$2.50 Eau de Cologne



Evening in Paris Eau de Cologne, Talcum \$1.25

Triple Loose Powder Vanity \$2.95 Others \$1.25 and \$2.00.



Evening in Paris Perfume, Eau de Cologne, Rouge, Lipstick and Talcum \$2.95

WHISPER "I LOVE YOU"

WITH

Evening in Paris



CREATED BY
BOURJOIS



Evening in Paris Talcum and sparkling Toilet Water in \$1.85 gift package



Purse flacon of Perfume, Eau de Cologne \$1.00

Popular Evening in Paris Perfume \$1.25



Evening in Paris Face Powder, Eau de Cologne \$1.65



Evening in Paris Perfume. Separate atomizer. Delightful \$1.75 holiday package



Perfume and atomizer, Eau de Cologne, Talcum and Single Vanity \$4.00



Even if Heaven denied you Beauty—

YOUR STAR IS LUCKY.. if your Smile is Right!

Your smile is YOU! Help keep your gums firmer, your teeth brighter with Ipana and massage!

YOU don't have to be a beauty to have beauty's rewards—popularity, success, the man you want most to win.

Even if you're "plain" let your hopes soar high. Fortune can be more than kind... fortune can be lavish if your smile is right! A lovely smile is a magnet to others... the charm that wins hearts—and holds them.

So help your smile to be at its best.

But remember healthy *gums* are important if you want your smile to have brightness and sparkle. That's why it's so unwise ever to ignore the first warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

Never ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush... *see your dentist*. He may merely say your gums have become tender because today's soft foods have robbed them of work and exercise. And like many modern dentists, he may suggest "the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

Ipana is specially designed not only to clean teeth brilliantly and thoroughly but, with massage, to help firm and strengthen your gums. Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you brush your teeth. Notice its clean and refreshing taste. That invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in gum tissues—helping gums to healthier firmness.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you to have a smile that lights up your loveliness!



"A LOVELY SMILE IS MOST IMPORTANT TO BEAUTY!"

say beauty editors of 23 out of 24 leading magazines

Recently a poll was made among the beauty editors of 24 leading magazines. All but one of these experts said that a woman has no greater charm than a lovely, sparkling smile.

They went on to say that "Even a plain-girl can be charming, if she has a lovely smile. But without one, the loveliest woman's beauty is dimmed and darkened."

Start Today with
IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

A Product of Bristol-Myers

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

Nut-brown October finds the motion picture theatres doing very well, thank you. ★ ★ ★

For "The Chocolate Soldier" (not propaganda for candy or warriors) comes singing to the screens of America. ★ ★ ★

A lusty duet when Nelson Eddy joins with the sensational new star Rise Stevens. ★ ★ ★



Miss Stevens is unquestionably a thrush. Her voice has the liquidity of a babbling brook. Although unlike the famed stream of Tennyson it only goes on to the ultimate convincing note. ★ ★ ★

There has been some curiosity about this new excitement. It is a blending of two famous works. ★ ★ ★

Ferenc Molnar's "The Guardsman" has been embellished and enriched with the historic score of Oscar Straus' "The Chocolate Soldier". ★ ★ ★

It might well have been called "The Chocolate Guardsman". ★ ★ ★

But be that as it may it will unquestionably be called a great hit. ★ ★ ★

Eddy is in rare form. Director Roy Del Ruth gets a half-Nelson on his audience with a whole Nelson on his screen. ★ ★ ★

This is a film to see and to hear. To see beauty in the unstinted M-G-M manner. ★ ★ ★

And to hear "My Hero", "Sympathy", "The Chocolate Soldier" and other Straus songs of romance, as well as stirring pieces from Wagner, Schubert, Bizet. ★ ★ ★

In the cast also are Nigel Bruce and Florence Bates. Victor Saville's is the producing hand. ★ ★ ★



To be not brief but all-inclusive, "The Chocolate Soldier" has everything from A to... ★ ★ ★

Zip and zest.

—Lea

Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

PHOTOPLAY

combined with

ERNEST V. HEYN
Executive Editor

MOVIE
MIRROR

HELEN GILMORE
Associate Editor

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PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Her First Picture Since Famed "Ninotchka"

Garbo at her Gayest!

SHE RHUMBAS



SHE SKIS



SHE SWIMS



GARBO **MELVYN DOUGLAS** **TWO-FACED WOMAN**

CONSTANCE with ROLAND
BENNETT • YOUNG
ROBERT STERLING • RUTH GORDON

Original Screen Play by S. N. Behrman,
Salka Viertel and George Oppenheimer
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by GEORGE CUKOR
Produced by GOTTFRIED REINHARDT



CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS



Paulette Goddard:
She didn't waste
any time pouting

Below: Jane Russell—a
publicity campaign got
too much of a head start



Roz Russell: If she's as
shrewd in 1942 as in the
past she'll be a top-ranker



They used to say Mickey
Mouse was the perfect
star. Now they say . . .



WALT DISNEY



BY RUTH WATERBURY

EVERY wise movie fan knows that that old, old legend about "Miss So-and-so's stealing the picture" is simply not true . . . as readers of Photoplay-Movie Mirror, you are only too aware that scenes are too well written, too well directed and, most importantly, too well cut for any bit player to outsmart a star at the box office. . . .

But as for "careers" being stolen . . . that can be done . . . not only can it be done but it is done . . . done through this device that critics continue to fall for . . . through this device of bit players' apparently stealing scenes . . . or whole films . . . or whole studios for that matter. . . .

On the surface it all looks spontaneous and natural . . . yet in truth nothing is less simple or more unnatural . . . for every move in the Hollywood game is a move plotted out long in advance. . . .

It is these moves and countermoves that inner Hollywood discusses now, as the winter of 1941 closes in . . . now while the curtains are drawn against the rain and the fogs of Hollywood's late autumn and while the fire of the eucalyptus logs burns low on a dozen hearths in a dozen important producers' houses. . . .

Gathered around those hearths are groups of men almost entirely unknown outside Hollywood . . . the "big" agents . . . the men who "control properties" . . . properties that range all the way from the acting brains of Mr. Cary Grant to a poem by Alice Duer Miller . . . from Mr. Gable's dimples to the lilt of Connie Boswell's voice. . . .

If once you can listen in on their conversations, you know who is going to be starring, not in 1941 or 1942 but probably in 1945 . . . you know, too, who will probably be "through" in 1943 and 1944, no matter what their box-office rank is today. . . .

Yet no matter how much they plot and they plan . . . these inside gentlemen of inside Hollywood . . . they still have to do their work with human beings . . . wild, beautiful, young, impassioned human beings who will persist upon doing wild, beautiful, mad, young impassioned things and thereby upset the finest maneuvers. . . .

They are, these nights, for instance, discussing that very new leading man and that glamour girl who loves them and leaves them . . . the fellow has a great big glittering future if . . . if he survives this first great love that has captured him . . . they are talking about casting him in a really terrific role . . . but is it safe, they wonder. . . .

They talk about the indomitable will of Paulette Goddard . . . how she won't let anything, including her own anger and disappointment, get her down . . . they say this particularly after looking at "Hold Back The Dawn" in which Paulette was originally cast for the lead that Olivia de Havilland now plays (and beautifully) but in which Paulette finished by playing the much smaller role of Charles Boyer's ex-girl friend . . . did Paulette waste time pouting when that change was made in the casting? . . . yes, she did . . . for about five minutes . . . after that she was too busy . . . too busy with her singing lessons, her diction lessons, her dancing lessons, her hunt for utterly chic clothes, her interviews, her being Mrs. Chaplin, her entertaining . . . and most importantly, too, busy playing the smaller role magnificently . . . you can't keep a girl like that down . . . inner Hollywood recognizes that fact these evenings and therefore reckons on Miss Goddard for many years to come. . . .

THEY speculate, however, on the case of Jane Russell and a publicity campaign gone wrong for the simple reason that "The Outlaw" after being held for months is not being released until December . . . will the public be tired of this girl before it has ever seen her . . . or will it eventually take her to its heart and its box office? . . .

They watch the careful grooming that David Selznick has given his two potentially great stars, Ingrid Bergman and Alan Marshal, and great is their admiration for the patient shrewdness of this producer who always accomplishes just what he set out to accomplish . . . they look at the box-office statements on "Dr. Jekyll And Mr. Hyde" and "When Ladies Meet" . . . two remakes that are doing terrific business and they wonder if that is the answer (Continued on page 83)

THE GREATEST MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT
SINCE THE BLUES WERE BORN!

15-count 'em-15
of the Greatest
Songs Ever
Written, Sung
and Swung as
Never Before!
**IT'S A BLUE
HEAVEN!**

"MY MELANCHOLY BABY"

"MEMPHIS BLUES"

"SHINE"

"ST. JAMES INFIRMARY
BLUES"

"TIGER RAG"

"CUDDLE UP A LITTLE
CLOSER, LOVEY MINE"

"BY THE LIGHT OF THE
SILVERY MOON"

"WAIT TILL THE SUN
SHINES, NELLIE"

"AT A GEORGIA
CAMP MEETING"

"WAITING AT
THE CHURCH"

"AFTER THE BALL"

"ST. LOUIS BLUES"

"BIRTH OF THE BLUES"

"THE WAITER AND THE
PORTER AND THE
UPSTAIRS MAID"

"PADEREWSKI MINUET"

"BIRTH OF THE BLUES"

PARAMOUNT PRESENTS
"BIRTH OF THE BLUES"
with **BING CROSBY · MARY MARTIN**
Brian Donlevy · Carolyn Lee · Rochester

J. CARROL NAISH · Directed by Victor Schertzinger · A Paramount Picture
Screen Play by Harry Tugend and Walter DeLeon · Story by Harry Tugend



ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

Speak FOR YOURSELF



A Canadian comments on Errol Flynn, now flying high in "Dive Bomber"

\$10.00 PRIZE A Boo for an Encore

WHY all the remakes of pictures still easily remembered by most movie-goers?

For example, three of the current important pictures are: (1) "Smilin' Through"—which I've seen and cried over in two versions and don't care to sit through again in spite of Jeanette MacDonald; (2) "Dr. Jekyll And Mr. Hyde," which won Fredric March an Academy Award not so many years ago—and which I couldn't stand again, and (3) "When Ladies Meet"—charming fare but not important enough to waste admission on a second time.

Doesn't Hollywood have any original stories left? Hasn't the public indicated that the story is the important thing—regardless of stars—and no matter how good a story is, it gets stale with too much retelling?

Now, if the powers-that-be insist on remakes, why don't they go a little further back into the years? A revival of "Peter Pan," for instance, would thrill everyone who has ever read this immortal story and would incidentally help the crying necessity for suitable juvenile films.

For a good, exciting comedy, I would suggest that Paramount dig out of its files a little number titled "Seven Keys To Baldpate," put Bob Hope in the leading role and then it would have something worth reviving. This picture has been forgotten by all but a few and would be something new to the present generation.

The trouble with "Smilin' Through," "Dr. Jekyll And Mr. Hyde" and "When Ladies Meet" is that they can be remembered by too many people. Might as well start remaking "San Francisco" or "Naughty Marietta"—they were good, too, the first time.

SUE ANNA,
Lexington, Ky.

\$5.00 PRIZE Flynn Heads the List

MAKE this an open letter to press agents. Hey, fellows! How about some new angles for 1941? I mean—

we're not biting any more on the following dead fish: Flynn's hair-raising personal adventures, Lamour's sarongs, Sheridan's oomph, Raft's heart affairs and John Garfield's sessions in the doghouse. There are others, but these will suffice as examples of endurance tests to which we fans are put.

How about a little more tom-tom stuff about a player's acting? After all, a shoemaker is supposed to stick to his last and he's judged on the quality of his work, not on the style of his smock or the number of his amours.

G. RAYNE,
Vancouver, Canada.

\$1.00 PRIZE Sound Familiar?

BELIEVE I shall go placidly balmy if something isn't done soon about the so-called "classic" expressions that are worn threadbare by constant use in various pictures, i. e.:

1. "This is bigger than you or me. It's bigger than both of us."
2. "You're through, washed up, finished."
3. "This isn't like you. After all we've been to each other. Doesn't that mean anything to you?"
4. "You're good and clean and fine, but I can never love you. I'll marry you if you still want me and I'll try to make you a good wife."
5. "But you don't know what you're saying. You must be mad." "Mad? I'm sane for the first time in my life."
6. "I'll print a story that will rip this town wide open."
7. "It's the only decent thing that's ever happened to me. I'm in love for the first time in my life and nothing is going to happen to change that."
8. "We can lick this thing together."
9. "We're up against a pretty tough team, boys. I've taught you all I know about football, the rest is up to you. Now go out there and fight!"
10. Etc., etc., etc.

Even Shakespeare's supremacy would have been short-lived had his

famed expressions become standard equipment with him.

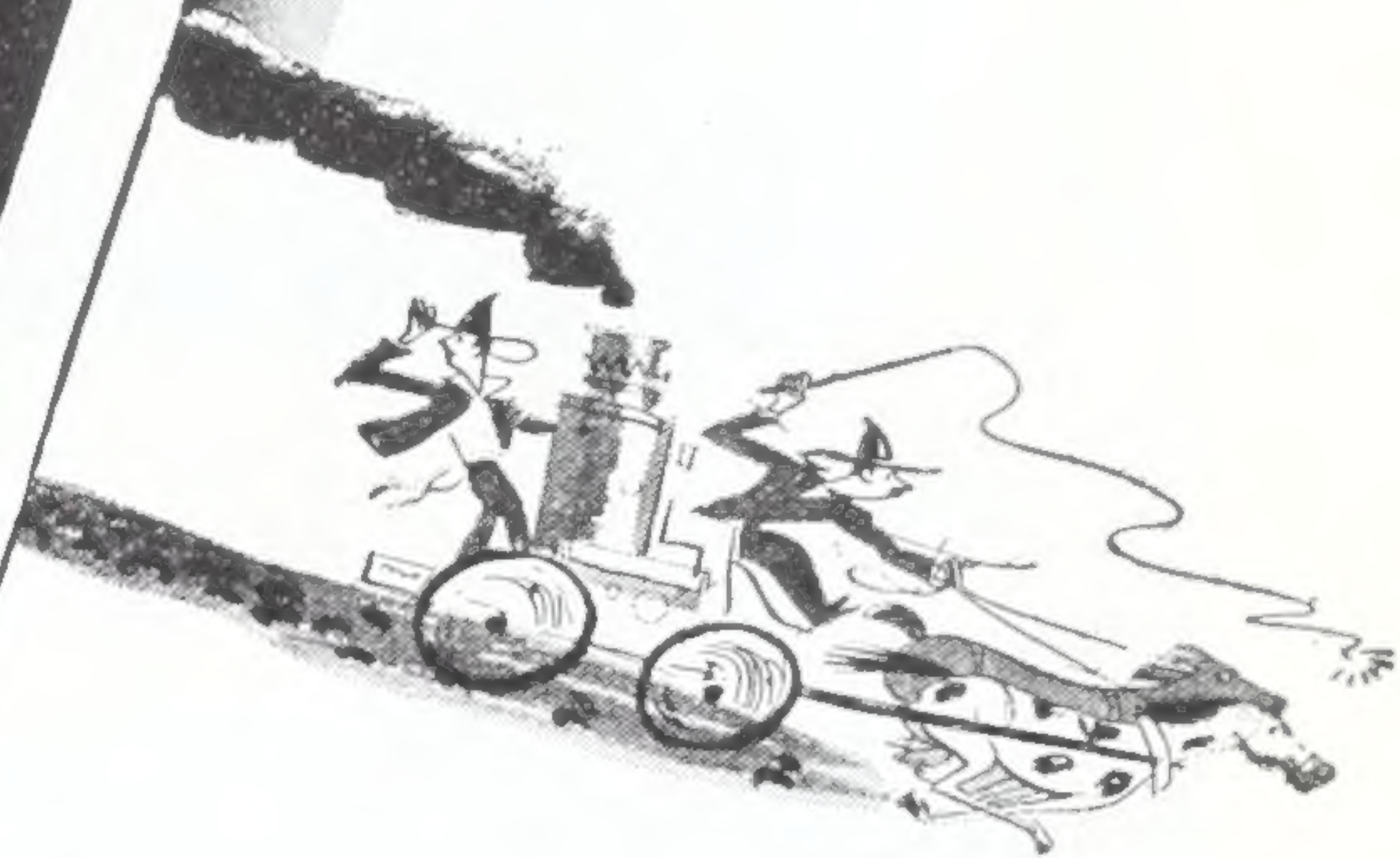
SARAH D. PASSAFIUME,
New York, N. Y.

\$1.00 PRIZE Quick-Change Livvie

I GET tired of seeing Hedy Lamarr being Hedy Lamarr and of Rosalind Russell playing the ever suave Miss Russell. Even the great Davis is sometimes a little too Bette-ish. But there's one gal in Hollywood that can't be typed—Olivia de Havilland is never herself. She is gentle *Melanie* ("G. W. T. W.") or reckless *Amy* ("The Strawberry Blonde") with equal ease. She is a competent and versatile actress who can change her personality to fit the part, rather than change the part to suit (*Continued on page 95*)

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR awards the following prizes each month for the best letters submitted for publication: \$10 first prize; \$5 second prize; \$1 each for every other letter published in full. Just write in what you think about stars or movies, in less than 200 words. Letters are judged on the basis of clarity and originality, and contributors are warned that plagiarism from previously published material will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. Please do not submit letters of which copies have been made to send to other publications; this is poor sportsmanship and has resulted, in the past, in embarrassing situations for all concerned, as each letter is published in this department in good faith. Owing to the great volume of contributions received by this department, we regret that it is impossible for us to return unaccepted material. Accordingly we strongly recommend that all contributors retain a copy of any manuscript submitted to us. Address your letter to "Speak for Yourself," PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR, 122 East 42nd St., New York City, N. Y.

MAN! What a Man IS FATHER!



Sis doesn't chase
the fellows...
Father does!



Brother has an eye
for girls... Father has
his eye on brother!



But to Mother—
Father's just
her biggest baby!
... He always has
one foot in heaven
—and the other
in hot water!



WARNER BROS. delightfully pre-
sent the most affable, laffable family
that ever stepped out of America's
screens . . . into America's heart!

FREDRIC MARCH MARTHA SCOTT

*In the big new hit based on the
year's most celebrated best-seller!*

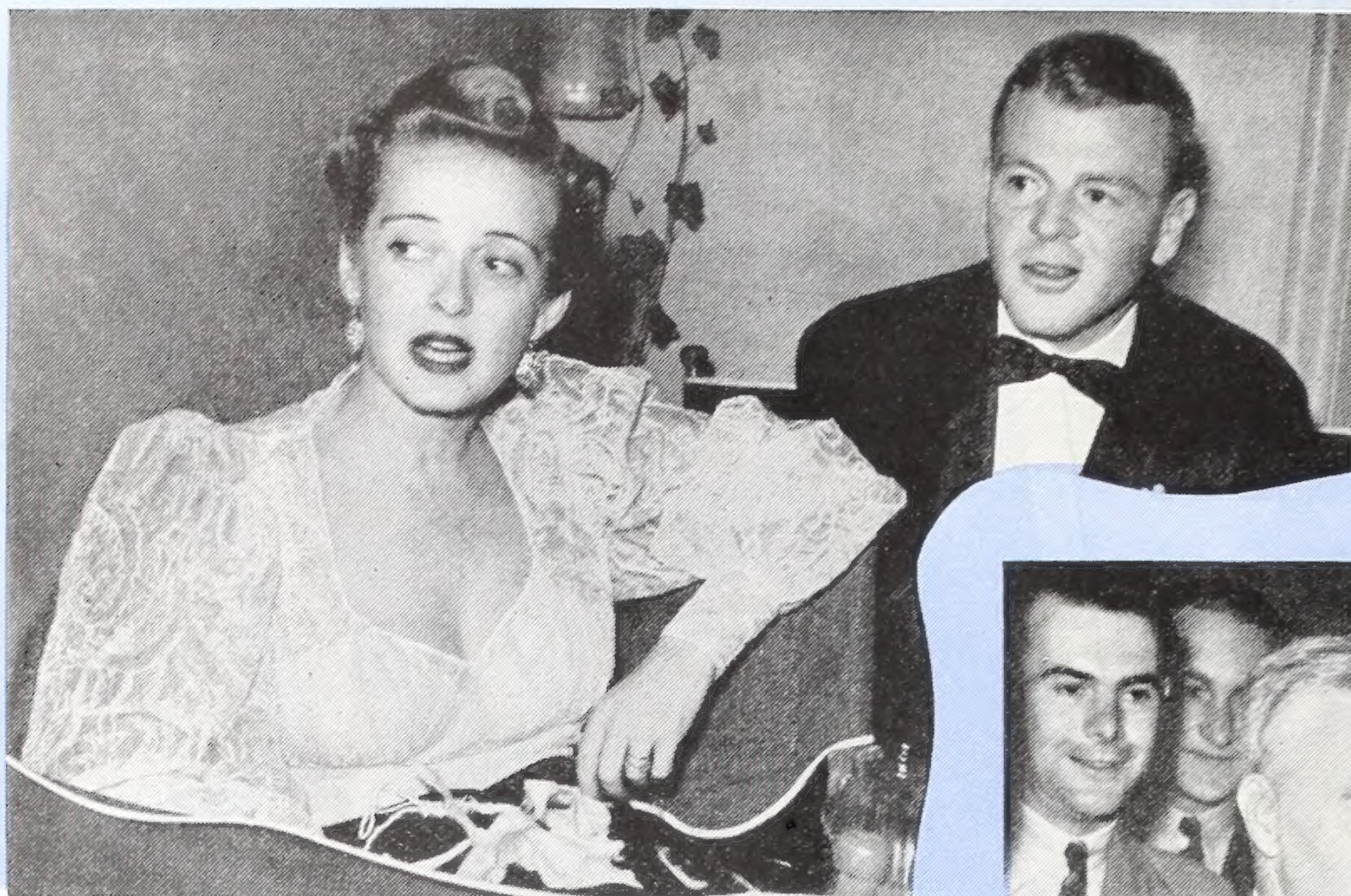
"ONE FOOT IN HEAVEN"

With BEULAH BONDI • GENE LOCKHART
ELISABETH FRASER • HARRY DAVENPORT
LAURA HOPE CREWS • GRANT MITCHELL

Directed by IRVING RAPPER

Screen Play by Casey Robinson • From the Book by Hartzell Spence
Music by Max Steiner • A Warner Bros. First National Picture





Most impressive relief party of the season was the concert sponsored by Mrs. Basil Rathbone at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel: Left: Bette Davis and husband Arthur Farnsworth came early, listened intently to the magnificent program

Right: Spotlight target was Norma Shearer's new hair-do. Charles Chaplin was host to R.A.F. student pilots



More people looked at Goddard than at the models: Paulette talks of furs and feathers with designer Irene at the latter's Bullock's Wilshire show

Inside Stuff

BY CAL YORK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

The best way for you — and the stars themselves — to find out about those undercover items Hollywood hushes up

INSIDE SECRETS: Those four boys of the Crosbys' are more than four little lively children. They are blessings in disguise, for Cal hears it's due to that quartette's forming a strong firm bond that the Crosbys' marriage has endured.

It hasn't been smooth sailing for Bing and Dixie, any more than it has for any other couple. It's true, Bing is a very rich man, but he's a selfish man in a way, too, devoting almost all his spare time to golf, his horses and

his race track. He cares little about night life or any kind of party, has little interest in clothes and usually is seen wearing the most casual of sports clothes.

Family relatives, we're told, entered into a lot of the squabbles—just as they do in your marriage, and yours, and yours. But Bing has such quantities of them, it seems, all wrapped up in his business enterprises.

Religion is another factor, with Bing and his four boys going their way and

Mrs. Crosby hers. Discipline of the children is also a constant bone of contention, with Bing's devotion to his own interests leaving most of it up to Dixie.

"You've got to take a hand right now," a friend overheard Dixie say to Bing one day.

"Well, our mother brought up all us kids all right. Why can't you?" Bing challenged.

Only, as the friend suggested, the Senior Mr. (Continued on page 10)



NOTE HOW LISTERINE GARGLE REDUCED GERMS



BEFORE

The two drawings illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.



AFTER

AT THE FIRST SYMPTOM OF A COLD OR SORE THROAT—Listerine, *QUICK!*

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on the throat surfaces to kill "secondary invaders" . . . the very types of germs that make a cold more troublesome.

This prompt and frequent use of full strength Listerine Antiseptic may keep a cold from getting serious, or head it off entirely . . . at the same time relieving throat irritation when due to a cold.

Its value as a precaution against colds and sore throats has been demonstrated by some of the sanest, most impressive research work ever attempted in connection with cold prevention and treatment.

Ten Years of Research

Actual tests conducted on employees in several industrial plants during a ten year period of research revealed this astonishing truth: That those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds and milder colds than non-users, and fewer sore throats.

Kills "Secondary Invaders" on Tissue Surfaces

This impressive record is explained, we

believe, by Listerine Antiseptic's germ-killing action . . . its ability to kill threatening "secondary invaders"—the very types of germs that live in the mouth and throat and are largely responsible, many authorities say, for the bothersome aspects of a cold.

Tests Showed Outstanding Germ Reductions on Tissue Surfaces

When you gargle with Listerine, that cool amber liquid reaches way back on throat surfaces and kills millions of the "secondary invaders" on those areas—not all of them, mind you, but so many that any major invasion of the delicate membrane may often be halted and infection thereby checked.

Even 15 minutes after Listerine gargle, tests have shown bacterial reduc-

tions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7%. Up to 80% an hour afterward.

In view of this evidence, don't you think it's a sensible precaution against colds to gargle with Listerine systematically twice a day and oftener when you feel a cold getting started?

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

WATCH YOUR THROAT

Where illness often starts

GENUINE DU PONT
"LUCITE"
ILLUMINATOR

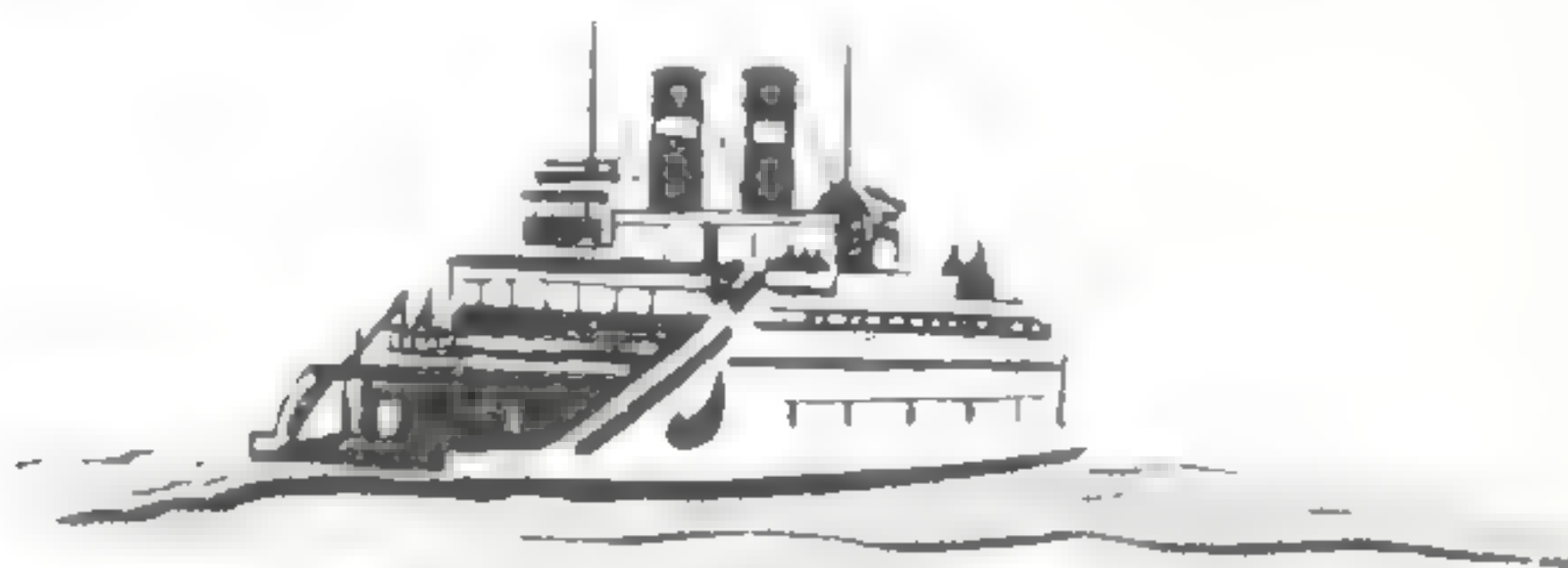
**LISTERINE
THROAT
LIGHT**

ONLY 75¢

BATTERIES INCLUDED

ALL OUT for a BIG PICTURE

WHEN the unusual story OF Republic's new hit, "LADY FOR A NIGHT," WAS first discussed at the STUDIO, it was AGREED that it DEMANDED a CAST of truly DISTINGUISHED TALENTS... a CAST of top-RANKING stars — EACH one CAREFULLY SELECTED with A particular CHARACTER in MIND... First, THERE was the GLAMOROUS SOUTHERN SHOW-BOAT SINGER — The girl WHOSE charms BROUGHT all Dixie TO her feet in HOMAGE. Who could be better SUITED to that role than vivacious JOAN BLONDELL, star of a score OF screen triumphs! And when IT came to the two handsome BLADES who were rivals for her LOVE — Republic shot the WORKS again!



AND so you will see tall, bronzed JOHN WAYNE pitting his suit AGAINST RAY MIDDLETON... WHAT a threesome! Star CASTS like these are FEW and far between! BUT this story — this DRAMATIC romance OF the land that lies BELOW the Mason-Dixon LINE — could only be done JUSTICE to by just such A group of your favorite stars!... SO don't miss "LADY FOR A NIGHT," STARRING JOAN BLONDELL, JOHN WAYNE and RAY MIDDLETON... it's



A REPUBLIC PICTURE

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

(Continued from page 8)



Right: Mrs. Pat Stillman, the man in her life, Cesar Romero, and Edith Fellows at the final tennis matches

Crosby failed to devote his spare time almost exclusively to golf, horses and racing.

There are two sides to every marriage, of course, but we're only reciting these incidents to assure you the stars have their marital heartaches, too.

With Bing in South America at the moment and Dixie reported on her way to join him, this vacation from the woes of home cares may bring a fresh new happiness to Bing and Dixie. As someone said, it would be a blow to the whole industry if the Crosbys should part.

Let's hope the four little Crosbys keep on being that tie that binds.

Events of the Month: The opening of John Anderson's Wilshire Bowl Theater Restaurant was the sensation of the month, with all the favorites of yesterday occupying the stage and the favorites of today applauding them from the audience.

Clara Kimball Young, she of the big brown eyes, brought loud applause from Lana Turner and Tony Martin, Alexis Smith, John Shelton and his bride Kathryn Grayson; the stars of today greeting the stars of yesterday.



Betty Compson, slim blonde and beautiful, brought cheers from Mae West, bediamonded Lil, from her box. John Barrymore gave a hand to Bryant Washburn; W. C. Fields, making one of his rare appearances, gave every one of the beloved old-timers a loud cheer.

It's a great show and one Hollywood is taking to its heart.

A Quiz: What is Hollywood's favorite game? It's tennis, my friends, and no two ways about it. The annual fall tennis matches brought the usual stream of greats and near-greats to watch the professionals smack their way to fame.

Mickey Rooney, one of the best players in this or any other town, was

Eyes left, eyes right; Rooney eyes Jinx Falkenburg at the tennis matches. Mickey is one of the best tennis players on the West Coast: Jinx herself is Hollywood's top racquet girl



The man who usually sits at Greer Garson's right at a dinner party is Benny Thau, M-G-M producer

there every day. The Gary Coopers and William Powells scarcely missed a match. Pat Dane and her intended, Cedric Gibbons, turned bright eyes left to right—and right to left. Jeanette MacDonald and husband Gene Raymond were one of the most popular couples at the games. As for Rudy Vallee, he lived there. He must have. He never missed a single second of the sport.

Listen, Fans: Here's your chance to own a souvenir of your favorite star. Anne Lehr's Hollywood Guild Memento Mart makes this possible. By donating personal souvenirs, with an autograph, for Anne to sell to you, many stars provide milk for babies in the Guild nursery. Souvenir prices range from fifty cents to five dollars plus ten cents for handling. Get an initialed gear shift knob of Nelson Eddy's (\$5); some china novelty of Jane Withers' (\$1); earrings of Ann Sheridan's (\$4); a cartridge of Gene Autry's (50c); a necklace of Jeanette MacDonald's (\$5); a belt of Gary Cooper's (\$2); handkerchiefs of Joan Blondell's (\$1); a John Garfield rolled gold chain (\$4); a bracelet of Martha Scott's (\$2.50); a tie of Ralph Bellamy's (\$1.95)—and so on.

It's a wonderful idea! "I have had untold pleasure in owning Bette's amber bracelet," writes one of Bette Davis' fans. You can have the same thrill.

Send ten cents for a catalogue to: Anne Lehr, Hollywood Guild Memento Mart, 1284 Crescent Heights Blvd., Hollywood, California.

Cal's Report Card: With that first month's report card about due, you lads and lassies all over the land, Professor York S. D. (snooper dooper)

Wake your skin to New Loveliness with Camay — Go on the "MILD-SOAP" DIET!



This lovely bride, Mrs. John B. LaPointe of Waterbury, Conn., says: "I can't tell you how much Camay's 'Mild-Soap' Diet has done for my skin. Whenever I see a lovely woman whose skin looks cloudy, I can hardly help telling her about it."

Even many girls with sensitive skin can profit by this exciting beauty idea—based on the advice of skin specialists, praised by lovely brides!

YOU CAN BE lovelier! You can help your skin—help it to a cleaner, fresher, more natural loveliness by changing to a "Mild-Soap" Diet.

So many women cloud the beauty of their skin through improper cleansing. And so many women use a soap not as mild as a beauty soap should be.

Skin specialists themselves advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is milder by actual test than 10 other popular beauty soaps.

Twice every day—for 30 days—give your skin Camay's gentle care. It's the day to day routine that reveals the full benefit of Camay's greater mildness. And in a few short weeks you can reasonably hope to have a lovelier, more appealing skin.



THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN



Camay is milder by actual recorded test—in tests against ten other popular beauty soaps Camay was milder than any of them!

Go on the
CAMAY
"MILD-
SOAP"
DIET!



Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of the nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and then 30 seconds of cold splashing.



Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with milder Camay and your skin is ready for make-up.

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff



Familiar look on a familiar face: Carole Lombard always looks like this at Ciro's with husband Gable



In a formal-fete mood: Jean Arthur and bandleader Kay Kyser don their whites for a British Relief event

gets ready his first grades of the term. So all you Hollywood students stand by while Photoplay-Movie Mirror's bulletin board records the grades.

To Vivien Leigh and Laurence Olivier for their bravery in becoming parents during the most hazardous moments in their England's history—one hundred percent.

To Director Joseph Von Sternberg (who has been handed another chance by Hollywood) for his haughty imperial manner of forcing studio people who wish to consult him to write their names on a blackboard—a long session after school while Professor York carefully explains this is America, pal, the land of the free and *equal*.

To Linda Darnell for her heart-whole loyalty to her Texas high-school beau Jaime Jorba—a place at the head of the class.

Favorites of today, John Shelton and bride Kathryn Grayson, watch favorites of yesterday at the opening of ...

To Errol Flynn, for his ill-timed leaving of wife and baby and his refusal to reconsider—a very black mark.

To Sol Baiano, Warner talent scout, for his eagerness in helping every newcomer and discovering Alexis Smith—a round red apple from teacher.

To Twentieth Century-Fox for casting Jack Oakie as a freshman in "Rise And Shine," which boosts Linda Darnell as a senior—er—well, gosh, what would you do in a cast like that? Right—let's call recess.

What? No Manicure? Some movie friends of Henry Fonda were on a fishing trip with him recently and brought this story back to Hollywood. On a rather dull day, when the fish weren't biting too hard, Hank offered cheerily to cut everyone's hair. They took him up on it, submitted with grins. But to their amazement, Henry did the neatest bit of barbering they'd ever received.

Now comes the funny part. Shortly after their return, Cameraman Gregg Toland needed another hair trim. He sent word to Henry just as a gag. To the delight of the entire "Ball Of Fire" cast and crew, and to the consternation of Toland, Fonda showed up on the set and proceeded to trim Toland's locks.

Home at Midnight, Little Cinderellas? Hollywood or Podunk—it's the same problem everywhere. We mean the old one: "How long should a girl be allowed to stay out on dates at night?"

Linda Darnell, who was eighteen on October 16, has declared a rebellion against her date programs. Hitherto Mrs. Darnell has insisted her daughter be home at eleven-thirty sharp.

(Continued on page 14)

... the Wilshire Bowl Theater Restaurant. Linda Darnell likes the star attraction—a Dietrich dummy





"Isn't It
Wonderful To
Be in the Movies,
Fibber Dearie?"



"Molly, it's Posi-
tively a Pleasure
to Perform for our
Palpitating Public
in Person!"

*My Dear - They're Here
In Their First Starring Picture!*

See Radio's Big Four All In One Big Show!

Fibber M'GEE & MOLLY

Edgar BERGEN & Charlie M'CARTHY

and Lucille BALL

in

*"Look
Who's
Laughing"*



T'AIN'T FUNNY, M'GEE—IT'S HILARIOUS!
With Gildersleeve, Mrs. Uppington, and
all the other famous characters who make
life blissful in Wistful Vista.

Produced and Directed by ALLAN DWAN

Story and
Screen Play by
James V. Kern



Let This Name



BE YOUR GUIDE TO A Better Figure

This name stands for style, for satisfaction and for skill. Created by a sculptor-designer who knows *figures* as well as *fashions*, foundations by Maiden Form are made only from the finest of materials, by the most skilled of workers. Maiden Form's brassieres, girdles and one-piece foundations are designed to mould to perfection—and to *continue* to do so, even after months of wear. No wonder so many thousands of women insist on seeing *this* name, when buying foundation garments.

These are typical examples of Maiden Form's exquisite brassieres, girdles and "Once-Overs"



Send for free Foundation Style Booklet G.C.—Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc. New York, N. Y.

* REG.
U. S.
PAT.
OFF.

There is a Maiden Form
for Every Type of Figure!



Scoop view of two famous foursomes spending their money for fun and British Relief. Left is Ronald Colman, Charles Boyer, Mr. and Mrs. Colman in an "Our Gang" mood

Right: Two plus two makes a prize picture at the same event. Orson Welles elbows Dolores Del Rio; Arthur Hornblow, Jr., faces front; his wife Myrna Loy gives a special grin for Fink



CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

(Continued from page 12)

"Now that I'm eighteen, I think I should be permitted to stay out until one or one-thirty. I care nothing about staying out until two-thirty or three o'clock in the morning and have no idea of doing so, but if a girl is asked out dancing she can hardly leave at eleven in order to get home by eleven-thirty. I think one or one-thirty a reasonable hour for an eighteen-year-old girl."

Of course, Jane Withers is a mite younger, being fifteen, but Mrs. Withers solves Jane's date problems by going along unless it's a crowd of young people together.

Lana Turner at eighteen almost ruined her career by spending late hours in night clubs. On the other hand, friends suggest if M-G-M had permitted Kathryn Grayson to go out more, she might have met other men besides her one secret beau, John Shelton, and not become a bride at eighteen.

So it's a problem. Is Linda right? Is Mrs. Darnell right? Or what's the wise middle ground, mothers?

News From Lt. Richard Greene:
At last Cal has an answer to those

who have written for news of Richard Greene. A friend who received this letter from Dick has given us permission to print it. Hope it cheers all you thousands of Greene fans who can't forget.

It reads:

"I enlisted on Friday, Sept. 13, 1940, and spent three months as a rookie in the tank corps. I got up at 6 a. m. and swept, scrubbed and peeled potatoes. Then I was sent to Sandhurst for four months in an officer's training school. Now I am a second lieutenant in the Lancers, a mechanized regiment in the Royal Armored Corps.

"When I left Twentieth Century-Fox, I was getting \$1500 a week. My salary as a rookie was \$.20 a day and my present salary is \$2.25 a day.

"Never again will I take comforts for granted. It's a good thing, though, that the war carried me away from Hollywood. I shudder to think what would have happened to me, with all the adulation that a film player received. Looking back over my time in the Army, I realize that it has done me a tremendous amount of good."

Cal's Monthly Tidbits: Robert Taylor took his mother plane-riding the other day—her first time in the air, too. Mrs. Brugh said afterwards she was afraid to look up, down or over and could only keep staring at the back of Bob's head as he sat in the



A wife kibitzes — on invitation: Mrs. Spencer Tracy listens in on a business conference between Spence and M-G-M's talent scout Grady

pilot's seat and wishing she were in Nebraska—or some place on the ground. Bob received his new pilot's license recently.

Bride and bridegroom Judy Garland and Dave Rose have become Mr. and Mrs. Hero to the parents of the five children they pulled out of Lake Arrowhead. The children had gone out beyond their depth when Judy and Dave, in their speedboat, came to the rescue.

The town is breathless over the romance of seventeen-year-old Gloria Vanderbilt and agent Pat di Cicco, who is fifteen years older. Pat, a former husband of the late Thelma Todd, has been assiduously courting little Gloria, who has recently renounced a formal coming-out party.

The town places little credence in the announced dramatic meeting of Betty Grable, George Raft and his wife in Chicago. That George is attracted strongly to Betty, no one doubts. That he will get a divorce, everyone doubts. Odd, isn't it, that plain little, wiggling-for-her-living Betty should have more appeal than the glamorous, ultra Norma Shearer who never got quite that far with Georgie. Or on second thought, it isn't odd. Men like their gals down to earth, and that's Miss Grable, folks, down to earth.

'Tis rumored Jimmy Stewart will be among those draftees over twenty-eight years of age who will be mustered out in November. The town couldn't be happier if it's true, but some say Jimmy will stay on anyway.

Let's hope he comes home. He's done his duty. He's been swell about it and we need him in pictures to keep up our morale. What say, folks?

The Bride Goes A.W.O.L.: Rumors thicker than pea soup have been floating through the village concerning Deanna Durbin's reported unhappi-

**Meet the Bride who
wouldn't stay for
Breakfast!**

A joyous reunion of the stars of "THE LADY EVE"

**BARBARA
STANWYCK ★ FONDA**

in Wesley Ruggles'

*You belong
to me*

with **EDGAR BUCHANAN**

Roger Clark · Ruth Donnelly · Melville Cooper

Screen play by Claude Binyon

DIRECTED BY WESLEY RUGGLES · A COLUMBIA PICTURE



*The GIRL you'd
LIKE TO BE!*

HERE you are, and there she goes again . . . the girl you'd like to be!

How you envy her *buoyancy* . . . her *sparkle*! That wonderful ability to *do* and *go* whenever she desires—never saying “no” to invitations, keeping active, living without discomfort in spite of the “time of month.”

Isn't it time you learned what she already knows . . . that much functional menstrual pain is *needless*?

With the trustworthy help of Midol, millions of women of menstrual age have proved this to their own satisfaction and comfort. Broken the bonds of the calendar, and regained many “lost days” for active living.

If you have no organic disorder calling for special medical or surgical treatment, Midol should make you the “girl you'd like to be”—taking the dread from trying days, giving welcome relief throughout the period.

You can put confidence in Midol, for it contains no opiates. One ingredient is often prescribed for headache and muscular pain. Another ingredient, *exclusively* in Midol, increases relief by reducing spasmodic pain peculiar to the menstrual process.

There's only one way to discover the comfort in Midol. *Try it!* Among thousands of women recently interviewed, more reported using Midol to relieve functional menstrual pain than all other preparations combined. And 96% of these Midol users said they found Midol effective.

If you don't see Midol on your druggist's counter, ask for it. The large size, a trim aluminum case to tuck in purse or pocket, is only 40¢; the small size, 20¢.



Relieves Functional Periodic Pain



Left: In case you can't guess, Gene Markey and the two gentlemen are talking about nuts and bolts—or the equivalent. Miss de Havilland doesn't like n. and b. Now . . .

CAL YORK'S Inside Stuff

ness over her latest picture, “It Started With Eve.” Our “inside” friends tell us all has been far, far from serene on the Universal front with Deanna's chin (which is surer than a weather indicator that a storm is a-brewing) becoming firmer with every scene. And Universal knows so well what it means to have Miss Durbin displeased.

“Home with a cold.” was the explanation given by the studio for Deanna's absence from the set—which undoubtedly was true. But home with a peeve was also undoubtedly true, too, for old Cal discovered the unhappy atmosphere was generated by Deanna's belief that hubby Vaughn Paul wasn't getting enough credit for his work on the picture. It seems Mr. Paul had quite a bit to do with the development of the story and Deanna thinks he should have screen billing (his name flashed on the screen) as assistant producer.

This fighting for hubby's rights is an admirable thing and Cal's all for it, but—and we make it a big but—knowing something of the sensitiveness of Mr. Paul, of his reticence and honest desire not to push himself ahead too fast, but to grow and develop on a slower but surer foundation, we're wondering if Deanna's well-meant insistence will not one day reap a reverse harvest.

On the other hand, it's every man for himself in this politics-ridden town of Hollywood and one almost has to have someone higher up do a bit of scheming in order to get ahead.

But will Mr. Paul like his wife to do the shoving, Cal wonders. Doesn't it take something from a marriage to have the wife the aggressor, as it were?

Anyway, we may be wrong about the whole story and, frankly, we hope



. . . the conversation switches to Olivia's new hat. Result: The lady takes a new hat-titude

so. The picture as it now stands isn't one to our particular liking. What do you think?

Cal's Chuckle of the Month: Wrapped in his sarong, dark and handsome Philip Reed made quite a hit with the lady reviewers in the audience at the preview of “Aloma Of The South Seas.”

“Gee, he's terrific,” one blonde whispered to her friend, unaware that right next to her sat the handsome Phil in person, pleased as Punch.

“Where's he been all my life?” the other cutie asked. “I could certainly give up Joe for that guy. Wouldn't it be wonderful to meet a fellow like that? Just to speak to him!”

By the time the picture was over, Phil, who has waited a long time for his chance, was so overcome with it all he stumbled over the blonde's feet in getting out.

“Pardon me,” he stammered and waited.

She fixed him with a glassy eye and snapped, "Listen, Jack, pick up your feet, see."

Phil thinks now it was just the sarong. But the police won't let him wear it to previews.

Farewell, A Long Farewell: They came into town together. Tall, thin, and a bit on the gawky side, they came job-hunting from up Montana way, Frank James Cooper and his partner Slim Talbot. Frank got a job selling photographic coupons to anyone who wanted his picture taken. No one did.

Sheepishly, they talked over this movie-acting business. Shucks, they couldn't act, but they could ride, by golly, so they got jobs as extras. Then a director chose Frank to play a small scene in "The Winning Of Barbara Worth." But then a funny thing happened about that scene. When the picture was released, people, especially women, all over the country asked about the strange, shy cowboy and instantly producer Sam Goldwyn placed him under contract and changed his name to Gary Cooper.

"Slim goes with me," Gary tried to explain. "We're a team."

Go together they did on every picture Gary made since that day in 1925, with Slim as stand-in and Gary, almost from the first, as star, until after "Ball Of Fire" was completed. Then Slim told Coop he'd been offered a job as foreman of a 1000-acre property in Oregon and he wanted to go. Coop was for it, although a part of all the things that had touched Coop left with Slim.

But a crossroads had come in the lives of these two men and each had to go his way, still loyal, still friends, still pals. They always will be.



Front-row fans at the Ice Follies. Virginia Grey with Richard Arlen



"My Mom's a Modern!..."

MY MOM knows the answers...and tells 'em to me! She's a good sport...that's what makes it so swell!

For instance, a fancy new hair-do wouldn't stop her from taking a quick trip on a toboggan with the crowd. And she can skate circles and figure-eights around me any winter day!

When the big holiday doings come up, Mom spends hours helping me pull myself together...fixing me up from nails to nylons so I can't help but click.

She taught me the trick of never missing any fun that's coming my way, too—even on those trying days of the month.

You see, Mom took me in hand early...told me about Kotex sanitary napkins. How Kotex is *more* comfortable because it's *less bulky*...*less apt* to rub and chafe.

She doesn't just dish things out in headlines!

It was Mom who put me wise to the fact that Kotex has a moisture-resistant "safety shield" and flat, pressed ends (they mean a lot to a girl's confidence in these days of bias-cut clothes). I always know my secret is safe with Kotex.

Of course, Kotex in 3 different sizes—Junior, Regular, and Super—is swell. To me they're just like play-suits, date dresses and formals: each one suits a different day's needs—perfectly.

But I was talking about Mom. She's a modern like me... isn't she a peach?

Be confident...comfortable...carefree

— with Kotex*!



Completes a girl's education. Send today for the new free booklet "As One Girl To Another". It gives the answers to your intimate questions...tells what to do and not to do on "difficult days". Just send your name and address to Post Office Box 3434, Dept. MW-12, Chicago, Illinois, and you'll get a copy FREE.

(★Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)



IRRESISTIBLE

You



Glamorous daring red for your lips with **IRRESISTIBLE RUBY RED** Lipstick... a color that flashes like precious rubies. Wear this richest of reds as a brilliant accent to all costumes. Ruby Red Lipstick is **WHIP-TEXT** to be softer, smoother, non-drying, and keeps your lips lovelier longer. Matching Rouge, Face Powder and Foundation.

Only 10c each at all 5 & 10c Stores

IT'S *Whip-Text*
LASTS LONGER...
SMOOTHER



USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

BRIEF REVIEWS

✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE WAS RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED



Hollywood version of "The New York Story"; Laraine Day, Edward G. Robinson and Edward Arnold line up for the M-G-M film of newspaper life

ACCENT ON LOVE—20th Century-Fox: When George Montgomery rebels against his life and his marriage that can't be dissolved because of family pride, he just ups and becomes a ditchdigger and digs until he's straightened out all his problems. Osa Massen, J. Carrol Naish and Cobina Wright Jr. are all very nice, as is Montgomery, but the story's too laden down with message to be very entertaining. (Oct.)

✓ **ALOMA OF THE SOUTH SEAS**—Paramount: Dorothy Lamour is back again in Technicolor and her sarong. Jon Hall is the native who returns from the states with his new education to take over his post as ruler and marry his betrothed, Miss Lamour. But jealous Philip Reed has other ideas and it takes the inevitable volcano in eruption to change his mind. (Nov.)

ANGELS WITH BROKEN WINGS—Republic: Sidney Blackmer and Katharine Alexander can't marry because they're afraid his divorce from Binnie Barnes is illegal, so everybody, including Mary Lee, Billy Gilbert, Jane Frazee, Leo Gorcey and Gilbert Roland, pitches in to straighten things out. (Sept.)

ARIZONA BOUND—Monogram: A good old-time Western about a marshal who solves a series of stagecoach robberies. Three favorites, Buck Jones, Tim McCoy and Raymond Hatton, band together in this picture for some out-west shooting and riding. Buck and Tim are tops as Western heroes and Hatton is a fine laugh-getter. (Oct.)

BACHELOR DADDY—Universal: Baby Sandy gets cuter with every picture and in this one she makes up for a lot of unfunny episodes. Kathryn Adams is Sandy's mother and she sends the child to Edward Everett Horton, Raymond Walburn and Donald Woods to keep while she's involved with the law. Even with Bert Roach and Franklin Pangborn in the cast, it still isn't very funny. (Oct.)

✓ **BADLANDS OF DAKOTA**—Universal: Straight-shooting Western, with Robert Stack as the Easterner who marries his brother's (Broderick Crawford) fiancée, Ann Rutherford, which starts all the rumpus. Richard Dix is Wild Bill Hickok,

Frances Farmer is Calamity Jane, and Addison Richards is Custer. (Nov.)

BARNACLE BILL—M-G-M: Rough-and-ready fun, with Wallace Beery as an old waterfront rascal always in trouble until his daughter Virginia Weidler succeeds in reforming him. Marjorie Main lends a willing hand to the process, and Donald Meek and Leo Carrillo are also mixed up in the proceedings. (Oct.)

✓ **BELLE STARR**—20th Century-Fox: The notorious woman bandit of the 1860's has been so whitewashed that much of the punch of the picture is lost. Gene Tierney plays *Belle*, who turns out to be a gently bred Southern girl who attempts to re-fight the Civil War. She marries Southern rebel Randy Scott and participates in his escapades until she finds out his cause is only a front for thieving and killing. With Dana Andrews, John Shepperd and Technicolor. (Nov.)

✓ **BIG STORE, THE**—M-G-M: This is supposed to be the Marx Brothers' last picture, and they're retiring on a high note of comedy. It's the Brothers at their best, with plenty of able support from Tony Martin and Virginia O'Brien. Margaret Dumont hires Groucho and Harpo to protect her nephew, Martin, from harm; and the picture takes them on their zany way through a department store. (Sept.)

BLONDE FROM SINGAPORE, THE—Columbia: The ever-present jewel thieves are here again in this tired plot, with Florence Rice as a scheming actress who swipes the pearls from Leif Erikson and Gordon Jones, and then sets out to win Alexander D'Arcy, only to find herself in a spot. (Nov.)

BLONDIE IN SOCIETY—Columbia: The *Bumpsteeds* get in a jam again when Arthur Lake accepts an enormous great Dane dog but promises not to place it in a dog show and Penny Singleton unknowingly enters it in a show. What follows shouldn't happen to a dog, but it's a lot of fun for the audience. (Oct.)

✓✓ **BLOSSOMS IN THE DUST**—M-G-M: No finer actress than Greer Garson could have been chosen to portray Edna Gladney of Texas, the wo-

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

man who devoted her life to providing homes for nameless children. Walter Pidgeon as the Westerner who marries Greer. Marsha Hunt and Felix Bressart also create memorable portraits. (Sept.)

✓ **BRIDE CAME C.O.D., THE**—Warners: Jimmy Cagney, aviator, foils Bette Davis' elopement with Jack Carson by stranding her in a desert ghost town, to the accompaniment of all kinds of slapstick. You'll get a bang out of it. (Sept.)

✓✓ **CHARLEY'S AUNT**—20th Century-Fox: "Charley's Aunt" gets funnier with every generation. Jack Benny as the Oxford student who is forced to play the aunt of a fellow student is at his funniest. Complications set in when the real aunt, Kay Francis, shows up. See it for the best laugh you've had in years. (Oct.)

CRACKED NUTS—Universal: A hollow robot, with Shemp Howard concealed inside, convinces Stuart Erwin that robots are a good investment, so crooked promoters Mischa Auer and Bill Frawley promptly take Stewart for all he's got. How he gets it back forms quite a cute finish. With Una Merkel.

✓✓ **DIVE BOMBER**—Warners: Timely, informative, and entertaining is this picture about the experimental work of flight surgeons in the Naval Air Corps. A feud between Errol Flynn and Fred MacMurray is the framework for beautiful aviation shots. Alexis Smith registers as a comer, and Ralph Bellamy and Regis Toomey lend grand support. (Nov.)

✓ **DR. KILDARE'S WEDDING DAY**—M-G-M: The sudden, tragic death of Laraine Day, fiancée of Dr. Kildare, on her wedding day comes as a jarring shock. Through the comfort offered by Lionel Barrymore as Dr. Gillespie, Lew Ayres as Kildare is finally able to return to work after his grievous loss. Niles Asther is very good. (Nov.)

ELLERY QUEEN AND THE PERFECT CRIME—Columbia: Ralph Bellamy as the overly clever detective, Ellery Queen, proves there's no perfect crime when he solves the death of a promoter who has ruined H. B. Warner and his daughter Linda Hayes. Margaret Lindsay is Queen's secretary.

✓ **FATHER TAKES A WIFE**—RKO-Radio: Gloria Swanson's return is the biggest news of this picture, and it's good news indeed. She's perfectly cast as the stage star who retires to marry Adolphe Menjou, expecting a life of peace. Instead, Adolph turns out to be a playboy and his son John Howard is the serious-minded one. Desi Arnaz, Helen Broderick and Neil Hamilton are happily cast. (Oct.)

FLYING BLIND—Paramount: Loads of noise and thrills and romance are packed into this thriller about spies and intrigue on a honeymoon air express. Richard Arlen is the pilot who neglects his romance with Jean Parker until they find themselves in a plane with villains Roger Pryor and Nils Asther, and daffy bride Marie Wilson. (Nov.)

FORCED LANDING—Paramount: Richard Arlen is the hero aviator of this bang-up little movie that's crowded with action. When enemy agents attempt to wreck defense constructions, Dick steps right in and plays havoc with them. Eva Gabor, a beautiful blonde newcomer, provides the love interest. (Oct.)

✓ **GET-AWAY, THE**—M-G-M: Unless you're fed up with gangster fare, this remake of the old picture, "Public Hero Number One," will entertain you, for it's well acted by Dan Dailey Jr., Donna Reed and Robert Sterling. (Sept.)

✓✓ **HERE COMES MR. JORDAN**—Columbia: This is one of the most delightful and imaginative stories ever to hit the screen. It's all about how heaven makes a mistake and takes Bob Montgomery's soul before he's due to arrive there, so they have to find him a new body to inhabit. Edward Everett Horton, James Gleason and Claude Rains are wonderful. (Oct.)

✓ **HERE IS A MAN**—RKO-Radio: Here's a picture that for sheer novelty takes its place among the best of its kind. James Craig is the young farmer who sells his soul to Satan, symbolized by Farmer Walter Huston, and then tries to get out of his bargain. Edward Arnold is Daniel Webster, Simone Simon the devil's henchwoman and Anne Shirley is Craig's devoted wife. (Oct.)

✓✓ **HOLD BACK THE DAWN**—Paramount: Suspense, drama and love abound in this picture about the struggle by immigrants to enter the United States from Mexico. Charles Boyer is an immigrant who marries schoolteacher Olivia de Havilland in order to gain entry into the States and Paulette Goddard is the foreigner who attempts to weave Boyer into her schemes. (Oct.)

✓ **HOLD THAT GHOST**—Universal: You won't care what Abbott and Costello are up to as they wend their way from waiters to gas station attendants to heirs of a deserted, haunted gambling house, because they're in the funniest all the way through the hilarious nonsense. (Oct.)

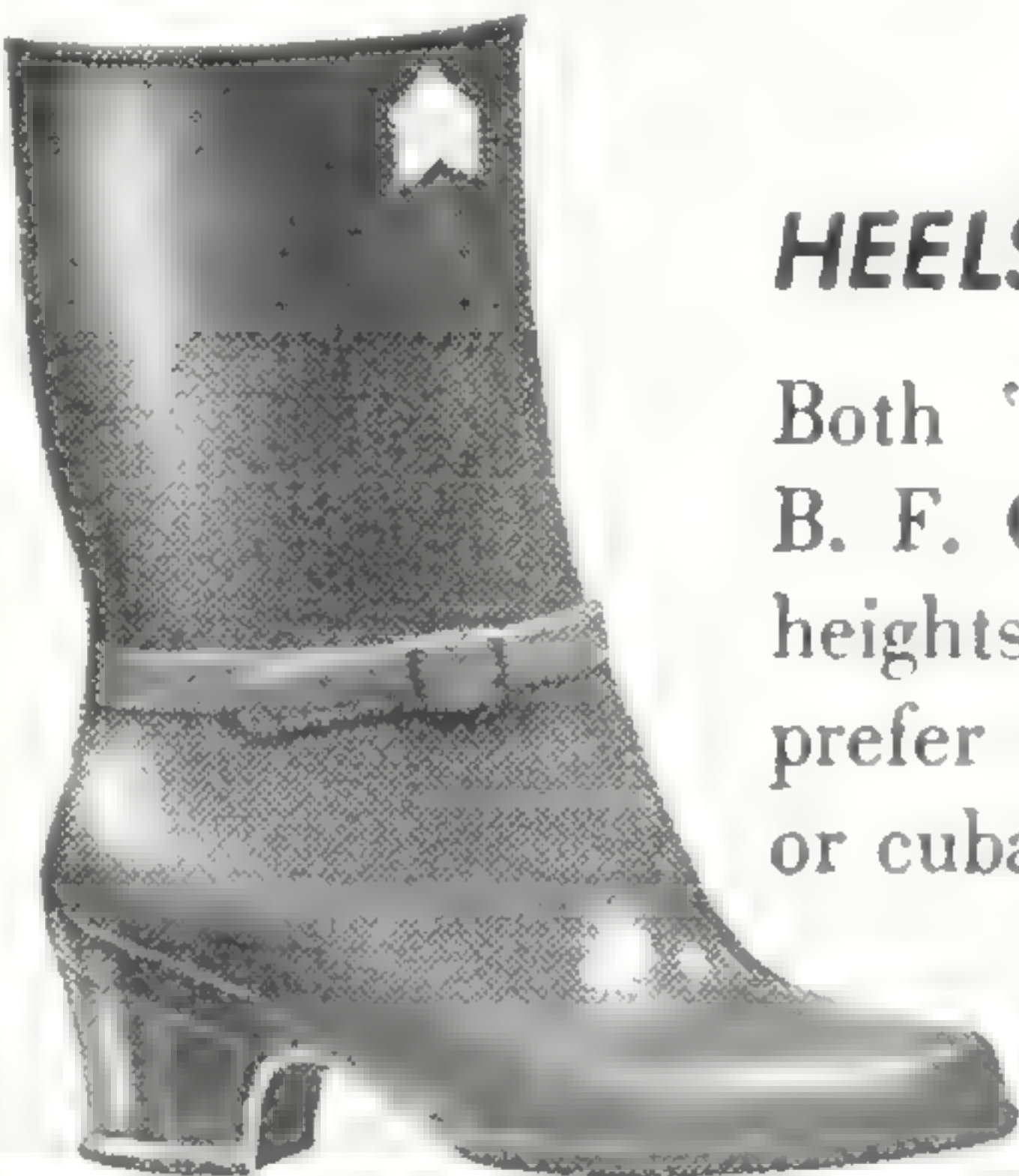
HURRY, CHARLIE, HURRY—RKO-Radio: Very funny in spots is this Leon Errol comedy, with Errol inviting the Vice-President of the U. S. to a party and three phonies plus the real V. P. show up. (Oct.)

Rubber Boots to wear over shoes!



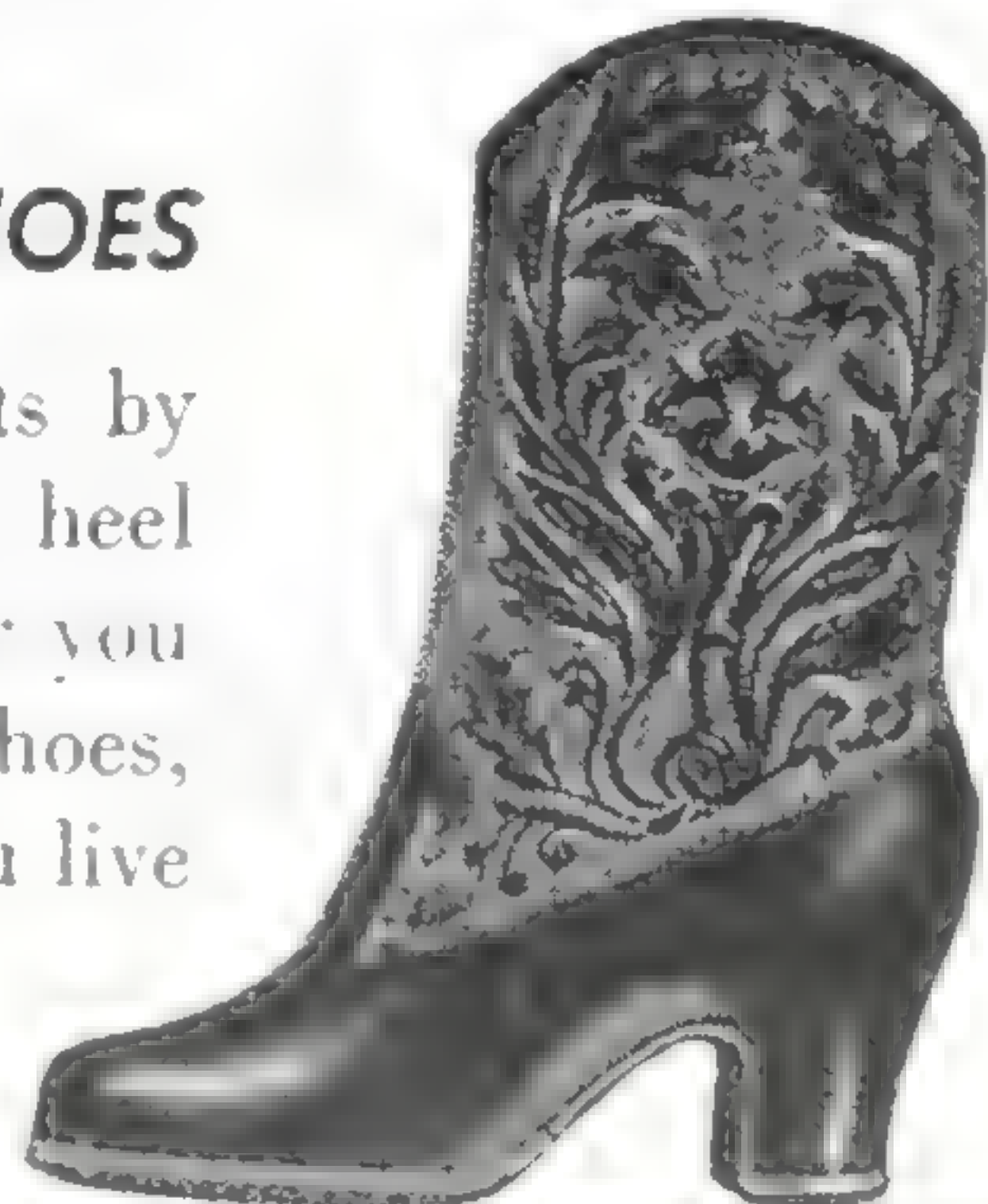
MILITARY BOOTS RATE—come rain or snow! Swanky military cut—and contrasting Chevrons besides—make them very '41 in style. They pull on or off, quickly and easily, over any type of shoe. For neat feet—on campus or city street—it's bright to go "Military"!

LASSO BOOTS!—a style snitched from a cowboy! Look just like leather range boots, too—(thanks to the patented Textran process!) Equally right—on stormy days—with dressy town clothes or campus casuals! You'll be "that way" about LASSOS—see them today.



HEELS TO FIT ALL YOUR SHOES

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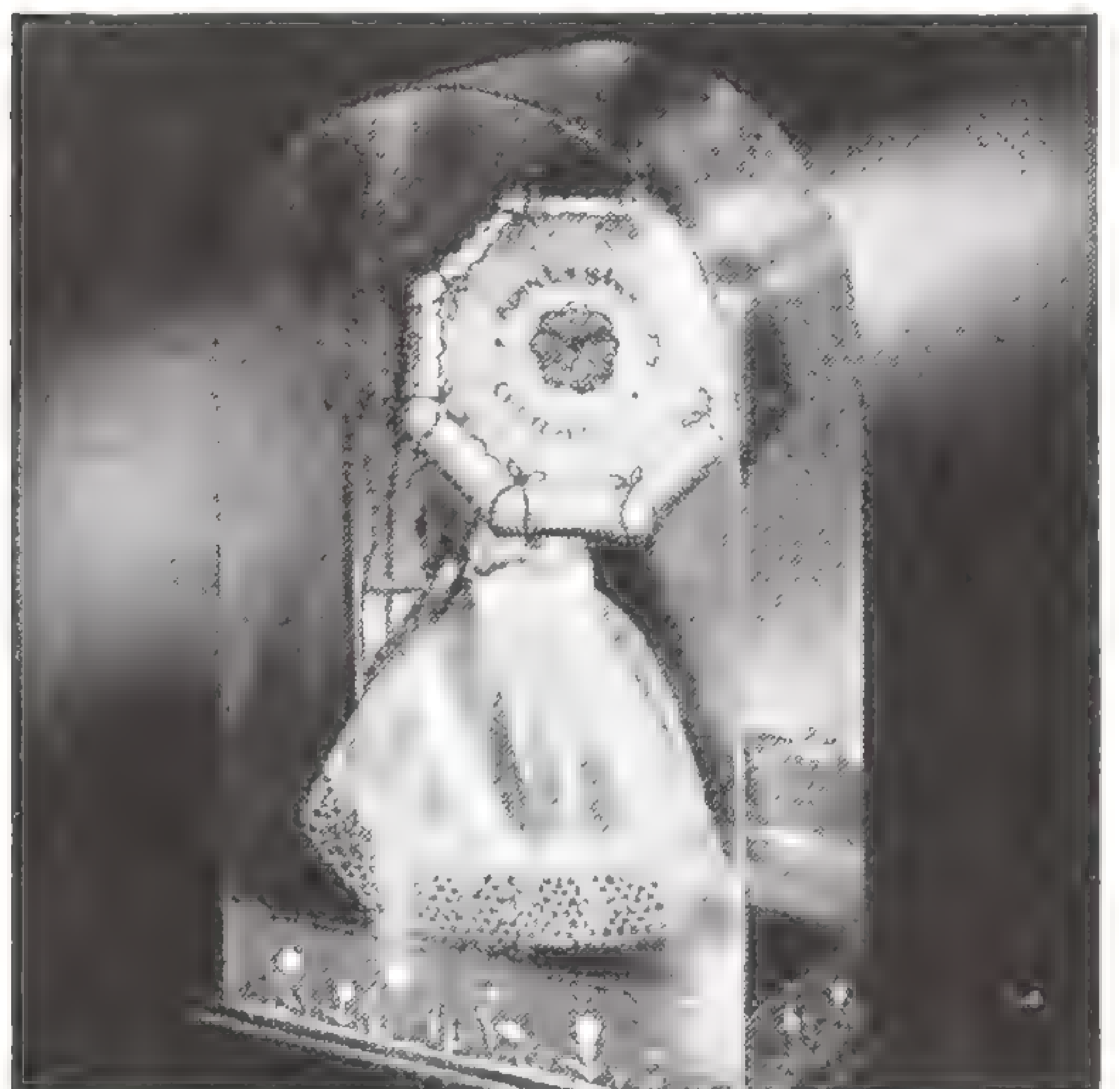
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The most adorable gift you've seen! What appears to be a coy young miss is in reality a generous bottle of delightful April Showers Perfume! Give it to others . . . and to yourself. **only \$1.00**

C H E R A M Y p e r f u m e r
A P R I L S H O W E R S
Men Love "The Fragrance of Youth"

I WAS A PRISONER ON DEVIL'S ISLAND—Columbia: The eternal triangle again, this time on Devil's Island. Donald Woods is a sailor sentenced to three years, Edward Ciannelli is the crooked doctor, and Sally Eilers his unhappy wife in love with Woods. You wouldn't care much. (Sept.)

✓ **KISS THE BOYS GOODBYE**—Paramount: Stage producer Jerome Cowan, musical composer Oscar Levant, and director Don Ameche search for a naive Southern girl for a Broadway show and they discover ex-chorus girl Mary Martin for the role instead. It's breezy and gay. (Sept.)

KNOCKOUT—Warners: Arthur Kennedy is a young fighter who marries Olympe Bradna and retires from the ring, only to be double-crossed by his manager, Anthony Quinn. (Sept.)

✓✓ **LADY BE GOOD**—M-G-M: It's a parade of star personalities through a Gershwin musical, with Ann Sothern and Robert Young as a song-writing team who hits the divorce courts twice before things work out. Eleanor Powell, Dan Dailey Jr., Lionel Barrymore, Red Skelton, John Carroll and others all add to this big-time musical. (Oct.)

LADY SCARFACE—RKO-Radio: Packages of money mailed to a New York hotel and picked up in error by honeymooning Rand Brooks and Mildred Coles motivate a lot of chasing around. (Oct.)

✓✓ **LIFE BEGINS FOR ANDY HARDY**—M-G-M—Andy grows up the hard way when he takes a fling at earning his own living in New York; and hunger, a gold digger, and the tragic death of a friend teach him a much-needed lesson. Mickey Rooney is tops as Andy, as is Judy Garland as the annoying girl friend. Pat Dane and Ray McDonald rate plenty of raves. (Nov.)

✓✓ **LITTLE FOXES, THE**—Goldwyn-RKO Radio: An Academy Award contender is this gripping tale. Bette Davis as the ruthless Regina holds her own with such members of the New York stage cast as Patricia Collinge, Charles Dingle and Dan Durysa. Herbert Marshall is perfect as the sick husband and newcomer Teresa Wright is a coming star. (Nov.)

✓✓ **LYDIA**—Korda-U.A.: Different, fascinating and heart-warming is this flashback review of the suitors in one woman's life. The men who loved Merle Oberon but failed to win her are Joseph Cotten, George Reeves, Hans Yarrow and Alan Marshall. All give fine performances. (Nov.)

✓✓ **MAN HUNT**—20th Century-Fox: For sheer melodramatic tenseness, you can't beat this exciting thriller. English sportsman Walter Pidgeon is caught taking a pot shot at Hitler and the Gestapo hunts him through Germany and England. George Sanders plays the Nazi who pursues Pidgeon and Joan Bennett the cockney who befriends him. (Sept.)

✓ **MANPOWER**—Warners: George Raft and Edward G. Robinson are tough power line repairmen who fight it out for the affections of B-girl Marlene Dietrich. When Marlene's father is killed, Robinson marries her, but she falls in love with Raft. The power line repair scenes are excellent. (Oct.)

MURDER BY INVITATION—Monogram: Although this thriller has the same old plot of heirs trying to get a millionairess declared insane, it's fast-moving and suspenseful. Wallace Ford is the columnist who solves the murders and Marian Marsh is his assistant. (Oct.)

✓ **MOON OVER MIAMI**—20th Century-Fox: A typical Hollywood musical, this, with music, rhythm, color, song and scenery. The story has Carole Landis and Betty Grable inheriting enough money to get to Miami in search of a rich husband for Betty. There they find playboys Robert Cummings and Don Ameche as well as much fun. (Sept.)

✓ **MY LIFE WITH CAROLINE**—RKO-Radio: Light, sophisticated comedy about a husband's efforts to keep his wife from eloping with various admirers, including Gilbert Roland and Reginald Gardiner. Anna Lee is the fluttery, attractive wife, although why she should want to leave husband Ronald Colman is beyond us. (Oct.)

✓ **NEW WINE**—Gloria Productions-U. A.: Alan Curtis plays composer Franz Schubert who is aided and encouraged by Ilona Massey. Although the story is inconsequential, the glorious flood of music and Ilona's beautiful singing of the "Ave Maria" are well worth your time. Albert Basserman contributes a memorable scene as Beethoven. (Oct.)

✓ **NEW YORK TOWN**—Paramount: Fred MacMurray, a sidewalk photographer in New York, shows naive New Englander Mary Martin how to live off the town. But when he tries to marry her off to prosperous Robert Preston, he learns that *all* the best things in life are free. Akim Tamiroff and Lynne Overman aid MacMurray in this enchanting comedy. (Nov.)

✓ **NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH**—Paramount: In spite of its bewhiskered story, Bob Hope makes this picture a laugh-provoking winner. He bets \$10,000 of Paulette Goddard's money that he can tell the truth for twenty-four hours. So Edward Arnold, Leif Erikson and Glenn Anders crowd him into one tight corner after another, with howls of laughter as the result. (Nov.)

OFFICER AND THE LADY, THE—Columbia:

Rochelle Hudson is a pretty schoolteacher who refuses to marry Bruce Bennett for fear he'll be killed in a gun battle. He almost is, too, when gangster Sidney Blackmer escapes from prison. (Oct.)

✓ **OUR WIFE**—Columbia: All about one husband, Melvyn Douglas, and his troubles with two women, one an ex-wife, Ellen Drew, and the other his fiancée, scientist Ruth Hussey. Charles Coburn is Ruth's father, also a scientist, and John Hubbard her non scientific brother. It's got a lot of laughs. (Nov.)

✓ **OUT OF THE FOG**—Warners: Although this is a beautifully executed picture, it's a bit on the arty side. Thomas Mitchell and John Qualen find themselves at the mercy of a cheap racketeer, John Garfield, who also upsets the happiness of Mitchell's daughter, Ida Lupino. With Eddie Albert. (Sept.)

PAPER BULLETS—Producers' Releasing Corp. The fate of three people, who as children lived in an orphanage, is followed in this not-bad little movie. Jack LaRue becomes a gangster, Joan Woodbury serves a prison term, and John Archer becomes an engineer. (Sept.)

PARACHUTE BATTALION—RKO-Radio: An interestingly done movie of those lads who leap from planes in Uncle Sam's behalf. All sorts of boys who enter the service are revealed in the unfolding of the story, including Robert Preston as the cocky recruit and Edmond O'Brien as the boy who fears fear. Nancy Kelly is the girl. (Oct.)

✓ **PARSON OF PANAMINT, THE**—Paramount: Another good Western, dealing with a young preacher who dares to do his duty in a small Western town. Phillip Terry shows plenty of talent as the fighting fearless parson, and Charlie Ruggles, Ellen Drew and Porter Hall contribute. (Sept.)

REG'LAR FELLERS—P. R. C.: The cartoon strip characters, played by Billy Lee, Alfalfa Switzer, and Buddy Bales, are back again for another series of fun. It's a picture for kids. (Nov.)

RICHEST MAN IN TOWN, THE—Columbia: This weak little story of a small-town community deals with the rivalry between a banker and a publisher. Frank Craven and Edgar Buchanan, as the two old rivals in love and civic affairs, make up for this puny, unreal little plot. (Sept.)

RINGSIDE MAISIE—M-G-M: Weakest in the series is this installment, with Ann Sothern as the good-hearted taxi-dancer, *Maisie*, who meets up with prize fighter Robert Sterling and his suspicious manager, George Murphy. Young Sterling takes over most of the picture and there's not nearly enough of *Maisie*. (Oct.)

SAN ANTONIO ROSE—Universal: The Merry Macs and Robert Paige take over a night club and with the help of Jane Frazee and Eve Arden, they manage to put it over. This background serves as a good excuse for the almost uninterrupted singing and music, but if you're fans of the Merry Macs, then you're sure to enjoy it. (Sept.)

SCATTERGOOD MEETS BROADWAY—Pyramid-RKO: *Scattergood Baines*, the small-town Mr. Fix-it played by Guy Kibbee, helps William Henry, the village playwright, outwit Frank Jenks and Bradley Page and present a smash success on the Broadway stage. Its homey flavor is embellished by some bright comedy and corny but good gags. (Nov.)

✓✓ **SERGEANT YORK**—Warners: This superb picture is an adventure into the soul of America and a "must see" for all. Gary Cooper portrays with moving dignity the World War hero who entered the war as a conscientious objector. Joan Leslie as his sweetheart, Walter Brennan as pastor of the hills, and the entire cast are splendid. (Sept.)

✓ **SHEPHERD OF THE HILLS**—Paramount: Straight from Harold Bell Wright's beloved novel comes this story of the people of the hill country, with Harry Carey as the man who comes home to find hate for his desertion of a girl and her son years before. Tom Wayne is the revengeful son and Betty Field the girl who loves him. It's a different story, and one we feel you'll thoroughly enjoy. (Sept.)

STARS LOOK DOWN, THE—Grafton Film—M-G-M: A. J. Cronin's novel comes to the screen with an English cast under the guiding hand of director Carol Reed, who turns from the suspense film he does so well to move his camera into the lives and hopes and dangers endured by the people of a Welsh coal-mining district. With Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave and Emylyn Williams, it's gloomy but moving drama.

✓ **SUN VALLEY SERENADE**—20th Century-Fox: Sonja Henie is a Norwegian refugee adopted by band player John Payne, who's in love with Lynn Bari, the band singer. When the orchestra goes to Sun Valley, Sonja goes along, determined to marry John. Sonja's enchanting and her skating numbers are excellent. The story's cute and the sports scenes are wonderful. (Nov.)

SWEETHEARTS OF THE CAMPUS—Columbia: This is all about an orchestra that invades a technical college and we shudder to think what would have happened to this picture without the music of Ozzie Nelson's orchestra or the tap-dancing of Ruby Keeler, because it's dull enough even with them.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

TANKS A MILLION—Hal Roach-U.A.: Running about fifty minutes, this small-sized panic is all about a draftee, a former railway information clerk, William Tracy, who annoys his superior officers by spouting from memory long passages from the Army manual. James Gleason is the enraged officer and Elyse Knox the eye-filler. But it's *Private Tracy's* picture. (Nov.)

✓**THEY MET IN BOMBAY**—M-G-M: Clark Gable and Rosalind Russell are a couple of jewel thieves in the far East, trying to outsmart each other, with amusing results. There's nothing very new about this old plot, but the two principals give it a big-time air and there are several laughable twists. Jessie Ralph and Peter Lorre contribute strong moments. (Sept.)

THIS WOMAN IS MINE—Universal: Luscious Carol Bruce is a stowaway on a trading vessel during the 18th Century with John Carroll, Franchot Tone and Walter Brennan all on the ship. The only exciting moments in the picture are the last scenes depicting the conflict between the Indians and the white men. Otherwise it's completely uninspired. (Nov.)

✓**TIGHT SHOES**—Mayfair-Universal: This Damon Runyon panic has been translated to the screen with all the Runyon flavor intact and you'll be heartily amused at the awful consequences of wearing shoes that pinch. Broderick Crawford is the gangster who buys a pair of too-tight shoes from clerk John Howard and Brod gives a swell performance. With Binnie Barnes and Anne Gwynne to add to the fun. (Sept.)

TILLIE THE TOILER—Columbia: First of a new series, this introduces Kay Harris, who is pert, pretty and talented and makes an ideal Tillie. William Tracy is *Mac*, Jack Arnold the smug *Mr. Whipple*, and Daphne Pollard *Mumsy*. It flounders around a bit due to poor writing and direction, but give *Tillie* time. (Nov.)

TOM, DICK AND HARRY—RKO-Radio: Ginger Rogers is the little telephone operator who must choose between three suitors, business genius George Murphy, zany, poverty-stricken Burgess Meredith and rich Alan Marshall. Ginger dreams of her future with each and her dreams are priceless fun, as is the entire movie. You'll love it. (Oct.)

TWO IN A TAXI—Columbia: Russell Hayden, an independent cab driver, gets in so much trouble all because he and his girl friend, Anita Louise, try to scrape up \$300 to buy a gas station. Noah Beery Jr., is in it, too, but see it at your own risk.

✓✓**UNDERGROUND** — Warner: Gripping, timely, thrilling is this picture dealing with that brave band of German men and women fighting against the Nazi system by means of the illegal radio. Philip Dorn, unknown to his family, is the voice of the radio and Jeffrey Lynn his brother who falls in love with Dorn's accomplice, with resulting tragedy. (Sept.)

✓**UNFINISHED BUSINESS** — Universal: You'll undoubtedly enjoy this gay movie about small-town girl Irene Dunne who meets and falls in love with debonair Preston Foster who promptly forgets her. Out of spite she marries his brother, Robert Montgomery, but she can't forget Foster, who is the outstanding performer of this picture. (Nov.)

WEST POINT WIDOW — Paramount: Anne Shirley plays a nurse who keeps secret her motherhood in order that her West Point husband, Richard Denning, may graduate; and Richard Carlson is an amorous young interne who has no idea of Anne's dilemma in this very pleasing little movie. (Sept.)

✓✓**WHEN LADIES MEET**—M-G-M: A star-studded picture, this, smart and entertaining. Robert Taylor is in love with authoress Joan Crawford who is in love with publisher Herbert Marshall who is married to Greer Garson with obvious complications. Both the girls do splendid jobs, but Bob Taylor walks away with every scene. (Nov.)

✓**WHISTLING IN THE DARK** — M-G-M: M-G-M's new prize comedian Red Skelton, is introduced to you in this comedy, and Skelton proves himself a prize indeed as the radio crime story writer who's kidnapped by Conrad Veidt in order to create a perfect crime for Mr. Veidt. It's corn, we admit, but it's funny and gay. (Nov.)

WILD GEESE CALLING—20th Century-Fox: Henry Fonda is the boy with wanderlust who meets Joan Bennett, waterfront chorus girl, and marries her. But he follows disreputable Warren William to Alaska and meets disillusionment before he finally finds contentment. It's slow and aimless and dull, and Joan Bennett is thoroughly miscast. (Nov.)

WORLD PREMIERE—Paramount: John Barrymore is a movie producer who takes the cast of his movie, including Ricardo Cortez as the star and Virginia Dale the heroine, to Washington for the world premiere. A couple of saboteurs get mixed up with the troupe, but Barrymore happily believes it all a publicity stunt. It should be funny, but it turns out to be very unfunny. (Nov.)



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you'll want
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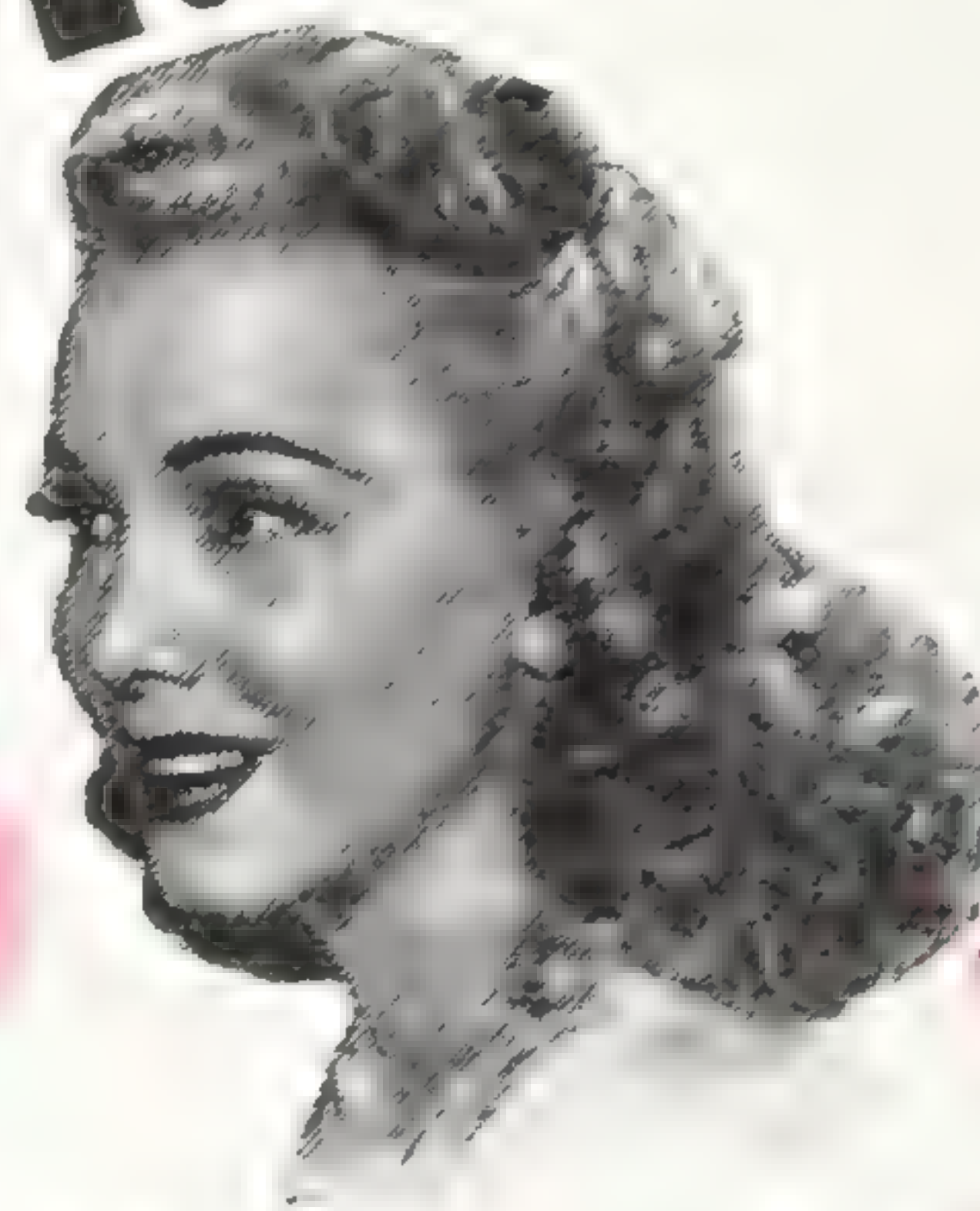
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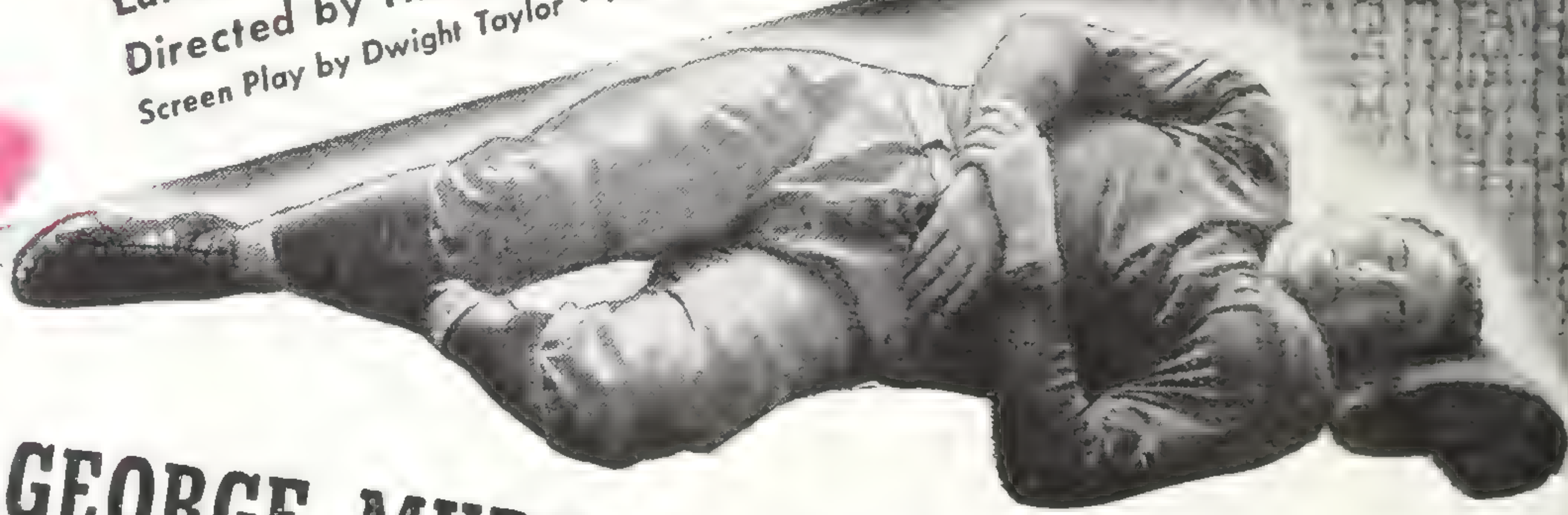


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Screen Play by Dwight Taylor • From the novel "I Wake Up Screaming" by Steve Fisher



JACK OAKIE • GEORGE MURPHY • LINDA DARNELL
WALTER BRENNAN • MILTON BERLE
in Mark Hellinger's

ROSE and SHINE

THEY'RE ALL COMPLETELY WACKY
... BUT, OH, WHAT FUN THEY ARE!

THE LAUGHS COME
LOUD, LONG . . . AND
CLOSE TOGETHER! AND
THERE'S MUSIC, TOO!



Sheldon Leonard • Donald Meek • Ruth Donnelly • Raymond Walburn
with
Directed by Allan Dwan

From the story by JAMES THURBER

The SHADOW STAGE

REVIEWING MOVIES OF THE MONTH

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, outstanding



Emotional masterpiece, "Rebecca" style: Cary Grant, Joan Fontaine in "Suspicion"



Exciting and timely show: Tyrone Power, Betty Grable in "A Yank in the R. A. F."

✓✓ Suspicion (RKO-Radio)

It's About: *A naïve English girl who marries a lovable ne'er-do-well.*

ALL the disturbing and magnetic qualities of "Rebecca," a picture that brought fame to all concerned and especially to its director, Alfred Hitchcock, are embodied in this emotional masterpiece, brought to the screen by the same director, a past master at the art of suspense in pictures.

Here, my friends, is intelligent, brilliant movie-making. Here is an example of what can be done when time, talent and intelligence are brought together.

Again Joan Fontaine creates that feeling of helpless hopelessness that marked her work in "Rebecca." A naïve English girl, carefully brought up by her parents, Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Dame May Whitty, Joan falls head over heels in love with Cary Grant, a scamp, a playboy and a bit of a scoundrel.

It's not until their honeymoon is over that Joan is brought face to face with her husband's weaknesses, his lying, embezzling, worthlessness, all relieved by his complete loveliness. Then a darker, more evil thing creeps into their lives, tearing them asunder

The Best Pictures of the Month

Ladies in Retirement

Suspicion

A Yank in the R. A. F.

Sundown

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde

Best Performances

Ida Lupino in "Ladies in Retirement"

Louis Hayward in "Ladies in Retirement"

Joan Fontaine in "Suspicion"

Cary Grant in "Suspicion"

Tyrone Power in "A Yank in the R. A. F."

Betty Grable in "A Yank in the R. A. F."

Ingrid Bergman in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"

Lana Turner in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"

Spencer Tracy in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"

with dread and suspicion. The ending is weak. It should, to our notion, go on to its inevitable climax. Desperation does bring on fearful, undreamed-of consequences. Why not have them completed, rather than leave the audience wondering as to what eventually did come about?

However, this is the picture's only fault and one that may be remedied before its release.

So see it, rejoice at its emotional beauty, its shading, its lights and its so dark shadows.

Your Reviewer Says: A triumph of direction and acting.

✓ A Yank in the R. A. F. (20th Century-Fox)

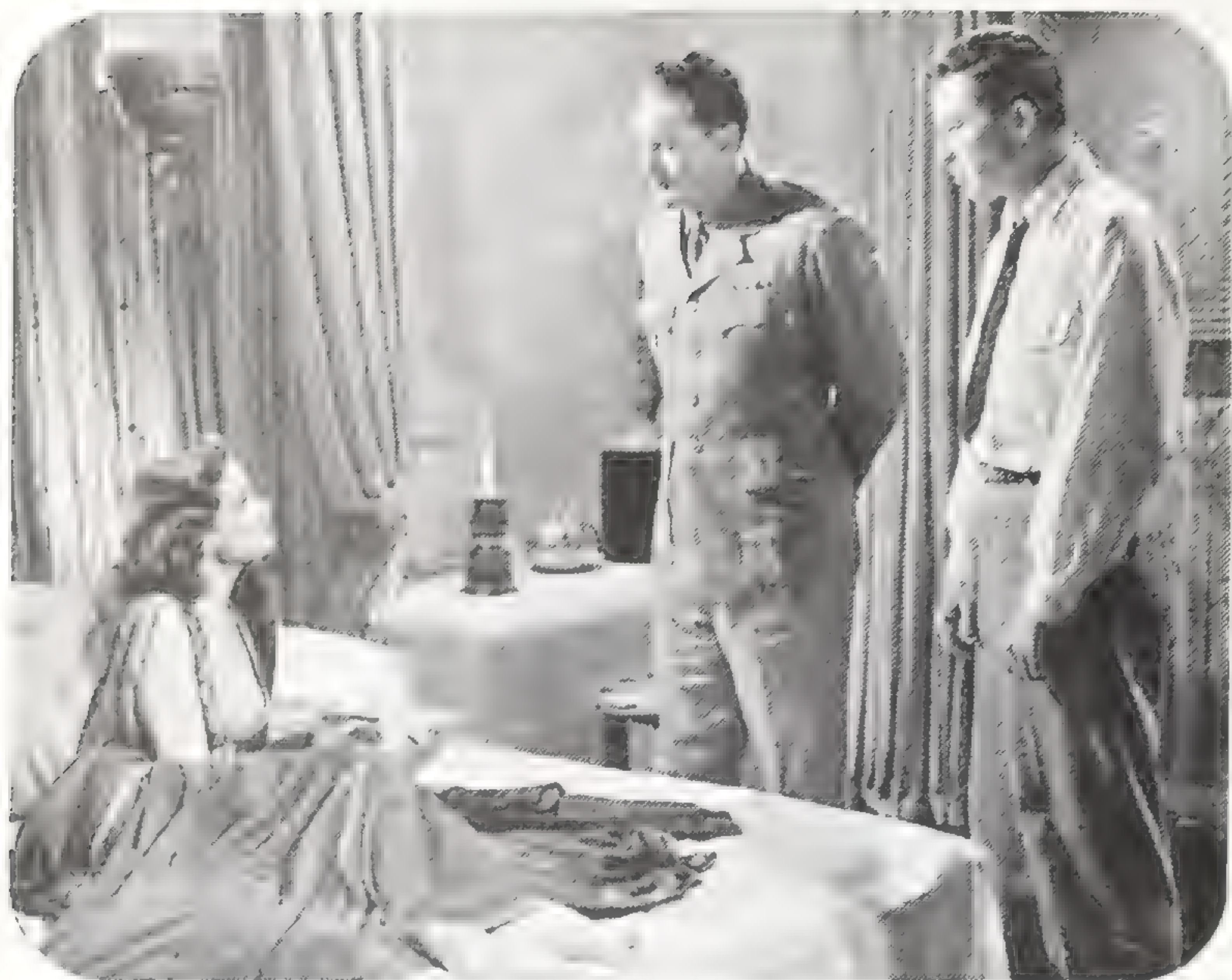
It's About: *The amorous and armorous adventures of an American lad in London.*

HISTORY, incorporated in a slap-dashing love story, adds up to pretty good entertainment with Ty Power, the fearless, cocky, gum-chewing American, joining the R.A.F. and wooing night-club dancer Betty Grable on the side.

The pamphlet-dropping flights over Berlin, the tremendous scenes at Dunkirk, glimpses of London's first-aid

FOR COMPLETE CASTS OF CURRENT PICTURES SEE PAGE 106

THE SHADOW STAGE



Off-the-beaten-path drama: Gene Tierney, George Sanders and Bruce Cabot in Wanger's "Sundown"



Riotous: Molly McGee, Lucille Ball, Fibber McGee and Edgar Bergen in "Look Who's Laughing"

stations and the R.A.F. quarters are intriguingly interesting.

There's the eternal triangle, of course, with Betty, the little American in London, charming the English officers right out of their jolly senses. Reggie Gardiner, who tries desperately to meet her, and John Sutton, who not only meets her but almost wins her, are so very good.

People from Oklahoma aren't going to be happy over an aspersion made on their general vicinity, but with that exception, it's an exciting and timely show.

Your Reviewer Says: An up-in-the-air, up-to-the-minute movie.

✓ Sundown (Wanger)

It's About: *Guarding the far-flung outposts in Africa.*

DRUMS beating out the mysteries of Africa mount to a quick tempo of sustained action in this story of a British government outpost. In fact, the picture at times almost loses itself in a whirlwind of shooting, spying and gun-running. Still, with George Sanders, Bruce Cabot, Joseph Calleia, Reginald Gardiner and Gene Tierney to inject some fine acting, "Sundown" emerges a worth-while epic.

The black and white of the picture fails to do it justice, for the scenery fairly cries out for color. Bruce Cabot as *Commissioner* of the post steals most of the honors, with George Sanders shining in a dramatic death scene. Reggie Gardiner, as usual, went along for the laughs.

Miss Tierney stars in this picture, made outside her own home studio. As the supposedly half-caste girl, she

is very beautiful. Carl Esmond turns in some good work as the gun planter.

It's off the beaten path and, at times, exciting. We think for these reasons you'll like it.

Your Reviewer Says: Something different under the sundown.

✓✓ Ladies in Retirement (Columbia)

It's About: *One woman's terrific sacrifice for those she loves.*

IN A subdued and quiet vein the stage play, "Ladies in Retirement," translated to the screen in a superb manner, creeps up on its audiences slowly, eerily, stealthily. We are tensely aware, long ahead of their culmination, that dreadful things are about to happen and yet the suspense never relaxes for a moment when they do transpire.

Ida Lupino, we feel, is responsible in a great measure for this compelling quality of repulsion and sympathy, equally blended, that runs hand in hand throughout the story. Ida has learned the lesson of quiet underplaying and although she ruthlessly murders in order to provide a permanent home for her mentally ill sisters, never once does she lose the sympathy of the audience. And that's play-acting, brothers and sisters, what is play-acting.

Louis Hayward (Miss Lupino's husband in private life) easily rates second honors as the rascal who, in conjunction with the maid, Evelyn Keyes, uncovers Miss Lupino's dark secret. Miss Keyes is very good herself, progressing rapidly as an actress of ability.

We especially liked the work of Isobel Elsom, the victim, and Edith Barrett as one of the demented sisters. Both were splendid. Less convincing, we felt, was Elsa Lanchester as the second sister.

The moors of England, misty, scary and weird, provide fitting atmosphere for the dark story.

Your Reviewer Says: Brilliant tale-telling.

✓ Look Who's Laughing (RKO-Radio)

It's About: *A radio entertainer who goes to a small town for a vacation.*

LAUGHS follow one after the other at the comic antics of Fibber McGee and Molly, and Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy in this riotous, unsophisticated comedy.

Edgar Bergen's a radio entertainer who with Charlie McCarthy lands in a small town for a vacation, leaving his devoted secretary, Lucille Ball, at home. Fibber McGee is president of the Chamber of Commerce of the town and, with the help of Molly, is trying to get Neil Hamilton, head of an airline, to buy the local flying field for an airport. But a couple of land sharks want to get the field for themselves and it requires everyone's combined efforts to thwart them. On this slim thread of plot is built a combination of gags that, though corny, are always good for a lot of laughs. One of the most hilarious scenes is one in which McGee is at the controls of a runaway airplane.

Your Reviewer Says: Good, clean wholesome fun.

(Continued on page 100)

Picture Book Glamour



Sugar Plum and Gingerbread



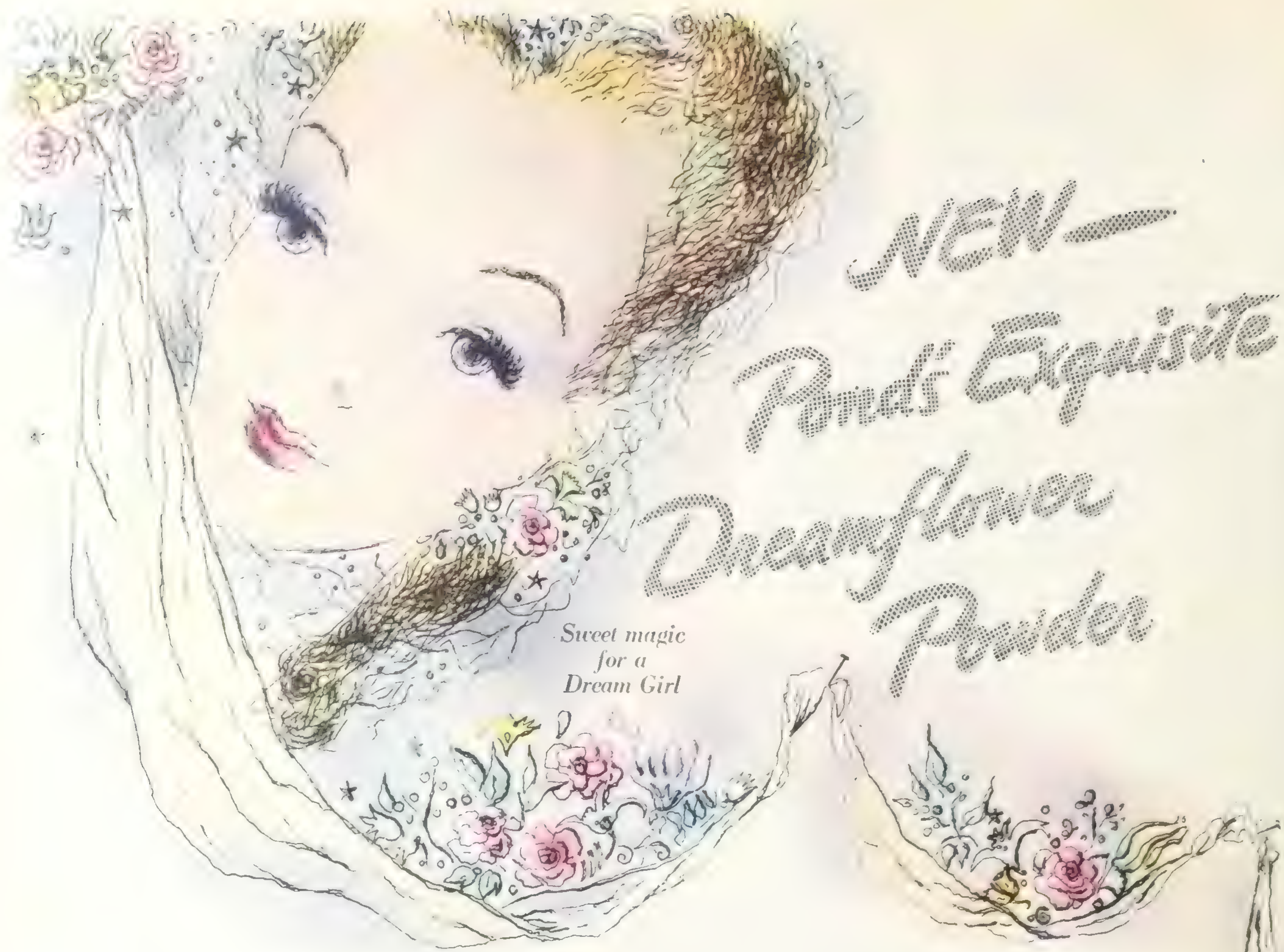
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SUGAR PLUM—a real fairy-princess color—deep, dark, exciting! **GINGERBREAD** warm and amber-tinted—a cunning new snare for your dashing prince charming! There's fairy-tale magic, too, in the way Cutex flows on...in its sparkling, flattering lustre! Only 10¢ in the U. S. If you go in for "simpler sophistication," try the new Cutex charmer—**SHEER NATURAL**.

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Adorable new box!—all little blossoms too sweet to be real—Dreamflowers! This new luxury in a big, big size—only forty-nine cents! 2 smaller sizes, too.



"Pond's new Dreamflower Powder is heavenly! Among those luscious new shades you can't *help* finding a flatterer. And such unbelievably silky texture!"

MRS. JOHN ROOSEVELT

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I'd love to try the new Dreamflower Powder, and see for myself how flattering it is. Will you please send me free samples of all 6 of the new Dreamflower shades right away?

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After One Year

THIS is the twelfth issue of Photoplay-Movie Mirror. Do you mind leaving the Hollywood scene for a few minutes to come into my office and get a glimpse of what has happened to the magazine that so many of you write me is your favorite?

If you will look at the cover of this issue, you'll see the line "Largest Circulation of Any Screen Magazine." That claim is based on the latest figures released by the ABC, which is the nickname we editors and publishers give to the Audit Bureau of Circulations. The first six issues of Photoplay-Movie Mirror acquired a total monthly sale of 743,934 copies. Our next closest competitor, which formerly could claim the largest circulation, had over 120,000 less monthly for that same period.

Latest reports indicate that our circulation is now well over 800,000.

Recently at a convention of Pacific Coast distributors I was asked to tell why I thought Photoplay-Movie Mirror had succeeded.

When we merged Photoplay and Movie Mirror we determined that it would really be "two great magazines for the price of one," and our publishing house allocated many thousands of dollars to the color section which was added to the book. In addition I was allowed to purchase the work of the finest writers in America, including Hedda Hopper, Faith Baldwin, Louis Bromfield, Ruth Waterbury, Sara Hamilton, Dorothy Kilgallen and others. The figures show that more readers went out and bought copies of our September issue than were bought by the readers of both Photoplay and Movie Mirror a year ago.

Yes, Photoplay-Movie Mirror tries to be a bargain—but more than that, we try to be a magazine you can thoroughly believe.

I don't pretend that Hollywood likes all the things that "Fearless" writes, because as you who follow his stories know, "Fearless" is not a great respecter of persons. However, he does try to be fair, truthful and, far from

trying to break down reputations, he wishes merely to show that Hollywood stars are human beings just as we are. We are not perfect physically, we get irritable and have fights with our associates, we have friendships we don't often talk about, we have our little pride about our age and we have our problems with our relatives. That doesn't make us bad people; it does make us understandable people.

The same is true of the candid writings of Hedda Hopper and Dorothy Kilgallen. Miss Hopper has just agreed to do a new series for you and I hope to offer you many more stimulating articles by Miss Kilgallen.

A LETTER reached my desk the other day which is so much like many others we have been receiving that I shall be immodest enough for the magazine to print it. It comes from Marjorie Giroux of Vancouver, British Columbia, and she says:

"I guess I'm one of the many, many thousands who have written you concerning your super-elegant movie magazine, Photoplay-Movie Mirror. I usually look inside a movie mag to see if there are the kinds of stories and photos of stars I like in it before I purchase it, and to be frank, I used to do that with Photoplay-Movie Mirror. But since the last seven issues I've had no cause to. It's just pure confidence. I know there are in it the things I like to read. I buy an extra copy to send to a pen-pal of mine overseas. . . ."

There are things about this publication, I know, that some of you don't like; I welcome your frank criticisms. But I do hope you will continue to go along the road with us as hearteningly as you have in our first year of life. I like to think that we have carried out our promise to give you two great magazines for the price of one.

Ernest V. Heyn

Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, human, hearty, forthright pastor of a New York church, who watched the stars as they worked, as they romanced, then decided to inform the public



Dr. Peale with Mrs. Peale, Margaret Ann and John Stafford. Dr. Peale was technical advisor on "One Foot In Heaven," saga of an American preacher with Fredric March, Martha Scott

BY WILBUR MORSE JR.

A Minister

"**M**OVIE stars work too hard to do much sinning!"

He grinned a little as he said it, this genial, easy-mannered minister who had climbed down from his pulpit in a fashionable Fifth Avenue church to spend two months in Hollywood as a technical director on "One Foot In Heaven," Warner Brothers' saga of an American preacher.

Hollywood has been pictured in a dozen different ways by visitors returned to their normal day-to-day existence after a whirl on the merry-go-round of the movies. Some have labeled it phony. Others have called it chaos. To some it is wild and wicked and to as many others it is a veritable paradise, where every passer-by on the sidewalk is a glamour girl and gold pours out of bottomless baskets like jellybeans from a slot machine.

But to Dr. Norman Vincent Peale,





Below: Martha Scott, Fredric March and Dr. Peale talk with Mrs. William H. Spence, widow of the minister whose life March portrays in the picture

Above: Asked a leading question by Dr. Peale, the frank Bette Davis did not hesitate to answer, gave him a startling insight into the life of an actress



Looks at Hollywood Morals

human, hearty, forthright pastor of New York's Marble Collegiate Church, Hollywood was none of these. It was, he said, as if he long had heard legends of a land, then visited it himself to find it utterly different from anything he had expected. The lotus land of rumor proved, on inspection, to be a country of conscientious, hard workers.

Hollywood and the movies for years have patiently borne with blue-nosed investigators from one religious organization or another who have peered at its people and its product with a "holier than thou" attitude and then pompously issued pronouncements that lashed at its morals or manners.

It was, therefore, something of a pleasant shock to have one of America's best known and most widely respected clergymen turn public defender of filmdom's reputation. It was even more of a novelty to have a

leading churchman not only defend Hollywood but lay a large and lofty bouquet at its feet.

After mingling with hundreds of Hollywood celebrities for two months, diligently reporting for duty on a movie set six days a week, meeting the stars at their parties, watching them as they romanced and relaxed, Dr. Peale prepared a list of "Hollywood Discoveries" that should interest every film fan who has ever dreamed of the capital as a gay, abandoned, modern version of a frontier dance hall.

"I have made ten discoveries about Hollywood that I believe are contrary to the average layman's impression of the place," said Dr. Peale.

"1. A minister can feel very much at home in Hollywood.

"2. It is the hardest working place I ever saw.

"3. I found its people not blasé and sophisticated, but wholesome,

friendly, home-loving folks.

"4. The handful of actors who have bad reputations, the few irresponsibles, do not represent Hollywood and are frowned upon by the motion-picture community.

"5. It is more than a money-making industry, for its leaders and personnel find a satisfaction in getting over a message of Americanism and the better things.

"6. It is a vast, efficient place of business, where a great commodity is being produced for the pleasure of 80,000,000 American movie-goers and not a scene of revelry.

"7. To watch the making of a movie is one of the most interesting and fascinating experiences any man can have and one marvels at the ingenuity and resourcefulness, the infinite patience and skill required. One's respect for the people who make movies increases every day.

"8. Holly- (Continued on page 84)

Exclusive!

THE REAL REASON WHY

It was almost impossible to get this story, for the boy himself wouldn't talk. But we finally uncovered this amazing truth

BY HELEN GILMORE



HAS Stirling Hayden really quit Hollywood? Or is it just a publicity stunt? Or will he change his mind, as any man has a right to do, and return after all?

We give you the answer on the best authority in the world, the man himself. Young

Hayden has quit Hollywood. It is not just a publicity stunt. When you know a little more about him you'll understand why this lad would never lend himself to such a—well, “phony” is the word he would use to describe such a setup.

As for changing his mind, you can bank on this: He won't change it while the world is the kind of a place it is today. This doesn't mean he will never go back. Never is such a long, long word. But for the present and for many moons to come young Hayden has locked his Hollywood door and thrown the key away.

Everyone is asking why. Why, with fame served up like a golden oyster before him, has this blonde young giant chosen to turn his face away from the Hollywood feast?

A lot of people would like to know and a lot of people haven't been able to find out. The boy isn't talking. His studio isn't talking.

In fact, there is no more difficult story to get in all Hollywood today. We bring it to you culled from many sources, from friends, from fellow

workers, patched together out of a crazy quilt of the boy's own thoughts expressed and half expressed. And they all add up to the likeness of a man, heartening, inspiring.

In order to get a proper understanding of the picture you must bear in mind that Stirling Hayden went to Hollywood for one single purpose: to make some money. “Sure,” he says with that grin that loses its hardness by its sheer honesty, “everybody goes there for that reason.” Well, not quite, Stirling. A lot of people go there because they like to act.

Not so our young viking. Stymied for the time being in his efforts to pursue the seafaring life for which he had equipped himself, and needing cash to meet his own expenses and those of his mother, he took the chance Hollywood offered, the part in “Virginia” which in that single picture was to make him one of his studios most valuable properties.

But as for being an actor—“I'm no actor! I'm a sailor,” he snorts. “I wasn't acting when I appeared in ‘Virginia’ and ‘Bahama Passage.’ I did the best I could. But I couldn't get used to having a guy follow me around, powdering my face before every ‘take,’ combing my hair, fixing my necktie, brushing my clothes. I couldn't get used to standing there before the cameras, saying the same lines over and over, making the same gestures. I couldn't get used to sitting in some projection room watching myself in the ‘rushes.’”

Other young actors feel much the same way when they first start their studio life, but they get used to it. Hayden never did—not quite. By

spells he'd sell himself on the idea that he too was getting used to it. But underneath it continued to gripe and went right on griping until it became one of those nebulous contributing factors when the moment for his big decision came.

WHEN the papers broke the news of his departure, harsh comments went out in certain quarters that he couldn't have chosen a more melodramatic gesture than to fling his California license plates into the Atlantic Ocean when he reached Gloucester, which was his old sea-going stamping ground. In simple justice to the boy let it be said what he did was a most natural thing for him to do. He wouldn't be driving a car again in California for a long while so his license plates were no longer of any use to him. He took them off and, since at the time he happened to be standing on a wharf, he simply dropped them overboard into the ocean. There was no thought of melodrama about his action. Anyone with the most elemental knowledge of human psychology who had ever met Stirling Hayden would never have made the accusation. He doesn't think that way.

Yes, Hollywood has bitten Stirling deeply. When he left, the town's cynicism came to the surface. Some said it was all sheer publicity—a press agent earning his beer. Others said it was Madeleine Carroll—that their romance had hit a snag and Stirling was no guy to stand around and take it. Still others opined he was bound to run away (Continued on page 76)

STIRLING HAYDEN QUIT HOLLYWOOD





Barbara Stanwyck: Far and away she is one of the three "best sufferers" on the screen today

Jimmy Stewart: "I never heard any movie fan, man, woman or child, say, 'I don't like Jimmy Stewart' "



Irene Dunne: "Of all the actresses who emote through clenched teeth I think she is the best"

nerisms at you on the slightest provocation . . . I've never heard any movie fan, man, woman or child, say: "I don't like Jimmy Stewart." . . . I guess in real life George Raft must be as much of a killer-diller with the Sweet Sex as he is with a machine gun on the screen. Any lad who can get himself linked romantically with Norma Shearer, Marlene Dietrich and Betty Grable all in the same year certainly deserves the title of Hollywood's Most Glamorous Grandpa . . . Phooey on remakes.

For sheer whimsical charm on the silver screen, Burgess Meredith takes the fudge cake . . . Seeing "Dr. Jekyll And Mr. Hyde," which Victor Fleming was responsible for, made me decide that those other four directors must have done most of the work on "Gone With The Wind" . . . Hollywood names are often deliciously incredible. My favorite monickers on the screen title sheets are Van Nest Polglase, Omar Kiam, Pandro Berman, Hermes Pan and Slavko Vorkapich . . . Errol Flynn gets braver and braver in every picture I see. He's just not afraid of sleet or storm or villains or wild horses or crashing airplanes. Gosh, he's wonderful . . . Bank nights, Wallace Beery and "Blondie" pictures chase me out of theaters . . . I love movies with duelling scenes, especially when Basil Rathbone or Douglas Fairbanks Jr. is doing the duelling.

I think the "Dr. Kildare" pictures are pretty good entertainment . . . I think Ilka Chase looks like Virginia Weidler grown up, or vice versa. And their acting has a great deal in common. That minxy, witchy tang, junior and senior . . . I wish stars, semi-stars and starlets would stop announcing at intervals to the press that they are dying to marry their current flame, Joe Schmaltz or Lizzie Zilch, and would hop off to Yuma on the very next skyliner were it not for the

devastatingly unfortunate fact that their contracts forbid them, in stern black and white, to marry before five years are up. If that's all that's holding up the orange blossoms, they can hop right to it. Any lawyer would tell them that a contract forbidding marriage is against public interest and would be null and void in any state in the union.

I guess John Ford will never make a picture without a rainsoaked street, a pipe-smoking fellow silhouetted against a thick white mist, a blind man singing a falsetto ballad, a silent scuffle in the dark. Any more than Ernst Lubitsch will ever make a film without a shot of a champagne cork popping, a foreign-brand limousine, or the flash of a French maid's petticoats . . . Most dour actor I ever encountered was Maurice Chevalier . . . I've been to plenty of rodeos but I've never seen any cowboys who looked like Gary Cooper. Maybe that's what's wrong with the Lone Prairee . . . Most exciting thriller film this year was "Man Hunt" . . . Cary Grant looks prettier than any of the boys in a pork pie hat.

I miss John and Elaine Barrymore's comic entrances to and exits from the front pages. They were cheering pinches of fluff in gazettes forced to mirror gore, horror and tragedy . . . I haven't really roared at a Bob Hope picture since "The Ghost Breakers." That really topped them all . . . If any foreign correspondent behaved the way Joel McCrea did in "Foreign Correspondent," he would be an ex-foreign correspondent within twenty-four hours. A short cable from the home city desk would do it . . . I never saw any platinum blonde hair that looked real, except Jean Harlow's . . . I've often wondered who selects those "Selected Short Subjects." My guess would be a guy with a grudge (Continued on page 68)

Frame for Fame

PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR'S Exclusive Color Portrait Series:

Loretta Young

Who joins this month the parade of Hollywood's biggest stars heard over the air every Sunday night on the Gulf Screen Guild Theater's coast-to-coast CBS broadcasts. Tune in Loretta for a brilliant radio performance and see her in Columbia's new film, "The Men In Her Life"

page 35

Joel McCrea

Appearing in Paramount's
"Sullivan's Travels"

page 38

Jeanette MacDonald

Appearing in M-G-M's
"Smilin' Through"

page 39

William Holden

Appearing in Paramount's
"The Remarkable Andrew"

page 42

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Loretta Young





Men marry her: Carole at the time she was the wife of Willis Hunt

Glamour Girls

ARE SUCKERS!

by
Carole Landis

as told to Gladys Hall



Men like her: Enthusiastic cadets at Fort Ord gave her a puppy after a personal appearance

They let men hurt them because they don't know how to handle men. A startling confession by a girl who sees her mistakes

A SUCKER? Me? Listen! A great, terrific constant thing came into my life. A man, of course. For obvious reasons I can't use his name, but he is an actor and—it was love I felt. Real love. I knew it and I still know it. There I was, there was little Carole being so happy, so ecstatic, so delirious, so willing to forsake all others (again) and all that!

Glamour girls are hard, eh? Glamour girls are self-sufficient, vain, pampered, flattered, foolish, spoiled, popular, too popular to care whether Tom walks out or not because Dick and Harry, twenty of each, are lined up to take his place?

Let me tell you this: Every girl in the world wants to find the right man, someone who is sympathetic and understanding and helpful and strong, someone she can love madly. Actresses are no exceptions; glamour girls are certainly no exceptions. The glamour and the tinsel, the fame and the money mean very little if there is a hurt in the heart.

Most of us have hurts in our hearts—don't you think otherwise.

Why all you have to do is think us over . . . think of Marlene Dietrich, Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner. For all of Marlene's beauty and exoticism, for all the adoration she has from men, what is her deepest concern, her dearest love? Her daughter Maria, as everyone who really knows Marlene will tell you. Hedy is simply lacquered with loveliness and acclaim, but what does she do? She adopts a little son who is her whole life. Take Lana—the romances she has had! Yet I know she really wants marriage. She's told me so. Marriage and home and stability, that's what Lana talks about when we're just two girls together.

If glamour girls are so smart, so shrewd, so devastating to men, why don't we have home and love and marriage? Or, having them, why don't we hold them?

Glamour girls are not smart with men. In many other ways, yes, but

not with men. I give you the story I started to tell as proof: There I was, as I said, but in love. This went on for months. We were constantly together every possible moment. I felt this, at last, was it. I saw no one else, didn't want to see anyone else. I lived in a dream when, suddenly, a little girl, a nonprofessional, not pretty really, clothes just so-so but not chichi, vivacious perhaps, but that was all, stepped in and—here I am!

No such thing as a broken heart, the medicos say. Well, maybe not. . . .

To continue my demonstration of how un-smart I was, when I first met X., as I'll call him, I was going with another fellow who was simply magnificent. He was fine, substantial and devoted. So I meet X. and, bang, out the door goes the other fellow! I threw out a wonderful future and (here is where I show myself up as a candidate for the giggle-house) I told X. what I had done! That's not being very smart, that's being very dumb. For (Continued on page 77)





Fausto Macdonald

"I wanted to kiss you and
you wanted me to," Candy
said. "There's no sense
at all fighting it, honey."



HONKY-TONK

A girl has to use her head to get what her heart wants—especially when a man's like Candy, "not the marryin' kind"

Fiction version by
LEE PENNINGTON

THE CAST

Candy Johnson	Clark Gable
Elizabeth Cotton	Lana Turner
Judge Cotton	Frank Morgan
Gold Dust Nelson	Claire Trevor
Mrs. Varner	Marjorie Main
Braxton Hearn	Albert Dekker
Sniper	Chill Wills

Screen play by Marguerite Roberts and John Sanford. Directed by Jack Conway. Produced by Pandro S. Berman. Copyright 1941 by Loew's Inc.

AS the train for Yellow Creek pulled away from the water tower two men jumped from their hiding place in the scrub brush and swung onto the last car. Their bodies, one lithe and one burly, were silhouetted against the evening sky, clearly visible to another group of men running across the tracks. The newcomers—one carrying a smoking pail, another a pillow which was rapidly losing its feathers—streaked after the first pair, screaming vigorous western oaths and cries of "thief," "crook" and "cardsharp." A few drew guns and fired after the now rapidly moving train. At the shots, the burly man ducked abruptly into the car; his companion, in mocking enjoyment of the pursuers' rage, blithely thumbed his nose at them and then followed his friend through the car door.

"This being run out of some little one-horse town by a tar and feather party is becoming altogether too frequent, Candy," the burly man complained when they had found seats, "we'd better lay low for a while."

Unexpectedly, Candy Johnson nodded agreement. Candy didn't mind being called a cardsharp—in his estimation the world was made up of suckers and those who were not suckers and the suckers were the legitimate prey of the non-suckers—and he got as much satisfaction from depriving his victims of revenge as he did from acquiring their money. But the eternal necessity for flight was growing monotonous.

"You're right, Sniper," he said slowly. He pulled a paper sack from his pocket and began munching a caramel. "I've been thinking that the thing to do is get myself a town, run it to suit myself. That way, if anybody gets chased it'll be some other fellow, not me. Now I figure—" he broke off as he glimpsed a girl seated at the opposite end of the car. Returning the candy to his pocket he rose and sauntered with casual purposefulness down the aisle.

The girl gave no sign that she was aware of his presence. She was looking out the window, her hair a vibrant golden halo against the dust-grayed glass. As Candy hesitated, wondering whether to base his approach on the primness of her dove-colored traveling dress or on the voluptuousness of the figure which it accentuated rather than concealed, her handkerchief slid to the floor. Candy smiled knowingly.

"Your handkerchief, ma'am," and he handed it to her with a bow as confident as it was graceful.

Elizabeth Cotton whirled away from the window, her face coloring in confusion. "Why—why, thank you." For a moment blue eyes looked deep into blue eyes, then Elizabeth's went back to the window.

Candy dropped into the opposite seat. "It's a nice new handkerchief," he observed, "for such an old trick." There was no escaping the meaning in his soft voice or, when she faced him, the sardonic amusement in his eyes.

"You seem (Continued on page 86)



"For such a little thing, she's sure spunky," Candy summed up Elizabeth



William Holden

Poetically Speaking—

MR. BUG GOES TO TOWN

A merry tale all told in rhyme
Of love and bugaboos and crime.
Max Fleischer made it up one day
And Paramount said, "That's okay!"

. . . they've got us rhyming too!



I
Hoppity loved Honey Bee
Asked her to a nitery,
Little knowing also there,
Would be Bugville's Dead-End pair.



II
Smack, mosquito, Swat, the fly,
Had been hired for to spy
By that dreadful Mr. Beetle
Whom you won't like, not a leetle.



III
He was jealous as could be
Of Honey Bee and Hoppity.
So when Swat and Smack reported
How they danced, why, Beetle snorted!

IV
Hoppity fell down a wall,
Found a garden home for all.
But the Dickens' sprinkler system
Soused the Bugs until they hissed 'im.



V
Now, then, Beetle loudly cried
Honey Bee must be his bride
Or her honey shop he'd close.
Honey donned her wedding clothes.

VI
In the middle of the church
Suddenly there was a lurch.
All the Bugs began to whoop
At the excavator's scoop.



VII
But Hoppity now saw a dream.
A skyscraper was built by steam.
There our hero led his people
Up the eighty-story steeple,
In the Dickens' penthouse bower
Wooed his lady on a flower.
There you have the gay storee
Of Hoppity and Honey Bee.





SURPRISE ROMANCE—

How Ginger Rogers

It was Ginger who lost her heart first. She saw George on the screen, arranged

A FEW weeks ago Hollywood was agasp over a brand-new romance. Agasp, because the lady in the case was no other than Ginger Rogers and the man a tall, shy, cowboy who wasn't as yet within shouting distance of Ginger's pinnacle of stardom. But George Montgomery and Ginger were being seen everywhere together. Romance rumors spread thick and fast.

Then the town, sniffing the signs, as it thought, decided with the speed for which it is noted that the moonlight and roses for Ginger and George were over.

But for once Hollywood is mistaken. Not that this charming romance is the most serious in the world, for there are certain counts against it, as there are in all such sentimental matters. Likewise there are some facts in its favor on which you can bank.

George Montgomery is head over heels in love with Ginger and has already asked her to be his wife when and on that word "when" hangs the story of this Montana cowboy.

And Ginger—what about her answer? Well, you can take our exclusive word for it that when her stalwart young man saw her off on the streamliner headed east to visit her aunt and uncle in Kansas City, Ginger was, doing some concentrated thinking about him.

The job of making these two talk about themselves hasn't been easy. But after a mellowing luncheon George did let down some of the bars.

"I think," he said frankly, "Ginger is the loveliest girl I have ever met." As far as Ginger is concerned, George is her ideal come true.

It all happened at the movies, of all things. Ginger and a friend had gone to a neighborhood theater to see "The Cowboy And The Lady." From the screen stepped forth a six-foot-two, blue-eyed young man—and like thousands upon thousands



and George Montgomery Fell in Love

a meeting. Now he's asked her to marry him when — but this is what happened

of other fans the nation over, Ginger, a star and an Academy Award winner, sat enthralled before the spectacle of this handsome movie hero.

She went home with her heart in her throat. No difference that she herself was a star of the first magnitude, no difference that in a precious niche in her home rested the Oscar given her for the best performance of the year, no difference that she had received thousands of letters herself that began, "Dear Ginger: I saw you in a movie last night and I can't forget you. . . ." No, no difference, for now, at last, it was happening to the star herself. She couldn't forget her movie hero, either.

She telephoned her agent, Leland Hayward (Maggie Sullivan's husband), next morning and asked that he arrange a meeting with Montgomery. There, alas, is where Ginger leaves her little movie-fan sisters behind. They cannot telephone a meeting with dream lovers, but this is Hollywood, of course, where anything can happen. Ginger's agent, in turn, telephoned George's agent, Johnny Maschio, who sauntered out to Twentieth Century-Fox to arrange a meeting. A few nights later Ginger's telephone rang. It was that boy from up there on the screen, and he was asking for a date. He got it. With agent Maschio and his lovely wife, Constance Moore, they went to Ciro's and danced.

IT MAY have been Ginger who lost her heart first, but George was not far behind. This was the girl he'd been waiting for and he'd known some lovelies. Only a few nights before he had escorted Gloria Vanderbilt to a swanky premiere, amid the "ohs" and "ahs" that went up from the storming tourists. George himself, just twenty-five, and Gloria, a fresh seventeen, were a handsome pair. Very quietly, (Continued on page 93)



PLAY

Truth and Consequences

WITH
BOB HOPE



You're familiar with the game, but you never heard such questions and answers as these. Bob tells all—or pays a penalty we impose on him. Out of thirty questions he balked at four—just look at the consequences!

1. (Q) Have you ever been deliberately rude?

(A) Well, I wasn't exactly friendly with that salesman trying to peddle me a lot in a local cemetery. Struck me he was a bit previous.

2. (Q) Of what are you most intolerant?

(A) Crosby's horses. That's my shirt waving from the flagpole at Santa Anita.

3. (Q) What is your honest opinion about working wives?

(A) Indispensable, particularly in the event of a lapsed option! But kidding aside, if there are no children and her work does not interfere or disrupt normal home life, I say okay.

4. (Q) What is your best parlor trick?

(A) I have a jolly little something I do with three hard-boiled eggs from my last radio script and a few bars of Beethoven's Fifth.

5. (Q) How did you propose to your wife?

(Bob took the consequences. Give us a fashion portrait modeling one of Crosby's loudest shirts.)

6. (Q) Do you have any special phobia about women's dress?

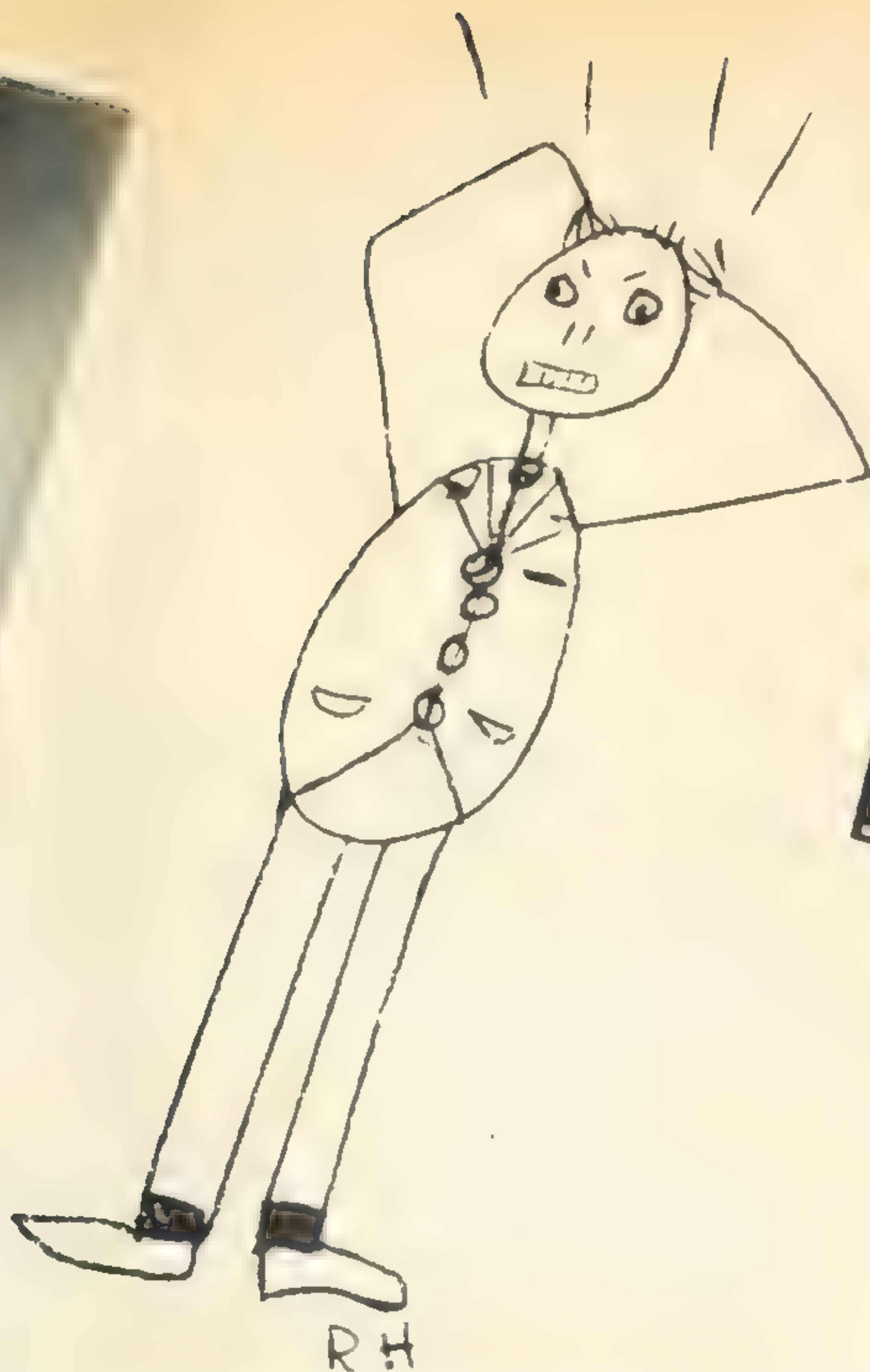
(A) I don't like green, and I don't like slacks on the street. And let's say I don't like clothes to hide too much.

The first question Hope refused to answer had to do with his wife Dolores

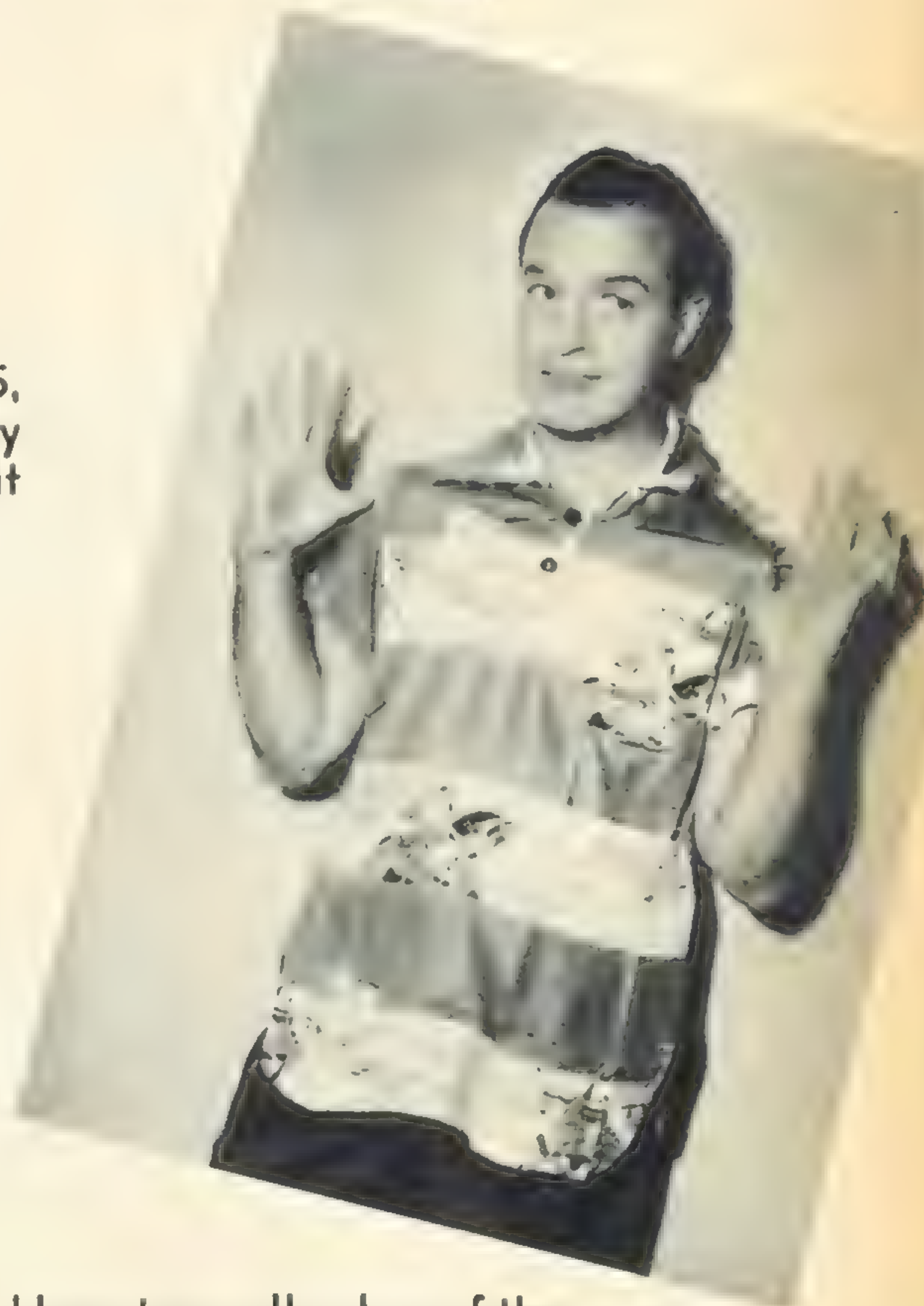




This is the Hope's idea of illustrating the spirit of one of his best gags, penalty for No. 10



Rather than answer question 15, Bob proved he'd bet on a Crosby horse, then sketched the result



Hope turns all colors of the rainbow in one of Crosby's shirts as a penalty on No. 5

GAME CONDUCTOR: KAY PROCTOR

7. (Q) What happens most frequently in your nightmares?

(A) Believe it or not, I'm going up in an elevator in my long underwear. Don't ask me why; I like to guess.

8. (Q) How long did you keep the last book you borrowed?

(A) I still have it, as Bette Davis can testify.

9. (Q) Do you peek at the ending of mystery stories?

(A) Guilty! Knowing what buzzard killed Mamie at the crossroads is one temptation I can't resist.

10. (Q) What is your pet peeve in the picture business?

(Bob took the consequences. Illustrate for us the spirit of one of your best gags.)

11. (Q) Are you a putter-offer?

(A) No. I always say, "Never put off till tomorrow what Madeleine Carroll wants to do today."

12. (Q) What was your greatest extravagance?

(A) A huge, cream-colored, nickel-plated Packard which I bought secondhand in my not-so-palmy vaudeville days. Every ham has to get a Packard out of his system. This little secondhand number eventually cost me twice as much as a new one by the time I got it in running order. Darned thing leaked four gallons to

the mile. I well remember the time it stopped dead in the middle of the Holland tunnel. It cost me fifteen bucks to have it towed out and the cop's parting shot was, "Did you have to come all the way from Ohio to do this?"

13. (Q) Do you have to be coaxed to perform in private?

(A) How private?

14. (Q) Do you squawk about a bad bargain?

(A) I yell bloody murder for thirty seconds and then forget all about it.

15. (Q) How badly has Bing Crosby beaten you at golf?

(Bob chose the consequences. Give us proof you bet on a Crosby horse and a sketch of the immediate result.)

16. (Q) Are you a good bluffer? Tell us about one you pulled.

(A) I do okay. How do you suppose I convinced Dolores I was a good bet for a husband?

17. (Q) What is your theory about training children?

(A) I don't believe they should be permitted in the company of grown-ups too much; it's too easy for them to pick up smart-aleck talk and ideas from their elders and I hate precocious kids. I think military school is good for boys (Continued on page 97)

*Ode to Madeleine Carroll
by
Robert Hope*
*To fall in love with Madeleine
Carroll
is as easy as shooting fish in
a barrel*
*Her face is fair, her grace
divine...*
*The trouble is, she won't
be mine!*

An "I won't tell" attitude on query 27 ended in Hope's having to dash off this masterpiece

How Mr. and Mrs.

This is what any young couple would say
they'd wait five years to have.

P.S.: Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward did

The British Mr. Hayward swore he would never marry the British Miss Lupino until he was sure he wouldn't be "Mr. Lupino." He isn't. They live a life of give-and-take out in this Brentwood house, have fun doing it, think the five years they waited for marriage worth it



Hayward Live

Well-grounded is the Hayward home; the garden is Ida's hobby. The combination den and library (opposite page) is their favorite room, holds their books, records, radio and games. They both dote on two possessions: Duchess, their police dog, and their oversized fireplace



Photographs by Schafer

This game of gin rummy goes on forever. Ida and Louis play at the drop of any one of Louis' cherished old hats; settle their accounts weekly. Stanley Lupino, famous English comedian, was the father of Ida; Hayward's father was a mining engineer in S. Africa

Special trivia on Mr. Hayward is that he must have his cup of tea before arising in the morning and that he holds a pilot's license. Currently working together in Columbia's "Ladies In Retirement," Ida and Louis are both serious actors valued by Hollywood



A rather silent and serious guy: Bruce Cabot of Walter Wanger's "Sundown"



A picture to remember: Alice Faye of "Week End In Havana," in the last screen-star portrait taken of her before she announced, as Mrs. Phil Harris, her retirement from films to devote a year of her life to motherhood

Round-Up of PAGE SETTERS



Teresa Wright: She overheard a conversation, found out exactly what she wanted to know about her role of Bette Davis' daughter in "The Little Foxes"



Phillip Terry: He likes acting, toy trains and keeping bachelor quarters. He almost got married recently, but changed his mind, which is one reason for the long line at the "Parson of Panamint" box office. Right: Alexis Smith: She's glad she's tall because she can wear smart clothes and look men in the eye



Five flashes in the Hollywood heavens that promise to maintain a steady beam! Photoplay-Movie Mirror puts out this special extra on their reflected glory

A DARLING LITTLE FOX:

THE room clerk looked over the guest list and reiterated there was no Teresa Wright domiciled within the hotel walls.

It was too much; the last doggone straw. First Miss Wright, who shook us all out of our doldrums as the daughter of Bette Davis in "The Little Foxes," had been too ill to see us. Then, at our apologetic insistence she had agreed to a meeting at Mr. Goldwyn's fine studio on Sunset Boulevard in exactly thirty minutes. We tore down Fountain Avenue to the studio. Only Teresa wasn't there. Three-forty-five came and departed, and she still wasn't there. At four she telephoned. The studio car hadn't yet arrived. "Tell her we'll go out there," we yelled at Mabel, the publicity secretary, and tore off. And still, after all that, she wasn't even registered.

"There's a Miss Muriel Wright here," the clerk suggested. "Muriel T. Wright. Could that be the one?"

It was. And in no time at all we were having tea around the gorgeous blue outdoor swimming pool of the

hotel with that tiny five-foot-two-inch hazel-eyed, brown-haired Muriel T. Wright.

Her real name is Muriel, too, only there seemed to be another Muriel Wright on the stage at the time of her debut, so they chose her middle name, "Teresa." That, of course, was when she became a part of the New York hit, "Life With Father," which is still going, by the way.

Teresa had had the experience of seasons of summer stock and the role of *Emily* in the second company of "Our Town" behind her when she was given that "Life With Father" role. She had read five times for Oscar Serlin, the producer, before he finally decided upon her. It was in that play that Mr. Goldwyn saw her and begged her to come to Hollywood.

"Will I have to pose in bathing suits, and make leg art, and just sit about?" she asked, and Mr. Goldwyn assured her she wouldn't, that a wonderful chance awaited her. So she came, and you who have seen "The Little Foxes" know the rest.

Bette Davis is her idol. Odd that her apprenticeship should have been

served at the Wharf Summer Theater in Provincetown where Bette Davis also served. While Bette ushered in theaters, Teresa, who was there on a scholarship, waited on tables and made herself generally useful. From that experience came the chance to understudy the role of *Emily* in "Our Town" which she later played.

Shy, nonaggressive, not pretty but with a distinct quiet charm of her own, Teresa Wright is the type of young lady who talks little of herself and her plans, but keeps them locked quietly within. Around her neck she wears the same tiny old-fashioned, heart-shaped locket she wore all through "The Little Foxes." One of the cast of "Life With Father" gave it to her. The old-fashioned bracelet she picked up in a little jewelry shop on Hollywood Boulevard to wear through the picture still adorns her left wrist. She wears no make-up but lipstick and looks a mere pocket edition of her screen self. To be honest, Teresa looks as little like her screen self as it's possible to believe.

Her plans are hanging in the balance at the (Continued on page 80)

BY SARA HAMILTON

Left: Nils Asther, a Swedish edition of Boyer with a French-English accent that's oo-la-la and a flair for acting that's tops. Below: Pat Dane, who was tossed out of M-G-M and coaxed back in a week. That's what a girl gets for being beautiful



Hymie Fink ON THE JOB!

You'll get the idea quick as the flash —

it's our Fink at work and the stars at play



Caught in a corner: Ronald Colman and Olivia de Havilland plot and plan a British Relief at Basil Rathbone's. Outstanding Hollywood social center, the Rathbone home is open house for all charity group meets

First nighters after a first big event in their lives are Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman, who have a Ciro's celebration of the birth of Maureen Elizabeth. They were so sure it would be a boy they didn't even have a name chosen but rallied quickly and are now top proud parents of Hollywood



Greg Bautzer's grin is for Fink; the handshake is for a Copocabana pal. Left to right: Killer Mack Gray, side kick of George Raft, attorney Bautzer, sidekick of Dorothy Lamour



One of the best liked young couples in Hollywood takes in a formal night at Ciro's. From two appearances, the subject of the John Payne-Anne Shirley conversation is daughter Julie Anne



The latest bit of N. Y.-Hollywood news concerned this Ciro's couple. Report is that Buddy Rogers may do a play on Broadway and that wife Mary Pickford may be his backer



Young marrieds and young "may be" marrieds double-date at the new Copocabana. Judy Garland and Dave Rose look at the floor show; Tony Martin and Lana Turner just look. Lower right, Jimmy Stewart jaws about something terrible to the table at large; his date, blonde Frances Robinson, carries on behind his back



I Wake Up Screaming!

IT was a great idea that Lanny Craig, the writer, Hurd Evans, the director, Robin Ray, the juvenile lead, and I, the newest writer at the studio, had—to make a star of Vicky Lynn. Vicky had the stuff for stardom and with the publicity buildup we four gave her, Hollywood was soon talking fast about her. The only trouble was that she was going places with Robin Ray—just for publicity, she said; but I'd fallen in love with Vicky and I was jealous.

I wondered, though, if I did love Vicky or if I was just fascinated by the magic legend I'd helped to create. That was after I met Jill, her sister. Jill's face stayed with me morning and night and even when I was kissing Vicky I caught myself thinking of Jill.

It was only after the terrible tragedy that I realized the truth—that I was in love with Jill and never had really loved Vicky at all. It was Jill who got me through the awful days that followed Vicky's death. I get groggy even now when I think of the afternoon I walked into the apartment to keep a date with Vicky and found her lying still and cold on the floor—murdered.

But Jill and I found our way out together and gradually we began to plan for happiness—our marriage, all the things we'd do together once the new year came. If it hadn't been for Ed Cornell that's the way things would have happened, too. Ed Cornell was the detective on the case and though the D. A. had told me they had a fair idea the murderer was Harry Williams, the kid on the switchboard who'd had a crush on Vicky and had disappeared the day of the murder, Ed Cornell haunted me. He was a crazy guy with just one crazy idea—that I had killed Vicky. And he meant to get me for it.

It was while I was on the set watching Hurd Evans direct a new picture that a messenger told me there was a guy outside waiting to arrest me. I got panicky then—I could see Ed Cornell's pale, drawn face, could hear him saying, "You're cooked, baby! I'm going to make you fry!"

My first thought was to get to Jill, somehow. I bolted from the studio by a side door, grabbed a cab and went to her apartment. The fellow at the switchboard plugged in Jill's phone and announced me. "She says come right up," he reported. I took the stairs three at a time. I knocked at the door.

Ed Cornell opened it.

HE didn't look any different, just tired. The old derby was shoved back a little, and the white skin of his face seemed dead. His eyes were dull. There was no light of victory in them, no surprise. It was as though he had expected me to show up.

"Hello," he said.

A big, heavy-shouldered, plain-clothes man stepped out from around the corner. He moved up, jerked my wrists together. There was a click, and I was wearing handcuffs. I looked down at them.

"Listen, how—did you know—I was coming here?"

"I know everything you're going (Continued on page 70)

BY STEVE FISHER

ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR THOMPSON



"I was very wise yesterday and very clever," she said to him. "But today is different. Today I'm afraid." He knew then that she was realizing both of them were trapped



It was quite dark there, but I saw him go for his gun. Jill began to run. I didn't wait. I didn't think. I hit him



Be a bright little patriot and take your color
cue from your state flower for the gayest-
hued season that's ever dazzled America

BY MARIAN H. QUINN

 **Alabama** goldenrod
A bright gold wool furless coat
with a taupe belt

Arizona saguaro cactus
Be as draught-resistant and as
showy in the Lasso boots on page
60—maybe a pair of red ones
Arkansas apple blossom
The apple-blossom pink and blue
wool striped collars and cuffs on
your wool dress

 **California** golden poppy
The gold buttons you'll wear on
anything; maybe they'll be mas-
sive carved ones for your suit

Colorado columbine
A purple crepe lining for your
black day suit

Connecticut mountain laurel
The new plaid combination—
purple with mountain-laurel pink,
navy blue and white

Delaware peach blossom
A wool dress the color of peach
blossoms under your dark coat

 **Florida** orange blossom
A needlepoint purse worked in
orange-blossom pattern

Georgia cherokee rose
A simple white crepe dinner skirt;
a sweater of yellow paillettes

Idaho syringa
White or cream rayon slipper
satin waltz dress; wear a black
snood and black gloves with it

 **Illinois** wood violet
Violet silk stockings (honest!)
with your violet evening dress

Indiana zinnia
Be as vivid in a bright orange
or red hat worn with black

Iowa wild rose
Sequins forming a pattern of
roses all over your evening bag
Kansas sunflower
Bright woolen jacket of orange;
matching orange gloves

Kentucky goldenrod
Circular yoke of gold crocheted
yarn topping a black wool

Louisiana magnolia
Magnolia-pink rose on the big
pillow muff of black lace you'll
carry with your chemise dress

 **Maine** pine cone
New combination of pine-cone
brown with baroque pink

Maryland black-eyed susan
Smart suit: A black jacket with
a yellow skirt

Massachusetts mayflower
Interpret it broadly; be shipshape
in a wine middy-top dress

Michigan apple blossom
Pale pink crepe blouse; deeper
pink jacket; black skirt

 **Minnesota** moccasin flower
Soft-soled moccasins of gold-
trimmed white kid for dancing

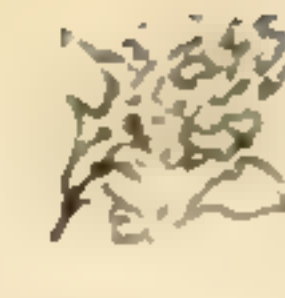
Mississippi magnolia
Pink velvet piping on your black
dress

Missouri hawthorn
A waist-length red velvet cape
trimmed with jet for evening

Montana bitterroot
A whole suit of peachy pink for
the tea-dancing hour

Nebraska goldenrod
The gold service insignia of your
beau on the left-hand (nearest
the heart) glove

Nevada sagebrush
Sage-green shoes to go with a
sage-green monotone costume

 **New Hampshire** purple lilac
Clogs of purple satin for your
purple dance dress

New Jersey violet
A purple felt hat with your dark
blue wool suit

 **New Mexico** yucca
A creamy white dog collar of
pearls to make you as imposing

New York rose
Red-as-the-rose red with black;
perhaps knitted red gloves

North Carolina oxeye daisy
A snow-white angora felt cloche
with a yellow grosgrain band

North Dakota wild prairie rose
Belt with a buckle that's made
of a cowhide prairie-wagon wheel

 **Ohio** scarlet carnation
Carnation-red wool jacket piped
in black to wear with a black skirt

Oklahoma mistletoe
The dress on page 63; wear it
and see what happens

Oregon Oregon grape
A grape-colored suede bag, only
contrast to an all-black outfit

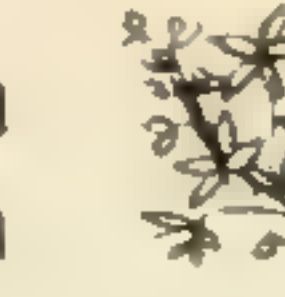
Pennsylvania mountain laurel
Pink brushed-wool hat for your
dark suit

 **Rhode Island** violet
A violet plaid tweed coat

South Carolina jessamine
Over your black dress wear a
tight-waisted tunic of yellow wool

South Dakota pasqueflower
A purple wool suit and its sure-
fire accessory—a yellow sweater
or blouse

Tennessee iris
The lining of the black peplum
on your black wool, a blue as
deep as the iris

 **Texas** bluebonnet
Blue suede gloves, blue velvet
bag as an accessory team

Utah sego lily
The white and orange cockade of
finely pleated ribbon on your red
velour hat

Vermont red clover
A clover-red corduroy dress

 **Virginia** dogwood
A creamy satin waistcoat to
wear over a black-velvet skirt

Washington rhododendron
Deep pink snakeskin gloves to
match the belt on a black dress

W. Virginia great rhododendron
Combine a pale pink with Dublin
green in a jacket; wear it over
a nut-brown dress

 **Wisconsin** violet
Dog collar of purple velvet on
your beige dress

Wyoming Indian paintbrush
A harlequin necklace; one side
orange-red, one side green



Stop, Look and Stare at this gala dress worn by Maureen O'Hara of Fox's "How Green Was My Valley." Chalk-colored sequins glitter on white chiffon to catch the compliments of the crowd for this standout Marie Miller creation with its triangle midriff and its padded slit hemline

Photographs by Powolny



B. F. Goodrich
Lasso boot



Rain, Rain, don't go away—just stay around and watch Maureen O'Hara chase raindrops in this flared and hooded raincoat of self-polka-dotted white oiled silk. Newest of new is her footwear—brown rubber galoshes chased around the tops like a cowboy's boot. Over her shoulder is a trim brown silk umbrella with a white handle, a pretty frame for a pretty face



Cross Your Fingers and hope you'll have a fall outfit like this:
a black silk crepe by Filbert with a brief apron peplum in front, decorated with jeweled buttons of gold, aquamarine and topaz colored stones; a copper colored velvet bonnet to go to your head



Talk of the Town at twilight: A black wool suit with pockets beautifully embroidered in white, silver and gold threads. With this Filbert model, Maureen O'Hara wears a medallion necklace of Mayan inspiration, a puckish little hat of black velvet and maline with long maline streamers

Perfect for a Proposal on the stairs—or anywhere else: A printed satin and silk jersey evening dress for festive eves.

Enormous black tulips are etched on the white satin skirt; the bodice is softly draped black silk jersey. The dress is from Raab and Harmell; the fashion preview by the titian-haired O'Hara



ONE-MAN CAVALCADE

A story that has the sweep of years behind it—a colorful nostalgic account of Wallace Beery and of some exceptional telling incidents he remembered not to forget

BY MAY MANN

Milestone in Beery's film life was his role of the German officer in "The Four Horsemen Of The Apocalypse"



THE big low-slung sports car was ambling down the Sunset Strip where Beverly Hills meets Hollywood. The hour was well after midnight. Only occasional nodes of night-spot trade showed signs of activity along the winding foothill boulevard which otherwise was devoid of traffic. As the driver of the car was smoking comfortably, he noticed a powerful sedan bearing down on him. Hastily he swung his wheel to give the other car additional room, but, instead of passing, it drew alongside, forcing him over to the curb to avoid a crash. He didn't need a blueprint to tell him this was a stick-up.

Quickly his eye took in the situation. No help in sight. But the car had been stopped in front of a vacant lot. With a swift movement he yanked the ring off the little finger of his right hand and tossed it over into the lot with nothing but the briefest flash to bespeak the three magnificent diamonds it contained.

"Come on, Beery," one of the men

snapped. "We've got you covered. Hand over your wallet and watch and no funny business."

With his famous deadpan expression Wallace Beery obediently reached into his pocket, passed over his wallet and removed his wrist watch. The heavy car jerked into motion and sped down the road. A wily grin broke across Beery's broad face. He kissed his hand to the vacant lot. "I'll be back to get you tomorrow, sweetheart," he said.

Next day passers-by paid no attention to the huge hulk of a man bent double while he searched the ground of a vacant lot. Presently he straightened up. Wallace Beery had had the incredible good fortune to find his diamond ring.

You see, to him it has always been more than just a ring. "Guess you'd call it a symbol of some sort," Wally says. "Thirty-six years ago when I hit Broadway via the freight route I swore if I ever got my name up in lights I was (Continued on page 98)

Essanay's swashbuckling star and director (at left) poses with his brothers. Noah had come West from Broadway: Willie was Wally's assistant



Across the street from this marquee sat young actor Beery, drinking sodas by way of celebration at his bright-lights debut at the Astor on Broadway





Lieutenant Commander Beery of the U. S. Naval Air Reserve with his inseparable companion, adopted daughter Carol Ann who worships him. "I'm going to make a real first-class star out of her," Wally says firmly



The laugh riot of the old Essanay days was big burly Beery as a Swedish housemaid



Above: The "happiest man in the world" and his wife, Gloria Swanson, the little extra girl at Essanay, whose wide eyes, curls and petite figure completely upset the equilibrium of the rough-and-ready Wally. Left: The fightingest kids on the Kansas City block were Policeman Beery's three sons, tough about everything, but their mother



She is the lighthearted lady of a lighthearted comedy; she is the conservative gone radical with a new hair-do; she is the provocative woman in Melvyn Douglas' screen life—Garbo in her new motion picture

THE TRUTH ABOUT HOLLYWOOD RELATIVES

BY "FEARLESS"



Rare exception is Claudette Colbert's brother, who refuses to use her name, works as Charles Wendling



Independent, too, is actor Joe Yule, former husband of Mickey's mother and real father of Rooney



One of the family feuds that did hit the papers: Mr. and Mrs. Bernstein who denied in court...

... the charges of Mrs. Bernstein's son, Jackie Coogan, now in the Army. Coogan lost

Have you heard about that star with the amorous mother? Or about that movie wife and her mother-in-law? Well, listen . . .

UNDoubtedly you remember every sensational word of the bitter court battle Jackie Coogan waged, and lost, with his mother, Lillian Coogan Bernstein, over an accounting of the \$4,000,000 he had earned as a child. You probably know, too, that that case resulted in the passage of the Coogan Law, by which fifty percent of every minor's earnings must be deposited by the studio in a trust fund for him. Because of that law, Jackie Coogan's name will never be forgotten by the state of California.

You may recall the Freddie Bartholomew fight with his parents after he had struck fame and gold in Hollywood, or Mary Astor's defending herself against her parents' suit, when she wanted to sell the house in which they were living, a house which she had bought and paid for while she was still in her earning teens. You may possibly even recollect Maurice Costello's suit against his daughter, Dolores, for nonsupport, or Hal LeRoy's attempt to get back his dancing wages from his father.

Yet probably, reading these occasional stories, you regard them as exceptions to the rule that have produced the Selznick brothers, the devoted Lanes, the happy Ameches, the adoring Cagneys and such.

Oh, yeah?

Those stories are not exceptions—or they are exceptions only because they got in print. It's the loving families that are exceptions. The sponges are the usual ones.

Have you ever heard, for instance, the (Continued on page 104)

Speaking for Myself

(Continued from page 34)

against the customers . . . I can take Charles Laughton only in small doses, and when I'm feeling very strong. I can't remember suffering through any picture the way I suffered through "Rembrandt"—unless it was "Flame Of New Orleans," which Laughton had nothing to do with.

I never understood why Ginger Rogers got the Academy Award for her performance in "Kitty Foyle," a mediocre picture. But if she won an Oscar for her work in "Tom, Dick and Harry," I'd cheer. That was a honey of a picture . . . They might just as well stop casting Robert Taylor as a gun-totin' bad man. I just refuse to believe it . . . I've always adored Eugene Pallette's version of the dumb, exasperated, blundering, heart-of-gold detective . . . I can't define it, but there's a quality about Rosalind Russell that makes me certain that if she and her leading man took an i. q. test together, she'd get the highest score . . . I think Ingrid Bergman is an excellent actress, but I can't see her as *Maria* in "For Whom The Bell Tolls," although I know that Ernest Hemingway can. I think Annabella would be more the type. And she looks so wonderful with a cropped coiffure.

I'm not too impressed by Jean Gabin in his French movies, so I'm anxiously waiting to see what Hollywood makes of him . . . I think movie trailers are wonderful. They pack more suspense, trenchant dialogue, fast action and oomph in three minutes than a lot of films produce in eight reels. . . . Sometimes the movies do a fine job in translating a novel to the screen; other times the result makes you gnash your teeth. "Little Women" was one of the excellent jobs; "My Son, My Son!" one of the worst . . . I love those new Puppets, but I'd like to see the artist make some of the characters (the heroines, maybe) pretty . . . I never saw Walter Pidgeon give a bad performance.

The Wheeler-Nye investigation of the movie industry strikes me as absurd on the face of it. I can't see why the motion-picture producers shouldn't be free to follow the proclaimed national policy of the United States Government, which is anti-Nazi and has been virtually from the hour Hitler came into power. I can't see why motion pictures should not reflect national public sentiment, which is certainly anti-Nazi. I can't see why a medium as important as the cinema shouldn't have as much freedom of expression as the press is allowed. And above all, I don't see why the movies, a theatrical medium, should be forbidden to borrow from current history the greatest "natural" villain since Simon Legree: the Nazi ideologist.

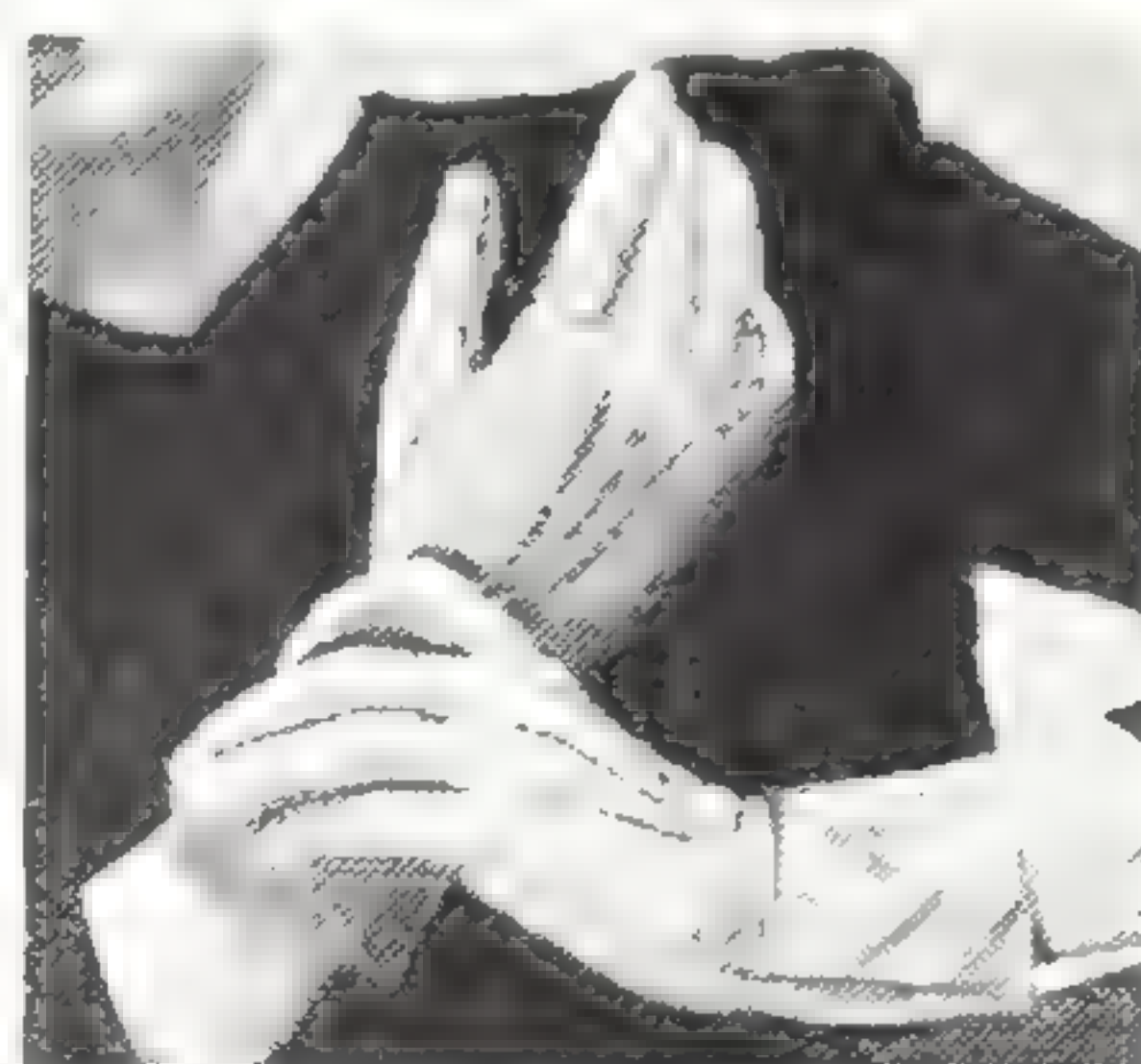
My favorite Deanna Durbin picture was her first—"Three Smart Girls" . . . I'm in accord with whoever it was who said a Hollywood producer could make a fortune with a film in which the frail, lovely heroine goes running through the haunted house carrying a gorilla in her arms! . . . I could stand seeing more of Geraldine Fitzgerald and less of Ellen Drew . . . Norma Shearer looks younger



Star Finds IN THE STORES

BY MARION HAMMON

A LOVE OF A GLOVE: Make your own leather gloves! That's the newest fad and a practical one too. You get a package containing leather cut to your correct glove size, sewing silk and a blunt needle. Each piece is numbered and the edges are perforated to making sewing easy. Just follow directions and in a few hours



time, you have a handsome pair of hand-sewn gloves. Make-A-Glov costs \$3 a package; is sold at leading department stores.

* * *

FANCY DRESS: Here's an old favorite in fancy dress—Pond's new Dreamflower Powders, new lovelier shades, flower-light texture, warmer tones, in a new package feminine and blossom-sprayed. The dreamflower theme of the box is taken from a 17th century French brocade—a white ground spattered with blossoms. Pond's Dreamflower Powders, 10c, 25c and 49c at toiletries counters everywhere.



MORE FUN! All Hollywood is playing Dig, a game based on the gold rush technique. It's a new kind of spelling game that can be mastered in a minute and builds up party morale easily



and inexpensively. Dig is one of the Parker Brothers games, fun for grownups and children alike, costs \$1 at game counters.

* * *

HEADY FRAGRANCE: There's much more to hair care than a new coiffure. Keeping your hair clean and sweet-smelling is even more important. Just get a good shampoo and use it regularly. Packers Pine Tar Shampoo, for instance, is splendid for that purpose. The delicate pine scent does its work, then disappears, leaving the scalp clean, the hair soft and fragrant. A small bottle of Packers Pine Tar Shampoo costs a dime at 5c & 10c stores and there's a large size at drug stores, too.

and prettier today than she did ten years ago—and she's still the most band-boxy of all the glamour girls . . . I hope before I die I will get to attend a party given by Mr. and Mrs. Easil Rathbone . . . Mickey Rooney makes me grit my teeth.

I get Lana Turner, Tony Martin, Betty Grable, Alice Faye and Artie Shaw all mixed up, because their romances are all so mixed up with each other . . . I never can understand why the B picture-makers don't crash through more often with a corking good murder-mystery film. There are certainly millions of murder-story fans—whodunit novels sell like hotcakes—and they're inexpensive to make. I guess the trouble is there aren't enough Alfred Hitchcocks to direct them . . . Claudette Colbert looks better than anyone else in a tailor . . . Edna May Oliver rarely fails to amuse me.

I wonder why the movies—so flexible and so adept at trickery and fancy camera work—have never succeeded in doing a good job on big dance production numbers. Most of those Busby Berkeley effects are so silly they lose all semblance of reality without achieving good fantasy . . . I wish there were some way of dubbing in Spencer Tracy's acting with Nelson Eddy's voice . . . Far and away the best sufferers on the screen are Margaret Sullavan, Irene Dunne and Barbara Stanwyck. They're all four-handkerchief girls. But Sylvia Sidney, when she was torturing the celluloid, gave them all a run for their money . . . All Warner Brothers starlets look alike.

I'm sure that in real life I'd be mad about Edward G. Robinson; he sounds intelligent, affable and charming, from all I've heard. But in the movies he tires me with all those fake mannerisms . . . I think the most wonderful picture I've ever seen, for brilliance and imagination and good taste and sheer entertainment, is "Here Comes Mr. Jordan" . . . I never played Screeno in a theater, never will . . . I wonder why nobody's ever thought of sending Shirley Temple on a Peace Mission to war-torn Europe. She, if anyone, ought to be able to end World War II. Look what she did in all her cinema plots for show business, the Civil War, the Old Homestead and the British Empire! . . . I'm a pushover for a Jimmy Cagney picture, but I didn't like "Strawberry Blonde."

"The Little Foxes" was a flawless motion picture, if you are looking for an example of what the screen can do to rival anything ever done in the theater. . . . I like Myrna Loy, especially when she plays with William Powell . . . I think it would be a swell idea if Hollywood made another sequel to "The Invisible Man" with the transparent terror doing fancy espionage and sabotage stuff all over Europe, maybe as an agent of the British Intelligence—a sort of invisible Noel Coward . . . And speaking of Noel, one of the all-time movies of all time was his "The Scoundrel," for my money . . . Don Ameche is prettier off screen than on. So is Cesar Romero . . . I would rather see a good single feature at a neighborhood cinema than do almost anything else except take a stratosphere flight, eat a hot dog with mustard at a Yale-Army football game, or watch Tallulah Bankhead on the stage.

The End.



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RED PEPPER CINNAMON NUTMEG

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Founded by E. T. Reynolds

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Your hands, your fingernails, do they invite adventure? Give them a chance—Dura-Gloss will give you the most beautiful fingernails in the world, will lend your nails *personality*, high color, brilliance, shimmering, shining, sparkling, beauty, help you find the excitement, the fun that is rightfully yours. There's a big bottle of Dura-Gloss waiting for you in your favorite shop . . . why don't you go get it *now*?

DURA-GLOSS

FOR THE MOST BEAUTIFUL FINGERNAILS IN THE WORLD



Playing out one of the most intriguing mystery novels of 1941: Victor Mature and Betty Grable as Peg and Jill in Fox's "Hot Spot," film version of "I Wake Up Screaming!"

I Wake Up Screaming!

(Continued from page 56)

to do," Ed Cornell said. He talked in the old way, that dry, nasal voice, the tone of which never changed. "I know you like a book, mister. We may as well get moving."

"Wait a minute."

"For what?"

I swallowed. "I'd just like to see—" I nodded toward the door. "You won't mind?"

Ed Cornell shot the plain-clothes man a look. "We'll be out in a minute."

Jill sat limply in a big cushioned chair. Her face was deathly white, and her hair looked yellow. She wore a green dress, and green sandals. We just looked at one another. There was in her look misery and compassion and tenderness. Ed Cornell began to talk.

"It wasn't her fault . . . the kid sending you up. We told him what to say."

See, her eyes said, *see, darling?*

"I would have nabbed you on the studio lot," Cornell went on, "but the cops have a deal with film executives. They don't want any arrests on the lot."

Jill was motionless, immobile, watching me.

"So I sent one of the messengers to say I was looking for you. If you stopped to reason . . . no cop about to make an arrest would announce it like that. I simply wanted to get you off the lot. You were a cinch to either come here or go to the hotel. We had you both places."

Jill's eyes were watching mine. I spoke to her.

"You—you don't believe him, do you?"

"No. But he says—you haven't got a chance."

"No." I turned on Cornell. "This guy's so smart! Haven't you heard about him? He gets perfectly marvelous cases into court. Foolproof. What have you got, Cornell? Material proof?"

"Do you think I'm lying, mister? Do you think I've worked all this time," he said, "to have the thing fall through? No. You were intensely jealous of Vicky Lynn. I have witnesses who'll testify to it. *Friends of yours.*"

"That's not true."

"On the day Vicky Lynn was getting her screen test you wrote her a note.

You said that she was your day and night obsession. You said if *she loved Robin Ray you'd kill her!*"

Jill turned from the window.

I remembered the note. But I'd never sent it. I'd balled it up and jammed it in the pocket of my suit.

I'd worn the suit only because it was raining that day. It was an old suit and it had hung in the closet ever since. Cornell must have searched my room.

"That fixes the motive," he said.

"I have the rest, too," he went on. "You didn't show up at the studio that day, remember? They pay you almost a hundred and twenty-five dollars a day for your services . . . but you didn't show up."

"I was upset."

"Certainly! The jury will love that! You arrived here early in the afternoon. You had a key Vicky had given to you. Have you missed the key lately? I found it in your hotel room one day."

Jill crossed the room, restlessly.

"You let yourself in with that key. The apartment was empty and you decided to wait for Vicky. Lanny Craig arrived at five o'clock with the switchboard kid. At that moment you were hidden in a closet."

"That's fantastic"

"Is it? I have a shoe that belonged to Vicky. It had been in the closet. Somebody had stood on it and it's crushed. Moreover, there was a cigarette stub mashed out in a corner of the closet." He looked at me coldly. "You wanted material evidence. I've got a barrel of it."

JILL suddenly walked to a closet door, turned the key in the lock, and put the key in her pocket. Her unexplained movement upset Cornell and he watched her curiously. She walked past him and out into the kitchen. I heard running water. Then I saw her drinking.

Good Lord! *Doesn't she even care!*

"Well, we'll get this over," Cornell said. "I'll construct the picture briefly:

"You were in the apartment when Vicky came in. There was a bitter scene over Robin Ray. In a fit of jealous rage you killed her." He paused. "But the very fact that you were in the apartment

waiting, that you had in your possession the lethal weapon with which to kill—"

"The—lethal weapon?"

Ed Cornell nodded. "All of these things add up to the one word: premeditated. That promotes the murder to the first-class degree, and fries you in oil."

The iron bands were burning against my wrists. In the kitchen Jill was taking in the garbage pail. You could hear her banging around.

"After the murder you left the apartment," Cornell went on. "But you met Harry Williams in the hall. You were on the spot. Williams would testify he'd seen you leaving the scene of crime. You had to get him out of the way."

"It doesn't matter," I said. I was thinking of Jill.

"It does to me," said Cornell. "Once we get you to headquarters, mister, you're going to tell us exactly where you buried him!"

Jill had come back into the room. There was a row of books on the desk and she fussed about, straightening them up.

"You figured," Cornell said, "that it'd look as though Williams had done the murder and lammed."

"But *how* did I kill these people?"

"You don't remember?"

"No!"

"Brass knucks," Ed Cornell said. "They were the first thing I came across when I searched through your stuff. Remember Vicky was hit just behind the ear, with a weapon the size of a fist, but much harder—"

I felt as though I were going to collapse. If he'd held out any hope that I could puncture his story, it was gone. I had bought the brass knucks in a hock shop on Main Street, meaning to send them East as a Christmas present.

I could see the whole setup. It would look as though I had bought the things for the express purpose of murder. Cornell's case was complete. *I was through!*

He watched me for a minute, his face very white.

"Let's get going," I said.

He shrugged and turned to open the door.

I SAW Jill move across the room. I saw the thing in her hand. I tried to shout but it was too late. She'd knocked Cornell's derby off and come down with a terrific blow at the base of his skull. She was using a flat metal bookend.

Ed Cornell's knees buckled. His eyes flickered, and he looked at me. Jill was backing up. I saw blood run in a little stream down around Cornell's neck. Till the very last moment he kept watching me, almost as though he were shaking his head, repeating again and again. *You'll never get away.* Then he hit the carpet with a thud. Jill was bending over him.

"He'll be all right. A doctor told me once how to hit a person."

"Jill, listen—you can't—can't do this! It makes you an accomplice! Besides, there's another detective in the hall."

Her face was white. But there was no hysteria. She had planned this.

"The kitchen," she said. "The cubicle where we put the trash at night to be picked up. There's a door that opens on the hall. You can squeeze through."

"But this other cop—"

"I'll take care of him," she said. "I'll meet you on the steps."

"Jill—" I was wretched. "I can't let you do this."

"Hurry!" she said.

She had pulled in the garbage pail, and the door was open. It was just large enough to crawl through.

(Continued on page 72)

"Guess My Age!"



New kind of Face Powder makes her Skin look Years Younger!

By *Lady Esther*

Once this lovely girl looked quite a bit older. Some people actually thought she was approaching middle age...

For she was the innocent victim of an *unflattering* shade of face powder! It was a cruel shade—treacherous and sly. Like a harsh light, it showed up every tiny line in her face—accented every little skin

fault—even seemed to exaggerate the size of the pores, made them look bigger.

But look at her now! Can you guess her age? Is she 20—30—35?

She has found her lucky shade of face powder! She has found the shade that makes her look young and enchanting.

**How old does your face
powder say you are?**

Are you quite sure the shade of powder you use doesn't lie about your age—doesn't say you're getting a bit older?

Why take that chance? Why not find your *lucky shade*—the shade that makes you look your youngest and loveliest?



*Now more beautiful women use Lady Esther
Face Powder than any other kind.*

Lady Esther
FACE POWDER

Send for the 9 new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder and try them all, one after another. Let your mirror tell you which is the *perfect* shade for you!

Lady Esther Powder is made a new way. It's blown by *TWIN HURRICANES* until it's softer and smoother by far than any ordinary powder. That's why it clings so long—and that's why its shades and texture are so unusually flattering.

Try All 9 Shades FREE

Find your most flattering shade of Lady Esther Face Powder! Send for the 9 new shades and try them all. You'll know your lucky shade—it makes your skin look younger and lovelier! Mail the coupon below now, before you forget.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)

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9 new shades of face powder, also a tube of
your Four-Purpose Face Cream.

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If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

In the other room Jill had opened the door. She was calling the detective in from the hall. I heard her say:

"He's in there, officer! In the bedroom!"

The apartment had none, of course. But the detective didn't know it. He was already throwing his shoulders against the closet door. I got down on my hands and knees and began wriggling through the cubby hole.

I landed out in the hall and struggled to my feet.

The apartment door stood open and I could see the detective crashing against the closet. Jill slipped into the hall. The cop was so busy he didn't notice.

Jill joined me, and I followed her down the stairs to a side exit.

We started in the direction of Western Avenue. It was four blocks, and the sidewalks were dark. Jill and I were half running. Somebody was out walking his dog and we slowed down our gait as we passed him. The guy turned around and stared after us.

"Do you suppose he saw—"

We stopped. Jill gazed down at the handcuffs. I was wearing slacks and a tan sports coat. Jill jerked the coat back off my shoulders. She had me duck down, and taking the back of my coat she swung it up over my head. It was off now, except the bottom of the sleeves, and it hung in front of me. It was turned inside out, but she folded it neatly.

With a little imagination it would seem as though—because it was a hot night, which it wasn't—I was carrying my coat. The handcuffs were entirely hidden.

A block from Western a siren screamed in our ears. We stood back up against a dark store front. A police car, red headlights shining, raced past.

The detective must have discovered the ruse. We reached Western.

"Walk slowly," Jill said.

We crossed the sidewalk and she opened the door of a taxicab. I got in and she climbed in beside me.

"Sixth and Vermont," she said.

"Jill—"

"Yes, darling?"

"Why'd you do it? Do you know what the cops will do to you for this?"

"Of course—Oh, Lord!"

"What's the matter?"

"My ring!" she said. "Our engagement ring . . . I was washing out some stockings when Ed Cornell came and I'd taken it off. It's on the bathroom shelf!"

"Shall we go back?"

"Darling, it's serious! We could have pawned it. How much money have you?"

"Just a few bucks," I said.

"I've got fifteen dollars."

"Then we're practically set for life."

"Don't worry, Peg! We'll be all right."

"Sure, we'll be swell! But we won't. What am I doing in a jam like this? And why did I have to get you in it? After all that guy's evidence how can even you trust me?"

"Because I would anyway. But also, I know that Vicky intended to give up Robin Ray. She told me."

Suddenly that was a scene too: *Vicky telling Jill she was going to give up Robin Ray.* I couldn't think any more.

"Did you tell Cornell she said that?"

"Yes. He didn't believe it."

"It is good having you here. . . . I don't know where we'll go. But we'll get married. See, Jill—we'll—"

"No, we won't."

I looked up.

"They'd find us right away if we tried to get married," she said. "Don't worry about that."

In the interurban station Jill went to the information booth and I sat down on a waiting room bench. A train was

being called. Now I saw Jill. I saw the neat green sandals with the red cork heels, and my eyes came up.

She had tickets in her hand. I rose and followed her. We were going toward a gate marked San Pedro.

I couldn't use my hands and I was clumsy getting on the car. We found a seat, and I took the side by the window. The coat looked all right now in my lap. I watched everybody that came in. Then the train began to move. . . .

We took a room in a shabby hotel in San Pedro. It was musty and the wallpaper was stained where rain had dripped down from the roof, but it had the air of cleanliness, with a big old-fashioned bed and a small rickety cot in a little alcove. It would do nicely for both of us.

Jill had no trouble in picking the lock of the handcuffs with a hairpin and when they were off, I rubbed my wrists for a very long time, and stretched my arms.

In the morning the winter sun was feeble on the windows; the harbor was the color of slate, and choppy. The room reeked with an old wooden smell. Jill came in with a tray covered by a napkin and I sat up in bed. I needed a shave.



The fashion is Free France; the model is Joan Leslie. The new Saphi Scarf was originated by the Free French Committee. Sales percentage goes to French refugees in Africa: Americans get the fun of wearing it

But the winter morning felt good and the surroundings were strange and pleasant.

"This is a quite wonderful breakfast," I said. "How much did it come to?"

"Sixty-five cents. It leaves us thirty-one dollars and fifty-two cents."

"Spoken like an adding machine!"

She grinned, sipping her coffee. But she looked worried.

"What's the matter, Jill?"

"Nothing," she said. "I think we'd better move to another room."

"Why?"

She handed me the morning paper.

"Hey—this is swell!"

"What's swell?"

"My name in big type like this," I said.

"Darling, would you mind very much sobering up? Do you realize half the state is looking for us? What are we going to do?"

"I asked you that yesterday. You said

we'd just be careful of the police."

"I know. I was very wise yesterday and very clever. Today it's different. I'm scared, Peg!"

"I'm glad we have that emotion at separate times."

"You aren't scared today?"

"Well, I wasn't. I was just thinking how nice the harbor looked. I forgot I was me."

THE darkness came at five, and at six we left the hotel. The day had been very long, and we had not eaten since breakfast. The street was dark with lamp posts only at the corners.

We walked over the railroad tracks down to the old Fifth Street Landing. Near by there was a hamburger stand.

We ordered bowls of chile con carne and hamburger steak on a plate with two fried eggs each. After we had started to eat the counterman turned on a dinky radio. He leaned on the counter and began talking about football. He was very much concerned about the Rose Bowl game. I kept saying "Yeah," and "You're certainly right about that." The first thing I knew we were going over the fine points of the Notre Dame game, and then he began talking about Rockne.

He would not stop talking and I was suddenly trying to listen through his voice to the seven o'clock news. I could get whole chunks about the international situation. But when it became local the counter man was shaking a pancake turner in my face. He had actually seen the four horsemen on the gridiron. It had been in the Coliseum, and he remembered the occasion very well. "Let's see, how many years has that been?"

Just as he said that I heard my name on the radio. I lost all of what followed until the announcer said: "*Jill Lynn, who is with the fugitive, will be charged with—*" then the four horsemen, and after that: "*—posted a five thousand dollar reward for the pair. Mr. Cornell, active as a homicide detective—*"

"I tell you they don't have games like that any more."

"No, I guess not."

The news went off. There was a station announcement, then the theme of a dance band came on.

When we walked off the band was playing "The Last Time I Saw Paris."

"Did you hear the news?"

"I got a little of it."

"There's a reward."

"Yes, I heard that part."

We were walking across the tracks.

"We'd better get another room."

"Yes, I think we should."

"We'll find one right away," Jill said.

We walked up a very dark street. There were old buildings on it and a big, gaudy clothing and jewelry store.

I didn't see the man who stood in the doorway until he stepped out. He was big and heavy-set. "Got a match, buddy?" he said. Then I saw the way he was looking at us, trying to make sure.

He was a cop!

It was quite dark here, but he must have decided that we were the McCoy because I saw him go for his gun. I didn't wait. I hit him. The guy's head jolted back against the window.

Jill and I were running. On the nearest corner there was a taxi. The taxi was big and very old. When I was inside, on the back seat, I almost passed out.

Jill was leaning forward and shaking the driver. Jill was saying: "Long Beach."

We took a small apartment in Long Beach. I paid nine dollars for two

(Continued on page 74)



"Please give me your honest opinion. Just feel these two unidentified napkins and tell me which is softer."

In city after city young investigators like Miss Gordon made this request to more than 10,000 women. One napkin they showed was a leading "layer-type" napkin. The other was Modess—a "fluff-type."

805 out of 1016 women in Shreveport, La., said Modess was softer. In Charlotte, N. C., 606 out of 1023 picked Modess. In Boston, Mass., 892 out of 1019! There were ten cities in the test and when all the figures were added, the results showed that 3 out of every 4 women had voted for Modess!



Not in every home was this softness test made. Only users of the "layer-type" napkin which was being tested were asked to take part. You'd expect most women to choose the napkin they were already using—yet Modess got 3 votes out of every 4! Out of 10,302 women, 8102 said Modess was softer!

Does softer to the touch mean softer in use? Well—we believe it does. And we're willing to back our opinion in this way—we'll take the loss if you don't agree! Buy a box of Modess napkins today. If you're not *completely* satisfied with Modess, just send the unused napkins to The Personal Products Corporation, Milltown, N. J. We'll gladly refund the *full purchase price*.

"Which is softer?" asks Carrie Gordon — and 3 out of every 4 women who made this softness test answered, "Modess is softer!"



"I do solemnly swear." All investigators were put under oath. Each swore before a notary public that her figures were accurate, and that she had conducted the test in a fair and impartial manner.



Comparing notes at the end of the day. The girls found that the figures, of course, varied from city to city. But the final tabulations showed that 3 out of 4 women picked Modess as softer. Isn't it amazing that women could go on using one type of napkin without realizing that another and newer type might be softer?

Modess

"It's Softer!"—said 3 out of every 4 women making the softness test

"My Ring on your soft little HAND—"



Romance is ageless as the "Eternal Feminine" of soft, smooth hands

KEEP THIS AGELESS CHARM in your hands! Have almost professional hand care right at home, by using Jergens Lotion regularly. Jergens treats your skin with 2 ingredients, so "special" for helping soften and smooth harsh skin that many doctors use them.

Your hand skin may lose its youth-like pliancy from constant work with water. (This tends to dry out nature's softening moisture.) But every use of Jergens supplements nature's moisture. Easy! Jergens Lotion isn't sticky. Get this favorite Jergens Lotion today.



"MRS. SIKES HAS A 'LOYAL' HAND," SAYS SONIA BARRINGTON, NEW YORK PALMIST

"This hand indicates an enthusiastic, spontaneous and very honest nature," the famous palmist says, "with a lively, friendly interest in people."

MRS. SIKES, Atlanta, Ga., writes, "Regular and generous use of Jergens Lotion has made my work easier and my hands noticeably soft."

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Please send my free purse-size bottle of the famous Jergens Lotion.

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JERGENS LOTION

FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS

(Continued from page 72)

weeks' rent and a dollar deposit on the electric lights.

By Christmas my beard was very good and I put on a pair of dungarees and a seaman's woolen cap that Jill had bought at a rummage sale and went out on the street in daylight. It was a cloudy day, almost gray, and the air was crisp and cold. Jill would not let me spend money on food but I bought a little table-sized Christmas tree that had been marked down to fifteen cents.

Jill made popcorn and these white puffs I hung on the small branches with strips of tinsel. It took me a long time to complete the job; when I was finished the tree was all white and silver. The early darkness had come outside, and it looked very pretty.

"Oh, Peg, it's beautiful! How did you ever dress it like that?"

"It's nothing, really, Miss Lynn. Give me a string of popcorn and I'll do as much for you."

She laughed. "Supper's on. And please hurry, darling. This is our Christmas dinner."

She had turned off the lights in the kitchenette and lighted little five-cent candles. They were red candles and they flickered very brightly, one at my place, and one at hers. I sat down, and Jill brought the first course. It was a bowl of bread and milk on which she had sprinkled some sugar.

"I think on Christmas we should say grace."

"All right."

She bowed her head and folded her hands. There in the candlelight it seemed to me that she looked very lovely.

"Dear God, we thank You for the food we are about to receive. And we thank You for—" She looked up. "Oh, Peg! I am thankful!" Tears splashed down her face. "Do you know something? This is the loveliest Christmas I've ever had!"

We ate the bread and milk and when we were finished she brought on white flakes of tuna fish which was meant to be the turkey. We stayed in the kitchenette drinking our coffee until very late and the radio across the court was tuned to Christmas carols. The carols sounded clear and sweet. Our candles burned down to fat red stubs and we blew them out and went into the other room.

ON the third of January we ran out of money and there was not enough food left for supper. Less was printed about us in the papers these days. The only news items were those concerning gasoline station attendants who claimed they saw us.

Jill and I did not talk about the food situation. We agreed that we should not appear together outside any longer, it was too dangerous. When I left that day I said I was going to try and find some kind of a job.

"Peg, be careful."

"I will. But there should be some kind of a job I could do. I'll take a walk along the waterfront."

She was picking at a thread on her skirt. "What time will you be back?"

"In time for—" I caught myself.

"Say it, Peg! In time for supper."

"There'll be supper," I said. "You wait and see!"

All of that morning I marched doggedly from place to place. I went into lumber yards and shipyards, and to factories. In the late afternoon I was hungry and very tired. I walked along the beach and after a while I lay down on the sand and closed my eyes.

There was a cooling breeze from the ocean. It felt very good and I began to think of Hollywood. Could Lanny Craig

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

have killed Vicky? Somehow I was unable to entertain the thought. Robin Ray had been in love with Vicky. Jill had said that Vicky was going to tell Robin she was leaving him for me.

I suddenly sat bolt upright.

I remembered it had once been in the gossip columns that Robin Ray was incapable of holding his women. He had been thrown over by a couple of second-rate stars and it embarrassed him very much. If it happened again it could hurt his career.

I was on my feet.

I recalled that day in the commissary we had first discussed promoting Vicky. There had been a big, shiny ring on Robin's finger. He wore it constantly; yet I hadn't seen it since the day of the murder! He had hit her—

I paused. Could this have happened in his car?

Yes, that was it! He had picked her up on Sunset after she signed the contract. They could have argued and in a wild rage he could have hit her.

All of the scattered thoughts that had been in my mind were falling together and I was beginning to see the picture they made. Now one more link dropped into place.

"I'll drink to the dope that put a new windshield in my car and didn't make it shatterproof glass. I'll drink to him." Robin had told me one day in a bar.

"Did you break your windshield?" I had said.

"Yes, that was about a month ago."

The murder had been committed a month before he said that!

I thought it out slowly. There could have been the argument in the car. He had lost his temper and hit her. In the excitement he had let go of the wheel and swerved against the curb, and the windshield had shattered. Vicky was unconscious or dead from his blow. His only thought was to get her home.

He had carried her up the back steps. If by this time he realized she was dead, it was too late to change his course.

He had to get her into the apartment somehow and he must have searched her purse for the key. He wouldn't have found it. She had given it to me. What had he done? There was a fire escape on that side of the building.

The fire escape windows in the apartment had been open when I found Vicky's body!

Robin must have left her there on the floor and gone into the hall. But Harry Williams had been coming down the hall. Robin had been in the position Cornell had charged me with facing.

It was complete now. Complete! But how could I prove it?

I didn't know. I wanted to talk to Jill about it. The apartment was several blocks from the waterfront and I was already out of breath. The street was crowded with people, and I brushed past them. I was late. Jill would be worried.

That last block was awful. Then I came in through the little courts and to the door of the one which belonged to us. I unlocked it and went in. The room was empty. I glanced toward the kitchenette. There was no one in it.

"Jill," I said. I was suddenly scared. "Jill!"

There was no answer.

Why didn't Jill answer me? What was the meaning of this deadly silence? Could something terrible have happened to her? The cops, for instance—had they got hold of her, and if they had, did it mean third-degree torture for her? If it did, I just couldn't go on!

Concluded in December
Photoplay-Movie Mirror

"My Kisses on your satin-smooth FACE—"



Watch out for mean little Dry-Skin Lines before they start

YES, A VERY DRY SKIN may tend to wrinkle early! Does this worry you?

Then give thanks to Jergens skin scientists! They've made a new face cream for you—Jergens Face Cream—that helps you have skin like satin, so fine and smooth.

A "One-Jar" Beauty Treatment, they call it! Because Jergens Face Cream—

- (1) cleanses expertly; (2) softens your skin; (3) acts as a fragrant smooth-skin Night Cream; (4) gives you a lovely foundation for powder.

Pretty complete beauty care— isn't it? 10 days' use will convince you Jergens is the

one cream you need every day! Try it! 50¢, 25¢, 10¢—75¢, \$1.00, \$1.25 at beauty counters. Get Jergens Face Cream today.

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"WORKED WONDERS
ON MY SKIN..."

"Formerly coarse and dry, —my skin is now clear, smooth and soft, thanks to Jergens Face Cream," writes Mrs. Eileen Scott, Vancouver, B. C. "It's really a One-Jar Beauty Treatment!"



ALL-PURPOSE...FOR ALL SKIN TYPES

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FREE! Generous Sample of lovely new Face Cream. Mail coupon now.

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The Andrew Jergens Company, 1609 Alfred Street
Cincinnati, Ohio (In Canada: Perth, Ontario)
Please rush my free sample of the new Jergens Face Cream.

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Street _____

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The Real Reason Why Stirling Hayden Quit Hollywood

(Continued from page 30)



Fair lady...do you dream of glamorous hair—sparkling with seductive lustre—surrounding your face with an aura of loveliness? Nestle Colorinse will help your dream come true. This magic-like rinse—created by Nestle, originators of permanent waving—reveals loveliness you may never have realized your hair possessed. Colorinse brings dancing radiance to your hair—a new warmth of color—a richer, lovelier tone. You'll thrill to the silky softness, the glamorous sheen that Colorinse imparts. You'll like the way it makes your hair easier to comb, easier to manage. Colorinse will not brush or rub off but it washes out easily with shampooing. Whatever the color of your hair, you'll give its beauty a touch of glamour with Nestle Colorinse. Choose your own shade from the 14 flattering colors on the Nestle Hair Chart. For a perfect hair-do—use Nestle Shampoo BEFORE and Nestle Superset AFTER Colorinsing.



someday—any man with the sea in his blood and sails in his heart would do the same. Very little help that the studio in a handsome gesture had offered him the wherewithal to buy a yacht. "To go where? Catalina?" Hayden is reported to have said as he rejected the offer with thanks.

Then he made his flight back to Hollywood from Gloucester, a story which the newspapers didn't carry but the local grapevine did. Hayden back? Ah, said the bright boys, so it was just that old Hollywood ailment, contract trouble.

But they weren't quite right. Stirling came back at the urgent request of his studio to "talk things over." When, after a friendly conference with studio heads, he still felt he must hold to the course he had mapped out for himself and explained why, Paramount was glad to give him a long leave of absence.

Once more he left Hollywood to the confoundment of the wisecracks who couldn't conceive of a man's turning his back on fame and fortune—not a man in his right mind.

But Stirling Hayden is most definitely in his right mind. You can be mighty sure he knows what he's doing and he knows why he's doing it. Remember this. He's been a sailor since he was fifteen years old, sailing the seas of the world as almost everything from cabin boy to skipper. He has owned and operated his own schooner. His papers permit him to take any boat up to seven hundred tons—that is, prior to the war situation.

And by his own definition of himself, even now, he is a sailor.

Then consider the daily cry of newspapers, broadcasts, newsreels, Presidential appeals: Ships and more ships if the present world crisis is to be saved for everything this country holds worth

while. Such urgency could not indefinitely fall unheeded on the ears of a sailor. Mark our words, they haven't fallen unheeded on Stirling. Not that he'd do what he's going to do because of any politician's mouthings. You can be sure it will be done because he's worked it out in his own hard-hitting, clear-thinking way.

What is this next step? We believe he knows. But he can't and won't talk about it. In these days of international trouble there are many posts which a man is under oath not to reveal—at least until the period of decision and danger is over. More power to Hayden for keeping the trust.

But one thing is sure. There can be no doubt as to his motives. Although no man in shoe leather detests what he thinks is flag-waving with quite the degree of hatred that Stirling does, he broke down his carefully guarded wall of reserve one day to say to a friend that a man can't stand by forever and watch the world he knows blown to bits. The time comes when he has to do something about it. It may not be an ideal world—the setup could stand a lot of improvement—but it's the best he's seen to date and a person could do worse than get in there and pitch.

For the sake of the man who hates flag-waving we'll let those words stand without any embellishing. They do a pretty good job by themselves. Big news may be crackling around Hayden's head any day, any minute. Or the job ahead may be part of the silent sea that takes its men unheralded and lands them in ports of storm unsung. But as we go to press this is the latest word.

Whatever comes. PHOTOPLAY-MOVIE MIRROR wishes Stirling Hayden the best of everything with his new bosses.

Good luck, sailor!

The girl at whom everyone will be looking takes a look at herself: Jane Russell, who makes her bow in "The Outlaw," poses with famous artist James Montgomery Flagg and the drawing he made of her. Labeled Hollywood's newest find, Miss Russell has been a "talked about" for the past six months, is at present the subject of speculation by front offices. For a better close up on this new long shot, see page 4



PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Glamour Girls Are Suckers!

(Continued from page 37)

the minute you let a fellow know so completely that he's the whole floor show, you're sunk.

Then, when it happened, when this other girl moved in, I was as deaf, dumb and blind as any novice in a nunnery could ever be. When, instead of his saying, "Dinner tonight?" he said, "I have a conference," I believed him. The same old homespun line, without so much as a gold tassel at the end of it, and I let him hang me with it!

When it began to be one of those things where the phone just doesn't ring, the flowers don't come any more, I still believed in—well, I don't know in what I believed. Perhaps I should say I still hoped.

Then the good old grapevine of Hollywood began to give out code messages: Other fellows would tell me they'd seen X. with this girl, dining and dancing here and there, what fun they were having, how "serious" it looked. I said the usual banal things: "Well, why tell me about it? We were just good friends." No one believed me any more than I believed myself.

I swear that I have never in my life been so terribly unhappy as I was during the X. interlude. I have been married twice and twice my marriages have failed. Twice before then, I had felt let-down and miserable, but this hurt me more than I can find words to say.

I married, the first time, a boy I'd known at home in San Bernardino. It was an average everyday-girl marriage, but it didn't work. Then, when I had become a so-called glamour girl, a "rising star," I married Willis Hunt. That wasn't a success, either. Let the blame, if any, fall where it may; we won't go into that. But I do say this: If I had been the super-smart gal a glamour girl is supposed to be, I would have made my marriages successful.

So you might rightly hail me, "Hi Sucker!" because, as the nicks on a gun indicate how many men a killer has got, nicks on the heart of a glamour girl indicate how many men she didn't get!

There is very little I can do about it, either. Being a glamour girl doesn't help any. I can only do what other girls do, cry my eyes out at night, hope and pray, pretend I don't care, do the best acting job of my career for the benefit of friends and family, for the sake of my own pride.

I THINK I have always been a sucker.

By a sucker I mean someone who is very vulnerable, who wears her heart on her sleeve, who is easily hurt, who, in fact, almost asks to be hurt.

I was brought up, most of my life, in San Bernardino, here in California. My folks moved from Fairchild, Wisconsin, where I was born, to San Diego and then to San Bernardino where I lived until, at the age of sixteen, I climbed aboard a bus for San Francisco to make my fortune as a torch singer.

You always hear a lot of talk about all the people, usually men, who "discover" glamour girls. Well, let me tell you this: Carole Landis "discovered" herself! She even rechristened herself. Born Frances Ridste, I figured that Ridste would be a hard name to pronounce. I wanted something sort of flowy and graceful and made up Carole Landis.

From the age of seven I was stage-struck. Since that time when I knew I wanted to be an actress to the present day when I am one (I hope, I hope) in "Hot Spot" at Twentieth Century-Fox, I



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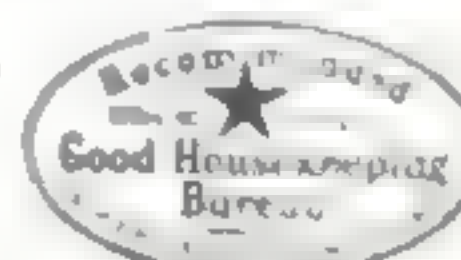
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Companion of FRESH #2 is FRESH #1. FRESH #1 deodorizes, but does not stop perspiration. In a tube instead of a jar. Popular with men too.



Head of the sirens-in-socks bicycle brigade is Jane Withers. Fink catches her starting out on a bike hike, with her mother helping pack lunch—and kitten. The Withers has three bicycles in her barn, one equipped with a radio

painstakingly made me what I am today, take it or leave it.

I worked in the dime stores, waited on table in cafes after school (my father was a machinist, not a millionaire) until I had saved enough for my bus fare to San Francisco—and a job. I didn't try Hollywood then because I thought I wouldn't have a chance here. Glamour girls are vain, you think? Oh, little do you know!

I landed in San Francisco with \$16.72 in my dollar purse. I stayed at a cafe job in San Francisco until I had saved \$100 which, I decided, was enough for a siege of the screen ramparts. In Hollywood, I was a little hungry. I made friends (not with millionaires, as fiction would have it) but with chorus girls, extras and bit players who would be able to tell me where to go for work. That's how I landed in the chorus Busby Berkeley was training for "Varsity Show" at Warners. I finally did a solo dance in that, not because I was a smart little glamour-digger who knew her onions but because the star didn't want to do it and someone had to.

That's how I began. Then I tried the stage. Being seen in a Los Angeles company of "Roberta," featuring Bob Hope, gave me a break at a Broadway show which was a flop. Eventually, after a lot of crying-far-into-the-night routines, I returned to Hollywood.

D. W. Griffith, the old Maestro, was seeking a cavewoman for "One Million, B.C." I didn't think I looked much like a female Tarzan, but D. W. hired me. Then I landed in "Turnabout," "Road Show" and "Topper Returns." Then Twentieth Century-Fox bought up half of my contract, I made "Moon Over Miami," "Dance Hall," now "Hot Spot"—and here I am!

HERE I am. That's the way one "glamour girl" got that way and I tell it hoping to prove that I discovered me. I trained me in the way I wanted to go and, with the exceptions of one topaz bracelet and one diamond wrist watch, I covered me with such diamonds, minks and other luxuries as I possess.

Glamour girls, to smash another popular misconception, are not so dumb about getting along in the world. But they are dumb with men.

We "do" for men rather than demand from them. When I was married to Willis Hunt, I give you my word I'd up and light his cigarettes for him. I'd come home from work and rub his back when it hurt him. I should have been the one to be pampered. I wasn't. Marlene, I know, does the same sort of thing. After hours of work, instead of being entertained, she often takes the pains of entertaining men at her home, mixing the drinks, waiting on them.

WHAT is more, we not only do not demand attentions from men, but we don't demand gifts. In fact, we make it very clear we don't want them. We make it even clearer that our affections are not to be had by bribes, however costly.

Instead of "demanding" to be taken to Ciro's and other expensive places, we say—I've said it myself a hundred times—"Oh, no, no, let's have a quiet little dinner at some tired little drive-in somewhere and just go to a show."

But we are constantly seen at Ciro's and similar places, you may say. Yes, we are, quite a bit. But not always of our own volition or choosing.

So many men in this town want to go out with us just because we are glamour girls. That's another reason why we're suckers—we go out with them! They want to go out with us, not because they are fascinated with us, let alone in love, but so they will get their names in the papers the next morning. It's like a man's buying expensive champagne not because he really likes or appreciates the wine but because the label is impressive.

I had an experience of this kind that is really something. A wealthy New Yorker called me on the phone one night, mentioned a mutual friend in the East who had asked him to call me, asked me if I would go out with him, seemed to be a very nice person. No reason, surely, why a man like that would take out a girl for any ulterior motive.

Well, we went to Ciro's. He didn't

like to dance and so, when someone asked me to rhumba, I asked to be excused and accepted. When I came back to our table this man said, "Look I brought you—remember? But if you dance with another man, no one will know I am with you!"

I should have known. After all, he couldn't have been attracted to me personally; he had never laid eyes on me before. I certainly should have known, but we fall for it time and time again.

We fall for it because, I think, we so much want to believe we are not just make-believe to men, not just mannequins, not just the equivalents of shiny, chromium-trimmed cars, sleek yachts, Chauvet ties or other expensive accessories with which men advertise their importance to the world.

Who wants to be an accessory?

Well, I've learned one lesson now—these days, unless I go out with someone bigger than I, a bigger name, someone established (Gene Markey is an example of the kind of man I mean), someone who can gain nothing by being seen with me, I don't go out!

Now that I have convinced you, I hope, that glamour girls are suckers, with men at any rate, I'll give you my opinion of why we are:

THINK it is because we want so badly to have some sort of natural, normal life, to be just Two People who are just two people. Because we want this so much, we overdo it, we overdo everything—the wrong way. When we are publicized glamour girls a man expects us to be exotic, aloof and expensive. Wants us to be, I bet! But we bend over backwards, if we like a guy, to be just a person, an average girl. Believing, wanting to believe that's what he really wants. We are as simple as curds and whey and hence the little girl who doesn't have the glamour buildup can walk right in—and does.

If we were not suckers, we would learn to play the parts men seem to expect us to play and put the sucker's shoe on the other foot. But no, not us, we never learn.

And another thing: Glamour girls, you may have noticed, marry and keep on getting married. Other women have one, at most two unfortunate experiences and, very often, remain single thereafter. I've heard many such women say, "No more marriage for me, I've learned my lesson!" But glamour girls keep right on altar-hopping and hoping.

Maybe, too, the men have a great deal to do with the lack of luck-in-love sustained by glamour girls. They are never natural with us. They figure, Here's a glamour girl. I must handle her differently from other girls. So many men want her. She is so sure of herself, so flattered and spoiled.

Men are afraid. So they act indifferent to us, cool, casual or downright cruel, thinking not only to "handle" us by these means but also to demonstrate their own dominance and superiority. And in the "handling" everything gets mixed up and unhappiness for all concerned is the result.

But results mean nothing to us. We can't read the writing on the wall. So listen! Listen hard and, so help me Hannah, you'll hear me falling in love again! You'll hear marriage bells ringing out again one day, sure as shooting. For here is the pay-off. Here is the tag line. Here, heaven help me, is the truth: Right now I want marriage more than I want anything in the world. I want love, marriage, home, children.

... A sucker? Who? Me?

THE END



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Round-Up of Pace Setters

(Continued from page 53)

moment. It will either be the Lou Gehrig picture for Goldwyn or the Molnar play, "The King's Maid," in New York.

She was born in New York City on October 27, but spent most of her life in New Jersey, attending grade school in Orange, New Jersey, and high school in Maplewood, where she graduated. She is alone in the world, it seems, except for her daddy, an insurance broker. He was so eager to have Teresa attend with him the New York premiere of "The Little Foxes," but Teresa, who was playing summer stock in Gloucester, demurred.

"I want to go when no one knows me," she explained, "when I can get honest criticism from audience reaction."

So a week after it had opened she went to an early show and took a seat in the balcony.

When the final scene was flashed on, a woman sitting behind her said to her friend, "Is *that* the end of the picture? Well! Anyway, I don't care what anybody else says, I don't like *the girl*."

Teresa got her honest criticism. She got a chuckle for herself, too. And oh, yes, it's a secret, but she has a beau out here in Hollywood. He's a secret, too.

Tall, Tan and Terrific:

EYES of brown, hair the same,
He's a bachelor—what a shame!

Or is it? Maybe these Hollywood beauties, and we fans, too, for that matter, need a bit of bachelorism sprinkled among our eternal benedictism. At any rate, from now on you are going to hear lots and lots about Phillip Terry, the hero of "The Parson of Panamint." So let's catch up on our Terryana.

A native son he is, born in San Francisco but yanked off, when just a child, through all the boom towns of the West, for his father's business was oil—Terry Sr. invented the present method of "cracking" gasoline.

In Iona, New Jersey, Terry received his high-school education. Then, back home on the Coast, he entered Sacred Heart College in San Francisco where he managed the football team and ran like fury on the track team.

Then rah, rah, Stanford became his alma mater, with Terry working in the oil fields during summer vacations. At Stanford he received the first intimation from his inner self that he wanted to be an actor. Wanting to be—and being—Phillip soon discovered were two different things, so after college he sailed for England and the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London.

For five years Terry toured the provinces of England, acted on the London stage and finally returned home with an accent you could cut with a dull razor blade. No jobs were available. But with that fascinating voice he had no trouble crashing radio and signed with a Hollywood Columbia Broadcasting System company, consisting of Thomas Mitchell, Ian Keith, Walter Abel and Burgess Meredith, to put on Shakespearean dramas. A movie test, which by mistake found its way to the wrong studio, won him a contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, where he played small parts in "Yellow Jack," "Thunder Afloat" and others. Then came a Paramount offer, a small role in "Northwest Mounted

Police," a good role in "The Monster and the Girl" and then the role of the young parson of Panamint. Now he goes into "Torpedo Boat" at Paramount and "Public Enemies" at Republic.

A licensed airplane pilot, with his own plane, he's a sky rider of the top rank. He adores toy electric trains and spends half his life snapping switches and causing all sorts of collisions on his living-room rug.

He lives alone, likes it, almost got married a few months ago—but didn't (goody goody). He's about thirty-three years old and so gentle with annoying waiters you can't believe it.

In short, Terry is exactly what the doctor ordered for adoring young things. And those not so young.

The line forms to the write. Enclose stamps, please.

Tall, Blonde, and Alexisfying:

We wrote a note, quite sharp in tone, to the principal of the Hollywood High School. Lookie here, it said in content, no more of this business of beautiful girls' getting themselves graduated from your school, going into movies and doing so well that busy women like us just can't ignore them.

Anyway, we added, after Lana Turner, what business have you in turning out another beautiful and talented girl like Alexis Smith?

It's a good thing Lana went straight from school to movies, while Alexis remained to graduate and go on to Los Angeles City College for two years. At least it gave us so much time to get our breath.

You know whom we're talking about, don't you? You've surely seen Alexis in "Dive Bomber," with Errol Flynn, and playing bits in other pictures, haven't you? Well, anyway, she's marvelous.

Tall, five foot seven, and a natural blonde who can act. Will that girl go places!

So many times we've heard tallish girls despair of their height, so we asked Alexis about it. "Oh, I never think of it," she said. "It never occurs to me I'm quite tall. Besides, look at the advantages—being able to wear smart clothes and look men in the eye."

Her real name is Smith. The Alexis is Dad's disappointment over a boy to call Alexander.

She was born in Penticton, British Columbia, but when she was five her father, who is sales manager for a dessert company, moved the family to Los Angeles and Alexis embarked on the business of becoming a genius, either as a dancer or a concert pianist. She does both well today, but during her high-school days she acquired a taste for dramatics and that's where she detoured. In fact, she even won the declamation contest in the State of California, playing a scene from "Queen Elizabeth." At one of the City College plays (she majored in drama) Solly Baiano, Warners' talent scout, sat out front and watched her. At the end of the performance he invited her to Warners where she won a contract. Blessed be Solly, we always say.

Freckles go hot-footing it across her nose and forehead like fury. Her hair is silky fine, she isn't concerned with being a beauty or anything but an honest hard-working girl. She's a bachelor girl, too.

When her six-months' contract threat-

ened to expire in six weeks she pestered the directors on the lot until they gave her bits to do and kept her busy. Warners rewarded her with a new contract and "Dive Bomber."

But we're warning that principal, enough is enough. After Lana and Alexis, anyone else is bound to be an anticlimax.

Unsolved—One Handsome Mystery:

Want to solve a real mystery, one where no one really gets murdered but a lot of people should? All right then, find out why Nils Asther isn't the biggest, box-office, sex-appealish hit of the day.

In true mystery-novel fashion, let us give you the facts: Nils is Continental, but not too much so. Just enough to give him that intrigue and quality women love. He's tall, six feet or so, amazingly slender, dark, gray-eyed, gallant, natural, with an accent ooo la la, viva la Sweden, the land of his birth. He acquired that English-French accent by years of travel in both lands. There isn't a trace of "I van' to be alone" in it. And on top of all this, he can act like nothing you've seen this side of heaven. If you remember, "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" (or "My Bitter Yen for General Tea," as we call it), you'll agree with that statement.

So, with this vivid Swedish edition of Boyer in their midst, what does Hollywood do? They let him get out of town for six years to travel the world over as he willed, India, Morocco, Egypt. Then, when he finally returned, they almost let him get away again before someone (we'll remember that guy in our prayers) put him in a small role in Universal's "The Man Who Lost Himself." From there he went to Paramount for "Night Of January 16th," followed by "Forced Landing" and then over to M-G-M for the last "Kildare" picture. All good little movies, we agree, but, brother, what he could do with Lamarr and a boudoir scene.

But does the New York state, the Guild and Helen Hayes recognize his worth? Are they on their toes? You can bet they are, for Nils himself showed us the wire wanting him for Miss Hayes' newest hit, "Candle In The Wind." Unfortunately, illness prevented his accepting.

The strife and strain of constant concern over his mother, ill in Sweden, brought on his illness. It was impossible for him to get a visa to fly through Germany to Sweden, but while he waited for it, hoping against hope, his mother died. He is only now recovering from the shock.

Maurice Stiller, the Swedish director who discovered Garbo, also discovered Nils—flying down a mountainside on a pair of skis—and instantly engaged him for pictures. Nils had already served his term on the Swedish stage, having become a member of the Royal Theater in Sweden.

In 1927 he was brought to America for his first picture, "Sorrel and Son," and then over to M-G-M he went, to play with Greta in "Wild Orchids" and "The Single Standard." He left Hollywood after firmly establishing himself with his fans and returned last year to be with his nine-year-old daughter Evelyn. He was divorced several years ago from Vivian Duncan.

He never remarried. (The mystery

thickens by the minute, with all these married heroes to frustrate our hopes.) He lives quite alone now after a summer spent in the Valley with his daughter.

So there are the clues. Add them up and, please, if you ever get near the answer to Hollywood's ostrich-like behavior, let us know.

And oh, yes, he pronounces his name—Neels Astor.

The Unmelancholy Dane:

Oh, what beeg eyes you have, honey chile! And how they flash and melt and grow limpid in turns. Too bad the movies fail to do justice to their startling beauty; otherwise, folks would realize the camera just had to have Pat Dane and those eyes.

M-G-M just had to have her, even after they'd tossed her right out of their own studio and said, "And don't you ever come back, see?"

Then they went right out and coaxed her back. That's the way Pat is. Take her or leave her. They took her.

Their ire was stirred when Miss Dane was chosen as a Ziegfeld Girl for the picture of the same name. Halfway through, Pat decided the whole business of rising at the horrible hour of six in order to be made up and on the set at nine wasn't worth it. Anyway, she'd been out the night before with Howard Hughes or Pat di Cicco or Rudy Vallee, or some other Hollywood eligible, cavorting about Ciro's, and the six o'clock business, under the circumstances, was impossible.

So after holding up sets a couple of times they yelled, "Out with you, bright eyes," and she out-ed.

Mervyn LeRoy saw her the following week end and, not knowing of Pat's indifference, invited her to act in pictures at—of all places—M-G-M. Pat laughed and told LeRoy her story. He, in turn, went straight to headquarters and begged to have her reinstated. So, because she was so "booful" and because she promised to take picture-making more seriously, they shot her straight into "Life Begins For Andy Hardy" and then into a top-spot role with Robert Taylor and Lana Turner in "Johnny Eager."

Pat's an incongruous lass. She talks like Vassar 1940 until midway in the conversation; then a bit of Main Street bar-room creeps in and before one can catch his breath, she's talking away again, in that slow drawl of hers, exactly as if nothing had happened.

She was born Patricia Byrnes, down in Jacksonville, Florida. She idolized her dad and traveled with him during all the school vacations when he made the rounds for a large insurance company. School she loathed. How she even managed to get through the Andrew Jackson High School and two years at the University of Alabama is a mystery to us. She might have finished college if she hadn't had the brilliant idea of going on to New York and designing clothes professionally, instead of whipping up sketches for her sorority sisters.

For a year and a half, Pat designed and modeled for a large wholesale house in New York and did all right for herself, too. On the side, she dabbled in poetry and the handsomest men in town. It was while she was holidaying in Hollywood that she decided to try movies and you know what happened there, which, more or less, brings us right back to where we started. Except she's settled down to a steady beau now, Cedric Gibbons, ex-husband of Dolores Del Rio, whom she will marry after Christmas. So say they.

THE END

"My Husband fell out of Love"

HOW A WIFE OVERCAME THE
"ONE NEGLECT"
THAT OFTEN WRECKS ROMANCE



1. I couldn't understand it when Paul's love began to cool. We'd been so gloriously happy at first. Then, he began treating me as if . . . as if there were a physical barrier between us.



2. Finally I went to our family doctor and explained the whole situation frankly. "Your marriage problem is quite a common one," he told me. "Psychiatrists say the cause is often the wife's neglect—or ignorance—of feminine hygiene. That's one fault a husband may find it hard to mention—or forgive."



3. "In cases like yours," the doctor went on, "I recommend Lysol for intimate personal care. Lysol solution does more than cleanse and deodorize. It kills millions of germs on instant contact, without harm to sensitive tissue. Lysol spreads easily into crevices, so virtually searches out germs."



4. You can bet I bought a bottle of Lysol right away. I find it gentle and soothing, easy to use. Economical, too. No wonder so many modern wives use Lysol for feminine hygiene. And . . . as for Paul and me . . . we're closer than ever before.

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Strong bodies and sturdy hearts are as important to America today as are big guns and powerful planes.

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(Did you know tomatoes are fruit? They're not vegetables—they're berries!)

FRUITS—fresh, dried or canned—and fruit juices—fresh or canned—are sources of Vitamin C, minerals and other vitamins. Many are alkaline in reaction. Many provide needed bulk and roughage. All are nourishing and stimulating.

And because fruits are so tasty and contribute in such a variety of ways to an adequate diet, they are just as good for national strength as they are welcome to the national palate. There is all-out

aid to the nation's man power to be harvested from the orchards and the gardens of America.

It isn't only the boys in camp who need their top strength for defense today. This is a time to muster the physical and mental resources of every man, woman and child of this nation for the protection of America.

Proper food will mobilize the strength of individual Americans, so that, all together, we can give our nation her maximum strength.

YOUR FAVORITE FRUITS contain dietary essentials you can't see or taste, but that you need as much as you need fresh air, to keep healthy. Stores which feature fruits are aiding our government's program to make the nation strong.

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GREEN AND YELLOW vegetables for Vitamins, Vitamin A, Vitamin C and minerals.

FRUITS and fruit juices—for Vitamin C, other vitamins and minerals.



BREAD, whole grain or enriched, and cereals with milk or cereal, for B Vitamins and other nutrients.

Enough of these foods in your daily diet and in the diets of all Americans will assure better health for the nation, will increase its energies to meet today's emergencies.

Food will build a NEW America

Close Ups and Long Shots

(Continued from page 4)

on remakes . . . to reverse the usual procedure and make them more expensively the second time than they were made originally . . . or is the success of these pictures a mere matter of timing . . . getting out just after the stars of them have all just been in good strong pictures and therefore are in strong popular favor. . . .

They argue as to whether or not it will affect the future of Bette Davis that Warners wouldn't pay the extra \$2,500 that Metro paid . . . over and above \$35,000 . . . for a story that Miss Davis wanted . . . a novel called "Marriage Is A Private Affair" . . . and which will now be played by Myrna Loy . . . and they say that if Rosalind Russell is as shrewd in the future as she has been in the past at selecting her stories she will be in the top-ranking ten before another year is finished . . . but they wonder if Martha Scott can survive both the awful casting she has had so far plus the absence from the screen she will have to take before her baby is born . . . they speculate as to whether Metro is right in its theory that Abbott and Costello will hit the peak of their popularity with their sixth picture . . . for which sixth picture, "Rio Rita," Metro has borrowed these two clowns. . . .

THESE are some of the subjects they talk about inside Hollywood . . . these "big" men of whom the general public knows nothing, hears nothing . . . and listening to them you do not wonder that love has such a hard time surviving in Hollywood, or innocence, or trust . . . for emotional things are not "properties" . . . they are hard to make "deals" about . . . and they so seldom let the big boys collect their "ten percent." . . .

Yet in the end, for all their strategies, these big boys have to depend on those very same qualities to save them their tremendous incomes . . . their futures . . . the movies' future depends upon stars' having "color" of temperament, of rebellious hearts and flashing minds . . . for it's the colorful Gable and not the sober MacMurray who is top at the box office . . . it's the wacky Rooney not the polite Freddie Bartholomew who draws the younger set . . . it's color you and I want and all the little people like us who pay our money at the box office and take our choice. . . .

They used to argue that Disney had the best stars . . . the ideal stars . . . Mickey Mouse and Pluto and Clarabella and the whole cute crowd of the Silly Symphonies . . . perfect stars, the big boys used to argue . . . weren't alive . . . couldn't talk back . . . no moods, no nerves . . . wonderful for the producers.

So what happens? . . . so Disney's, though it is now reopened, was the one studio that closed down temporarily due to labor troubles . . . the human element, you see. . . .

Crazy place, Hollywood, but wonderful . . . when you're on the inside of it. . . .

THE END

Attention, Reagan Fans!

You've been asking for a break on your favorite, Ronald, and his pretty wife, Jane Wyman. Next month we're giving it to you—

LOVE AMONG THE REAGANS

What a Baby dreams about..



"Look here—you dream-angel!" Baby said.

"You know I ought to be home in bed.

Why, what if my parents could see me now!

Say—where are you taking me anyhow?"



"Oh dear, what's wrong with him? Can't we help?

It's awful to see an angel yelp!

By Jove! I see! It's a clear-cut case

Of wing-chafe. Look at this tender place!"



"Good thing my Johnson's was here at hand.

For chafes and prickles that powder's grand!

It's soft and silky, and what it's got

Makes angels of babies who are not!"

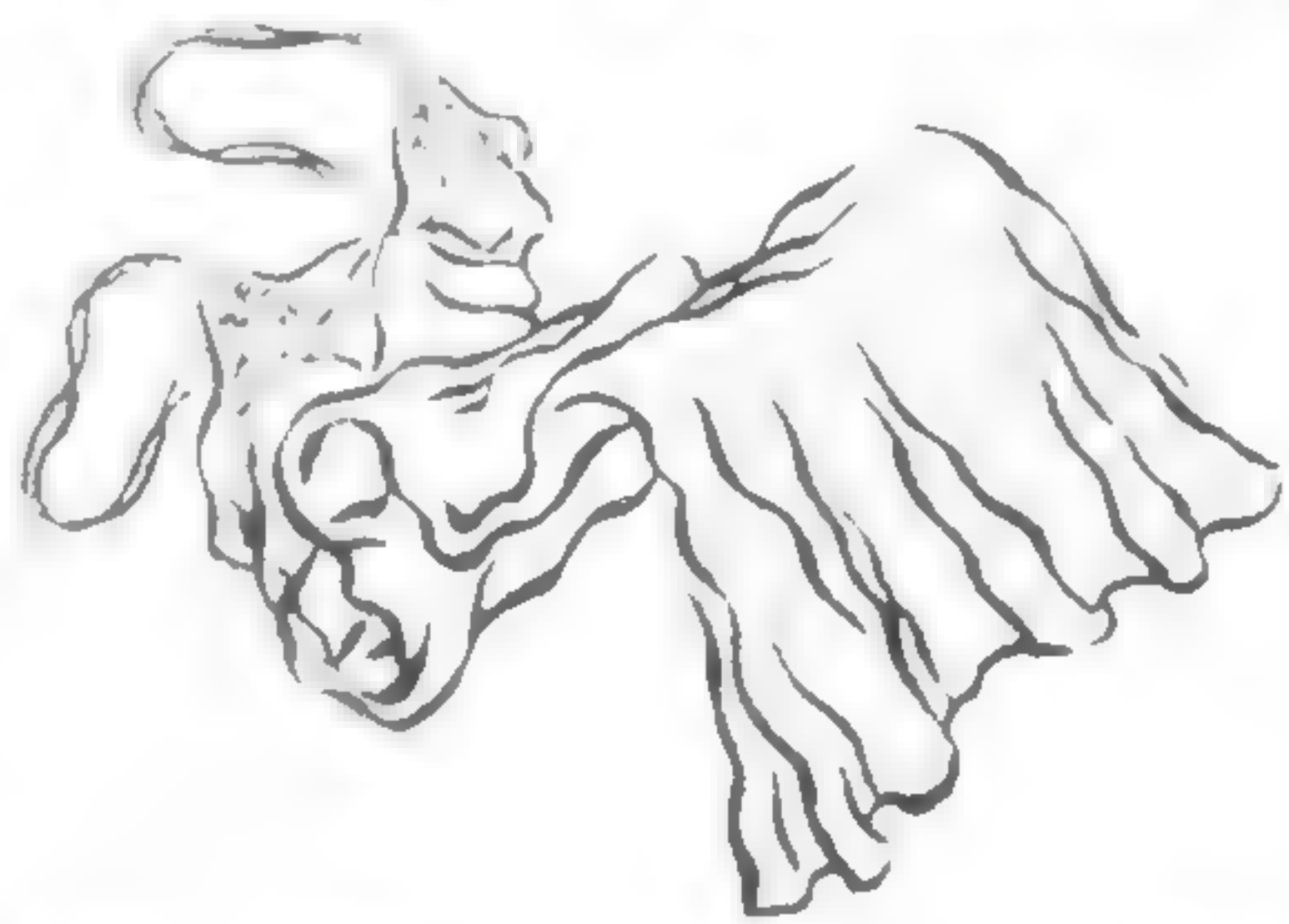
P.S. If you've got a baby who's prickly or hot,
Try Johnson's! It doesn't cost a lot!



Johnson's Baby Powder

"IT'S HEAVENLY SOFT"

Fragile LINGERIE that wrinkles easily



has "body" and
lustrous finish



when starched with
LINIT

"The Friend of Fine Fabrics"

Cheer up! Even the sheerest lingerie stays fresh, sleekly smooth, clean looking longer if you swish it in a thin solution of Linit—a teaspoonful to a gallon of lukewarm water. Linit restores the *original* "dressing". It penetrates the fabric, not merely coating the surface. Linit does a beautiful job on *any* starchable fabric!



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HOLLYWOOD FILM STUDIOS
7021 Santa Monica Blvd., Dept. 118
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

A Minister Looks at Hollywood Morals

(Continued from page 29)

wood is on the way to learning there is a high resourcefulness that need not drag in a drinking scene to fill up a dull spot in action.

"9. The public doesn't know Hollywood and should demand a more accurate account than is usually pictured. Hollywood needs a campaign to sell it to the country as it actually is. I believe the people are tired of the doings of a few empty-headed glamour boys and girls who give the wrong impression of a great and decent industry. Hollywood would gain in public favor and so in business and influence if the country could be shown its real character.

"10. Hollywood is a mine for sermonic material and it will live in the sermons of this one parson for days to come."

NEVER before had "wicked" Hollywood been given such a tribute by a member of the clergy and it was natural for one to wonder whether the good doctor had been shown only the most appealing side of the film capital while being carefully kept away from any phase or personality that would have offended him.

Dr. Peale was quick to dispel any such suggestion.

"Naturally, at first people were conscious of my being a minister," he said, "and acted with some restraint. But soon they began taking me for granted, being on the set every day, and were themselves. And at the end of two months of intimate association with them, I had just as high an opinion of Hollywood folk as I did when I first walked on the set."

Nor were Dr. Peale's commendations for the movies and the men and women of the film colony to be taken as any sign that he did not think Hollywood had room for improvement.

"I think I ought also to say," explained Dr. Peale, "that I am strongly opposed to the inordinate and unnecessary use of drinking as stage business. I lay the fact to some producers and directors who are probably 'cafe-minded'. I also feel that the general attitude in Hollywood toward divorce is too easy and lax due probably to the high-strung life and temperamental characteristics of the actors.

"Some moral stiffening would be in order and a new emphasis upon the permanency and sacredness of marriage."

Dr. Peale's impressions of the stars he met were just as vivid as his reactions to Hollywood as a place.

Bette Davis, he found: "A girl with a great spirit; alert, eager, vital."

"I asked Miss Davis," recalled Dr. Peale, "what she considered had been the secret of her success.

"I'm just a girl who loves to act," she told me. "The way to succeed in anything is to love it and then work your head off at it."

Jimmy Cagney, to Dr. Peale, was: "Surprisingly quiet, likable, rugged."

Ann Sheridan told Dr. Peale she herself wasn't sure what being an "oomph girl" meant. To the minister, however, the actress appealed as "a hard-working, slightly reticent person, with a great respect for her profession."

Aware that when he returned to his pastorate, the younger people of his congregation would besiege him with inquiries about the personalities of the stars and the stories behind their success, Dr. Peale explained that he had asked everyone he met the same leading question, how he had achieved his fame.

It was from Olivia de Havilland, whom he regarded as "pretty, enchanting, modest and humble," that Dr. Peale received his most intriguing response.

"She told me," he reported, "that she felt there had been something almost supernatural in her success, that it had seemed that one door after another was opened to her as if by the hand of some unseen guardian angel. There is a great spiritual quality to that girl!"

Fredric March, whom Dr. Peale came to know best of all the Hollywood stars he met by reason of the fact that March was playing the role of the minister in "One Foot In Heaven," was: "a man I was proud to make my friend. He has great intelligence and great sincerity.

"Now and then in this life we meet people for whom we form a very deep affection and such was my reaction to March. I worked intimately with him for two months and am not overstating it when I say I think he is truly a great man.

"I base this respect not only upon his genius as an actor, but also upon his consideration and his desire that everyone have full credit for his or her part. I also noted his infinite patience and his humble willingness to take suggestions. He has a genuine interest in people and everywhere on the set and in the studio when people spoke of him they did so with an obvious enthusiasm. 'He's a great fellow,' they would say, or 'He's a wonderful man.'

"I have a tremendous admiration for Fredric March and am pleased that universally people have agreed with me that he is the most perfect choice of an actor to play the leading part in the first great picture about a clergyman. March himself considers 'One Foot In Heaven' one of the greatest films he has ever made. In many respects it is the high spot of his career to date.

"As the Reverend William Spence, strong, forthright, interesting and sincere minister of the gospel, Fredric March will walk straight into the hearts of the American people."

MARTHA SCOTT, who was cast opposite March as the quiet, patient minister's wife, won Dr. Peale's enthusiastic tribute. "Completely captivating, cultured, alert, active and tremendously accomplished," was the minister's memory of the young star. "Everyone in Hollywood loves her. She will, I believe, become as famous a figure in her era as Maude Adams or Mary Pickford were in theirs.

"Her husband, Carl Alsop, told me a story about Martha Scott which I believe illustrates her sweet simplicity, her innate modesty. At a preview of one of Martha's pictures, just as she was becoming the most talked about and sought after young actress in Hollywood, Martha, who herself was the target of everyone's attention, looked around the theater and excitedly asked her husband: 'Are there any celebrities here?'"

Although he was working on the set with scores of famous film folk, lunching every day with hundreds of others in the studio's storied "Green Room," Dr. Peale confessed that during his stay in Hollywood he himself was just like any other eager tourist when he happened to pass some star whom he long had admired on the screen.

"The one man I'd always wanted to meet, the one actor I've always enjoyed, is William Powell. And I never did get to meet him," said Dr. Peale.

"I saw him, though," added the mellow minister, with a little self-deprecatory smile, and a laugh at himself in his eyes. "He passed within just a few feet of me!"

The account might have been that of an adolescent autograph hunter, instead of a mature man who himself is a celebrity, and Dr. Peale was the first to recognize and laugh at his own naïveté.

Among the other stars whose work he respected, whose personalities he admired, but whom he met only casually or saw at one of the innumerable Hollywood functions he attended, were Spencer Tracy, Claudette Colbert, Gary Cooper and Ingrid Bergman.

Errol Flynn impressed the observing parson as "a symbol of the soldier of fortune, a handsome, rollicking romantic." Dr. Peale reported how he had watched with fascination a sixteen-year-old schoolgirl fan approach the personable actor and ask for an autograph. "She was trembling, actually trembling with excitement as she talked with him," the preacher related.

Joan Leslie was "fresh, sweet, sincere," Dr. Peale declared and then added an inside story of how the girl came to be cast as the feminine lead in "Sergeant York." Sergeant York himself, it seems, had insisted that whoever was chosen must be a girl who did not smoke. Few actresses in Hollywood could meet such a restricting requirement.

MENTION of smoking prompted a request to Dr. Peale to elaborate on Hollywood's morals and manners in general.

"Hollywood has been libeled too long," the rector responded. "It is not at all the immoral place it has been pictured.

"There is a certain free and easy atmosphere that is misunderstood for immorality. The 'dears' and 'darlings' that are so carelessly exchanged are not signs of promiscuity but merely a gay companionship that prevails in the studios.

"To begin with, the stars work too hard to do much sinning! After a long day at the studio, they're too tired to gallivant. And besides they couldn't face the camera if they led as wild a life as they're reported to do. Debauchery would show in their faces and the camera can't be fooled.

"Hollywood is just as healthy morally as any other community.

"Indeed, I was surprised at the deep undercurrent of religious principles of many of the men and women in the studios. Time after time, I would get into a general conversation with a star, a writer or a director, only to have them switch the talk to religion and reveal their private beliefs which guided their behavior.

"One of the most inspiring incidents was the day I talked with Hattie McDaniel. In her rich resonant voice, which could be heard all over the set, she began to tell me about her religious convictions.

"Her father had been a Baptist minister and had molded her in a faith that had lasted all through her life."

"My father was quite a preacher," Hattie told the New York clergyman. "And he was quite a pray-er, too. There never was a man who could pray so long! Sometimes when he'd start sayin' grace, he'd go on and on until my mother would say, 'While you're prayin', the rest of us is goin' to get eatin'.'"

"And how about you, Hattie, do you pray, too?" Dr. Peale asked the big, hearty colored woman.

"Does I? Does I!" cried Hattie. "I gets up in the morning and I goes out on my porch and I looks at the beautiful day

TANGEE

Red-Red... **ACCLAIMED**

THE NEWEST AND TRUEST

OF REDS

Here is the long-sought *true* red... a red so clear and pure it is a perfect foil for *all* fashion shades — an exquisite complement to this year's lavish furs. And Tangee's pure cream base helps protect your lips against splitting, peeling, coarsening — keeps them smooth and lovely. Try both lipstick and rouge in the Tangee Red-Red shade. Try Tangee's Famous Face Powder, as well. It is clinging, lasting, *un-powdery*.

Another Tangee Lipstick Favorite — **THEATRICAL RED**... a bright and vivid shade with the same famous Tangee cream base. Matching rouge, of course.

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RAREST, LOVELIEST RED OF THEM ALL



If you're attractive, yet still lack partners at a dance—perhaps there's a reason. Does your hair offend?

You must know that your scalp perspires, too, and that oily hair, in particular, collects unpleasant odors. Check up on your hat, your hairbrush, your pillow.

You can play safe so easily. Simply use Packery's Pine Tar Shampoo regularly. This scientific shampoo was especially developed to keep your hair and scalp fresh and clean. Since it contains pure, medicinal pine tar, it works wonders for oily hair and scalp odor.

The delicate pine scent in Packery's Pine Tar Shampoo does its work—then disappears. Start the Packery's habit tonight—be sure your hair can stand a “nasal close-up”!

PACKERS
Pine Tar
SHAMPOO



EXPECTANT?

Pregnancy is made much safer by consulting a doctor regularly. Accumulation of poisons, dizziness, high blood pressure, other dangerous developments are often prevented by regular monthly examinations. Above all, ask a doctor's advice on infant feeding.

HYGEIA
NURSING BOTTLE
AND NIPPLE
SAFER...because easier to clean
See Your Doctor Regularly



and I thanks God for the sun and the sky and the flowers... why, I thank God for everything good that happens to me every day!”

“It was thrilling,” declared Dr. Peale, “to find a woman so vigorous in her faith, so reverent and so unashamed in her fervor. Everyone on the set could hear her, but she wasn’t ashamed. She was proud of her faith. And I know those men and women on the set respected her all the more for it.

“THERE was another day that a little incident gave me an insight into the serious and sincere side of the men and women who make up a studio. Fredric March, as the Methodist minister in the picture, was talking to Martha Scott, citing some of the principles for which they stood in their little Iowa community.

“High on the electricians’ platform above the stage, I noticed one electrician, or ‘grip’ as they are called, listening to the speech with particular intensity. Later he came to me and said: ‘That minister, he had something he really believed in, didn’t he? He had something he could hold on to, no matter what happened. I’d like to get something like that... something that would fill my whole life.’

“A great many of the men and women out there in Hollywood, who have been held up as empty-headed, loose-living

wasters, are making the same secret search for an anchor, that ‘something they can hold on to.’

“I believe ‘One Foot In Heaven’ is going to be a tremendous influence on a great many people who see the picture. For the first time, the movies have presented a minister who is a virile, vigorous, straight-shooting man.

“Too often the preacher is depicted in the movies as a weak, bloodless, sissy sort of person.

“This story by Hartzell Spence, the biography of his own father, a Methodist minister, gives a true picture of what the average small-town American minister is like; his life behind the walls of his parsonage, the sacrifices he must make, the courage he commands.

“More than that, ‘One Foot In Heaven’ shows America at its best, the philosophies, the principles, the American way of life we want to defend.

“I believe this film will attract to the motion-picture theaters a whole great new audience of people who will learn for the first time that Hollywood can turn out fine pictures which can be entertaining and at the same time inspirational.

“It was a privilege to have been a part of its production and a pleasure to have known and worked with those really splendid people who make up the movie colony.”

Honky-Tonk

(Continued from page 41)

to think,” she accused him, “that I dropped it on purpose.” Candy smiled gently. “To give you a chance to speak to me, I suppose,” she added indignantly. “Well,” crushingly, “I didn’t!”

“Now, wait a minute, honey,” Candy soothed. “Don’t get mad just when we’re getting acquainted. Tell me about yourself.” There was no answer. Candy grinned and said craftily, “I expect you’re from back east—Maine or New Jersey?” he paused questioningly and involuntarily Elizabeth answered:

“Boston.”
“Boston,” Candy repeated smoothly. “Your father probably lost his money—” again the inquiring pause, but this time Elizabeth clamped her full red lips together and did not reply “—and you came out West,” Candy continued speculatively, “to get a job.” Still no answer and Candy, tiring of roundabout methods, switched to a direct attack. “I suppose you spent your last nickel to get here and that you could use—oh, ten dollars, say, until you get a job.”

For a moment Elizabeth didn’t understand, then as the full meaning of his suggestion swept her mind, sheer rage possessed her. She turned on him furiously, but before she could speak she saw, walking through the aisle behind him, a Salvation Army woman. She was passing a tambourine, taking up a collection, and that gave Elizabeth an idea. Swiftly the anger left her face and she turned on Candy a smile so dazzling that he leaned forward eagerly.

“You’re right,” she told him. “I could use ten dollars.”

Triumphantly Candy held out a bill, thrilling at the touch of her fingers against his own, but his triumph turned to bewilderment when Elizabeth, signaling the Salvation Army woman, dropped it into her tambourine. Thanking her profusely, the woman thrust the tambourine at Candy, and Candy, with Elizabeth’s disdainful eyes on him, could only add another ten to the collection. The woman disappeared down the aisle

and so, before Candy recovered from his daze, did Elizabeth. It wasn’t until she was gone that Candy realized that for the first time in his life he had been taken for a sucker—and that he was liking it.

CANDY’S first few hours in Yellow Creek told him that it was a typical honky-tonk, gold-rush town, peopled largely by prospectors, grubstakers, gamblers and women with light morals and dark pasts. The sheriff, Brazos Hearn, had elected himself by pinning a badge on his vest and he ran the town as despotically—and as crookedly—as he ran his saloon, the Placer.

At the Placer Candy ran into two old friends, Gold Dust Nelson, whose brassy hair and flamboyant figure marked her as a typical dance-hall girl, and Judge Cotton. The Judge—he’d given himself the title years before—was a talkative, persuasive old reprobate, usually tight.

“I have to stay sober now, though,” he told Candy sadly. “My daughter came out from Boston—got here this evening—” with a start Candy realized that the Judge’s daughter was the blonde who had played him for a sucker on the train—“and she thinks I’m a real judge—and respectable.” He sighed. “Elizabeth being here sure puts me in the hole.”

“Afraid the girls won’t like you when they find out you’ve got a grown daughter?” Candy asked.

“Worse than that,” the Judge explained. “I set myself up as a justice of the peace for a while. It wasn’t much of a job—one of Brazos Hearn’s boys would have got it if it had been—and it wasn’t long before the pious people in town put their own man in, but I collected a few fines. And now people are asking what happened to the money. Well,” resignedly, “it’s gone—and it looks like a case of me skipping town or being run out—and with Elizabeth here—” he shrugged expressively, then asked, “Could you let me have enough money to pay up, Candy? It’s only \$500.”

Candy fingered the hundred-dollar bill

in his pocket—all that remained of his last three-card monte winnings—and was about to refuse. Then he had another idea. The Judge had been useful in the past, might be useful again, and he had a sneaking fondness for the old coot. Besides it wouldn't be a bad notion to have the blonde girl's father under obligation to him. So he said, "Sure, Judge. I haven't got it now—but I'll get it."

SINCE Brazos Hearn was the only man in town with real money he was, Candy figured, the logical man to get money from, so a few hours later, Hearn's fumbling hands and his bluster having proved poor opposition to Candy's supple fingers and nerve, Candy left the Placer with \$5,000 of Hearn's money in his pocket. Sniper was with him and between them they supported the Judge who, in relief at Candy's helping him out of his difficulties, had forgotten about staying sober.

It was when Candy delivered the Judge to his lodgings that he saw Elizabeth for the second time. She took one horrified look at the Judge's swaying figure, then ran to help him into the house. In a moment she was back, facing Candy in the shadows of the shabby little porch.

"You had no right to come here," she blazed. "We're not the same kind of people, you and I."

"For such a pretty little thing you're sure spunky," Candy said admiringly, then, seriously, "I think we are the same kind of people, honey. That's why I came."

"Why—you—of all—" Elizabeth gasped.

Candy didn't let her finish. He pulled her roughly into his arms and she felt the hard almost brutal pressure of his lips. "Because," releasing her, "I wanted to kiss you—and you wanted me to." He laughed as she struggled futilely against the strength of his arms, but his voice was gruffly caressive when he said, "You're crazy about me, honey, just as I am about you. And there's no sense fighting it."

SHE did fight it, though, during the next few weeks; fought every effort he made to break down her resistance. Candy accepted her rebuffs with sardonic good humor, only reminding her occasionally that someday she would give in. Meantime, however, he was busy with his own affairs, for with the money he had won from Brazos Hearn he was beginning to take Brazos Hearn's own town away from him; to run it, as he'd once vowed to Sniper he would do, to suit himself.

From the start the going was easy. With the exception of Hearn and Elizabeth everybody in town was rooting for him. The law-abiding minority, headed by Mrs. Varner, approved him because he financed a mission for her. Mrs. Varner, hard-voiced and soft-hearted, was the widow of a minister who had hoped to reform Yellow Creek. Since his death she had run the boardinghouse where Elizabeth and the Judge now made their home, and had tried to carry on his work. Candy's gift of a mission was the first substantial aid she had received and because of it she blinked her eyes, though she couldn't close them entirely, at his second contribution to Yellow Creek. That was a new saloon and gambling house, the Square Deal.

"It seems monstrous," Elizabeth fumed one day to Mrs. Varner, "that that person—should build a mission and then—this," she pointed angrily at the Square Deal which they were passing on their way to the grocery store. She added irrelevantly, remembering Candy's kisses, "He's a beast."

DECEMBER, 1941

See RITA HAYWORTH in "You'll Never Get Rich"—a Columbia Picture



"My favorite cola"
says lovely Rita Hayworth
"Winter or summer... I like the
lift of a frosty bottle
of Royal Crown Cola!"

How Rita proved one cola tastes best...



"THEY GAVE ME leading colas in plain paper cups," says Hollywood's Rita Hayworth. "And there was so much difference in taste—well, it didn't take me two seconds to pick my favorite! 'This is it!' I announced."



"'OKAY, SWEETHEART, you and the United States agree,' they told me. 'It's ROYAL CROWN Cola!' Winter and summer, it's my favorite pick-up now." (Only 5¢ for a big bottle that fills not one but two full glasses!)



ROYAL CROWN

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COLA

Best by Taste-Test!

PICK UP A CARTON... AND LET IT PICK YOU UP

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EX-LAX MOVIES

MOTHER KNOWS BEST



MOTHER: You haven't been yourself all day. I think you need a laxative.

ALICE: O-h, Mommy! Do I have to take that nasty old medicine again?



MOTHER: No, Darling. Here's a laxative you'll really enjoy. It's Ex-Lax!

ALICE: Yummy, this is fun to take! It tastes just like swell chocolate.



LATER

MOTHER: You slept like a top all night. How did that Ex-Lax work?

ALICE: Fine, Mommy! And it didn't upset me the way that other laxative did.

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet gentle! No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable movement that brings blessed relief. Ex-Lax is not too strong—not too mild—*just right*. Take Ex-Lax according to the directions on the label. It's good for *every* member of the family. 10c and 25c at all drug stores.

EX-LAX The Original
Chocolated Laxative

GASSY STOMACH Get fast, longer relief from excess stomach acid discomforts with JESTS! Great for acid indigestion and heartburn. Taste good. Contain no bicarbonate of soda. Guaranteed by the makers of Ex-Lax.

10c A ROLL—3 for 25c



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"Candy?" Mrs. Varner asked. "Why Candy's like most men. And most men," she reflected, "are like bacon. 'Streak of fat, streak of lean; streak of good, streak of mean.'"

"But what," Elizabeth asked woefully, "if a girl's a vegetarian?"

Mrs. Varner snorted. "A vegetarian has a tough time in this country. 'Bout as tough as you've had trying not to fall in love with Candy. You'll marry him yet," she prophesied.

"No you won't," a grim voice said behind them. They turned to see Gold Dust emerging from the Square Deal. Ever since Candy's arrival in Yellow Creek Gold Dust had tried to stake a claim to him; she was jealous of his preference for Elizabeth and Mrs. Varner's remark brought her jealousy to the boiling point.

"In Boston, maybe, when a guy hangs around you the way Candy does, you're safe to figure that he's going to marry you," Gold Dust said insolently. "But out here things are different. Men are different, too—especially Candy. Candy's just not the marrying kind."

The light of battle flared in Elizabeth's eyes and she said scornfully, "When a man isn't the marrying kind it just means that he isn't married yet."

"Not Candy," Gold Dust contradicted. "A fancy room in a fancy hotel's more his style," she taunted and disappeared into the Square Deal again, leaving Elizabeth white with mingled rage and determination.

Not the marrying kind? she inwardly challenged Gold Dust. Well, she would prove that he was—and from that time on her attitude to Candy began to soften. Then came the night when instead of evading his kisses she returned them with an ardor she hadn't known she possessed, the night when she was forced to admit to herself that she wanted to marry him not to defy Gold Dust but because she was in love with him.

Candy sensed her responsiveness and said huskily, "Let's go to Sacramento, honey. We'll get you some black lace stockings and diamonds to sparkle in your hair. You'll knock their eyes out at the Sierra Palace hotel."

Elizabeth's own eyes clouded; she remembered Gold Dust's "Fancy room in a hotel," but she murmured complaisantly—almost too complaisantly—"Anything you say, Candy." She drew herself out of his arms then and turned to a cupboard in the wall. "Mrs. Varner keeps this for emergencies," she smiled, bringing out a bottle of whisky, "but she won't care if we drink some of it for a toast to—Sacramento."

Candy eyed her quizzically. "Aren't you forgetting, honey, that I don't drink?"

Elizabeth hadn't forgotten; that Candy didn't drink was one of the things that always puzzled her about him, but she said in pretended surprise, "Don't you, Candy? Why not?"

"I like it too much," Candy said frankly. "If I have one drink I want two and if I have two I want three. And after three drinks I don't remember anything—but I always wake up and find Trouble sitting on the bedpost."

"But one drink, Candy," Elizabeth said persuasively, "just one little toast to—Sacramento?" She held out a brimming glass, standing so close to him that he could feel the soft warm flesh of her arm beneath her thin silk sleeve. For a moment they stood there, then Candy took the drink and downed it in one gulp. "To Sacramento," he said.

BUT they didn't go to Sacramento. They went, after Candy had had several drinks over the three, only as far as the new justice of the peace who, grumbling at being disturbed in the middle of the night, finally consented to marry them, and then back to Elizabeth's room at Mrs. Varner's.

When Candy waked up next morning he had no memory of the ceremony. His startled eyes encountered Elizabeth, who smiled at him inscrutably, and then, at the foot of the bed, a strange creation which reminded him vaguely of himself. It wore his clothes but its body was the bedpost and the knob that served as its head was crowned with his own hat.

"What's that?" he demanded groggily.

"That's Trouble," Elizabeth answered. "Trouble sitting on the bedpost. We had



Ever since Candy's arrival in Yellow Creek Gold Dust Nelson had tried to stake a claim on him—and Gold Dust was the kind of gal who could do that to perfection

a lot of fun building him last night." She laid her left hand caressingly on the creation and Candy saw, on her third finger, a signet ring he himself had worn for years. He raised his eyes to her face. It still wore the inscrutable expression but now she was whistling. The tune was "Here Comes the Bride." Slowly the truth dawned on him.

"Good morning, Mrs. Johnson," he said levelly. Elizabeth's answering good morning was wary and Candy went on, as though to himself, "I always like to figure that a door works both ways. When I walk into a room I want to know I can walk out again."

Elizabeth tilted her chin. "The door to this room," she said stormily, "works both ways."

"Well, as long as you remember that," Candy observed philosophically, "there's no reason why this marriage should go to waste, even though I was conned into it." He leaned forward before she could make any answer and, touching the pink ribbons at the neck of her nightgown, he said, "I always did like pink ribbons."

A smile twitched at Elizabeth's lips. "Better than black lace stockings and diamonds?" she asked pertly.

Candy grinned delightedly. "You'll have those too, honey," he promised and held out his arms.

AFTER Candy's marriage his life was one of those spectacular shots to power that leaves everyone gasping. He could have had any political office he wanted, but he was too shrewd to accept any of them; instead he put men of his own choosing in office and they carried out his orders so well that soon, for every dollar spent in the town, half of it went, eventually, into Candy's pockets. Brazos Hearn hired an out-of-town gunman to kill him, but the plot was so badly planned that even though Candy killed the would-be assailant it was clearly a case of self-defense and he emerged a greater favorite than ever. He could, of course, have run Hearn out of town after that, but he let him remain and from then on Hearn, too, took his orders from Candy.

Strangely enough, it was the Judge who proved to be his greatest opponent. Elizabeth's arrival in Yellow Creek had stirred in her father some latent spark of decency and paternal protectiveness and her marriage nearly floored him. He tried to break it up, tried to convince her that Candy's money, hence her own, was made dishonestly, but Elizabeth wouldn't listen; it was as though her love for Candy had blinded her to everything but his love for her. Finally the Judge gave up talking to her, but he devoted every effort to wrecking the empire Candy had built up, in the hope that if it fell Elizabeth would come to her senses and leave him. Sniper tried to warn Candy against the Judge's enmity but for Elizabeth's sake he refused to take any drastic steps against his father-in-law.

For if Elizabeth was blind in her adoration of Candy, he was equally slavish in his devotion of her, especially after their realization that they were to have a baby. Candy had never thought much about children, never cared especially for them and certainly had never planned on having a family, but from the moment he knew that a child of his own was on the way he could talk of nothing else. Although their elaborately turreted house was only recently completed he made plans for a new nursery wing for his son—he never doubted that the baby would be a boy—plans for his education, for his future. His son should have everything that money could buy—and to get the money he called together his puppet offi-

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cials and ordered them to increase the take on every business in town, legitimate or otherwise.

"But you can't get away with it now, Candy," Joe Kendall, the Mayor, protested and District Attorney Adams backed him up with, "Everybody's squawking already about taxes and rents and food prices."

Candy looked up from the heap of glittering jewels on his desk. Elizabeth's birthday was coming soon and he was determined to get her the biggest diamond Yellow Creek had ever seen. "Then it's up to you," he told Kendall, "to see that we do get away with it. And to you," he turned to Adams, "to stop their squawks." He tossed a ring to the jeweler who was also the City Clerk. "One like that," he said carelessly, "but twice as big. And be sure it's ready Tuesday. The Governor and a couple of senators are coming to dinner and I want to make their eyes bug out."

The protests continued, though, increased in volume until the town, once so solidly behind Candy, was just as solidly opposed to him and his political machine. Finally a town meeting was called to discuss ways and means of breaking down his organization. Sniper learned that the Judge had promised to appear at the meeting and disclose all the graft and corruption in the town's political organization and he persuaded him to get the old man out of town. The Judge consented readily to taking a trip, as Candy suggested, then forestalled the plan by getting off at the next station and returning.

He arrived when the meeting was in full swing and marched determinedly toward the speakers' platform. Brazos Hearn watched him. In another minute the Judge would reach the platform, would make the speech that would end Yellow Creek's graft—and Hearn's easy money—forever. There was only one way to stop him. Hearn leveled his gun at the old man and pulled the trigger.

ELIZABETH'S baby was born that night—born prematurely. It lived only a few minutes. Elizabeth's life, too, was despaired of and for hours Candy paced the hallway outside her door, refusing to listen to Sniper's plea to "Come down and do something before the whole town blows wide open."

For the Judge's murder was the match that set off the fireworks in Yellow Creek. The whole town was up in arms at the realization that a murder had been committed and that no attempt had been made to arrest the murderer. Candy was the only one, Sniper urged, who could hold the townspeople in check; moreover, he warned that Kendall, Adams and the others were getting out of hand. "If you don't start giving them orders," he reported, "Brazos Hearn will. He's already got them half believing that he was acting in their interests when he killed the Judge." But Candy wouldn't stir from the house while Elizabeth was in danger.

At last she rallied sufficiently for him to see her and he tiptoed, more noisily than with his usual catlike stride, into her room. She turned a grief-worn face to his when he dropped to his knees beside her. "I lost our baby, Candy," she said dully and her apathy tore at his heart more than anger or bitterness would have done.

He took her hands in his and held them against his cheek. "You didn't lose yourself though, honey, and that's all that counts."

After a moment she whispered, "Why did that have to happen to Papa?" There was no reproach, no hint that she held forces which Candy had set into operation

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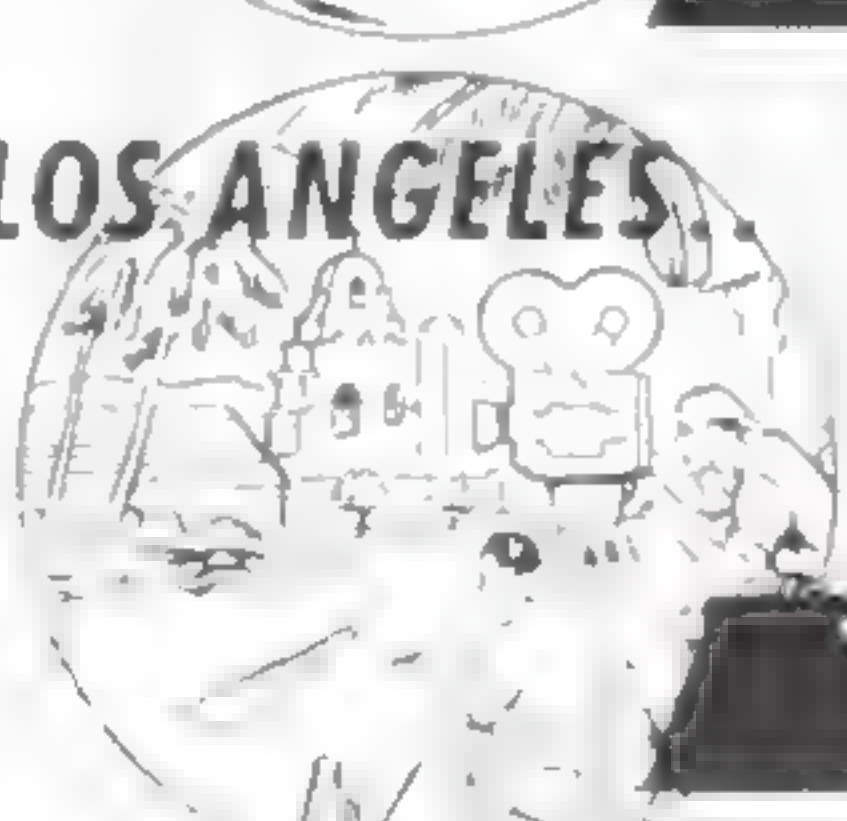
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responsible for her father's death, only bewilderment which was harder to bear than direct accusation would have been.

"The Judge figured that there was something that was right for him to do," he said heavily, "and he got hurt doing it."

Elizabeth nodded wisely. "He said you weren't good for me," her faint voice continued. "He said it would be right for me to leave you. But that would have hurt, too—hurt so much that I—I couldn't do it. I could never leave you, Candy. You know that, don't you?"

"I know it, honey," the words came with difficulty past the sob in his throat. He kissed her then—lingeringly, tenderly, as though it were the last kiss they would ever share—and got slowly to his feet, forcing himself to leave her.

By the time he started downtown with Sniper a law and order party had been organized; it was fully armed and it outnumbered the town officials who had barricaded themselves inside the courthouse before which the armed citizens crowded threateningly. At first they refused to let Candy and Sniper pass, then one of the ringleaders said, "All right—go in. And tell those highbinders in there that we want Brazos Hearn for killing the Judge. The rest of 'em can leave town if they go with their hands up and their pockets empty."

But the officials in the courthouse had no intention of leaving town or of sending Hearn out to meet the mob. As Sniper had prophesied, they were now taking their orders from Brazos Hearn; Adams, Kendall and the rest already had become resentful of Candy's highhanded control; Hearn had played on their resentment and had finally convinced them that their only chance to save their own skins was to turn against Candy and

accept Hearn himself as their new leader. Contemptuously, he explained the new situation to Candy, then in triumph he pulled his gun and ordered, "Reach for the sky, Candy."

As though in fright Candy slowly raised his hands. But suddenly one fist shot out, catching Hearn on the jaw. Hearn fired, but since he was off balance his shot went wild. Before he could fire again Candy's own gun was out and his shot went straight to Hearn's heart.

FOR a moment there was silence in the room, then Kendall said, "Killing Hearn's your business, Candy, but what happens from now on is our business. There's just one thing we want to know. Are you with us—or with that mob outside?"

"With you," Candy declared unhesitatingly. "With you every step of the way." He studied the faces before him for a moment, then added, "We'll sure make things hot for the militia."

"Militia?" Kendall and Adams spoke together.

"Sure." Candy pulled a telegram from his pocket and passed it over. It was from the Governor, offering to send militia to quell the Yellow Creek disturbance. Candy had received it just as he was leaving the house and hadn't bothered to reply, but as he saw Adams and Kendall bent over it, a scheme began to form in his mind.

"I wired him to send 'em along," he lied.

"Then I reckon there's nothing to do but wait till they get here and watch 'em shoot down that mob out there," Kendall said smugly.

Candy shook his head. "But they'll be firing in here," he said regretfully. "You see," he was rapidly making up a story,

"not being here I didn't know what was going on. I thought—I'm sorry, boys—but I thought the mob had taken over the courthouse and were inside and that you fellows were out there trying to force them out. So I told the Governor to have the militia take the courthouse and let the folks outside alone." He stopped. No one spoke. No one seemed even to breathe, but every face showed fright.

"Of course," Candy went on slowly, "everyone's in front of the courthouse and it's getting dark now, so maybe we could get out the back way—" he stopped again, hardly daring to believe the mounting terror in the men around him. "But that's not our way," his voice suddenly was a call to battle. "This is our town—we've got the politics and the money sewed up and we'll fight to keep them sewed up—even if it means a bellyful of lead for every one of us!"

Incredulous silence greeted his outburst. Kendall was the first to break it. "Anybody that wants to get a bellyful of lead saving this town for Candy Johnson can do it," he snorted. "As for me, I'm getting out the back door before that gang out front remembers there is a back door."

Five minutes later when they were alone except for the body of Brazos Hearn, Candy signalled to Sniper and together they walked out the front door. The crowd moved toward them threateningly, but apparently forgot all about them when Candy, pointing at the courthouse, said carelessly, "You'll find Brazos Hearn inside. Dead."

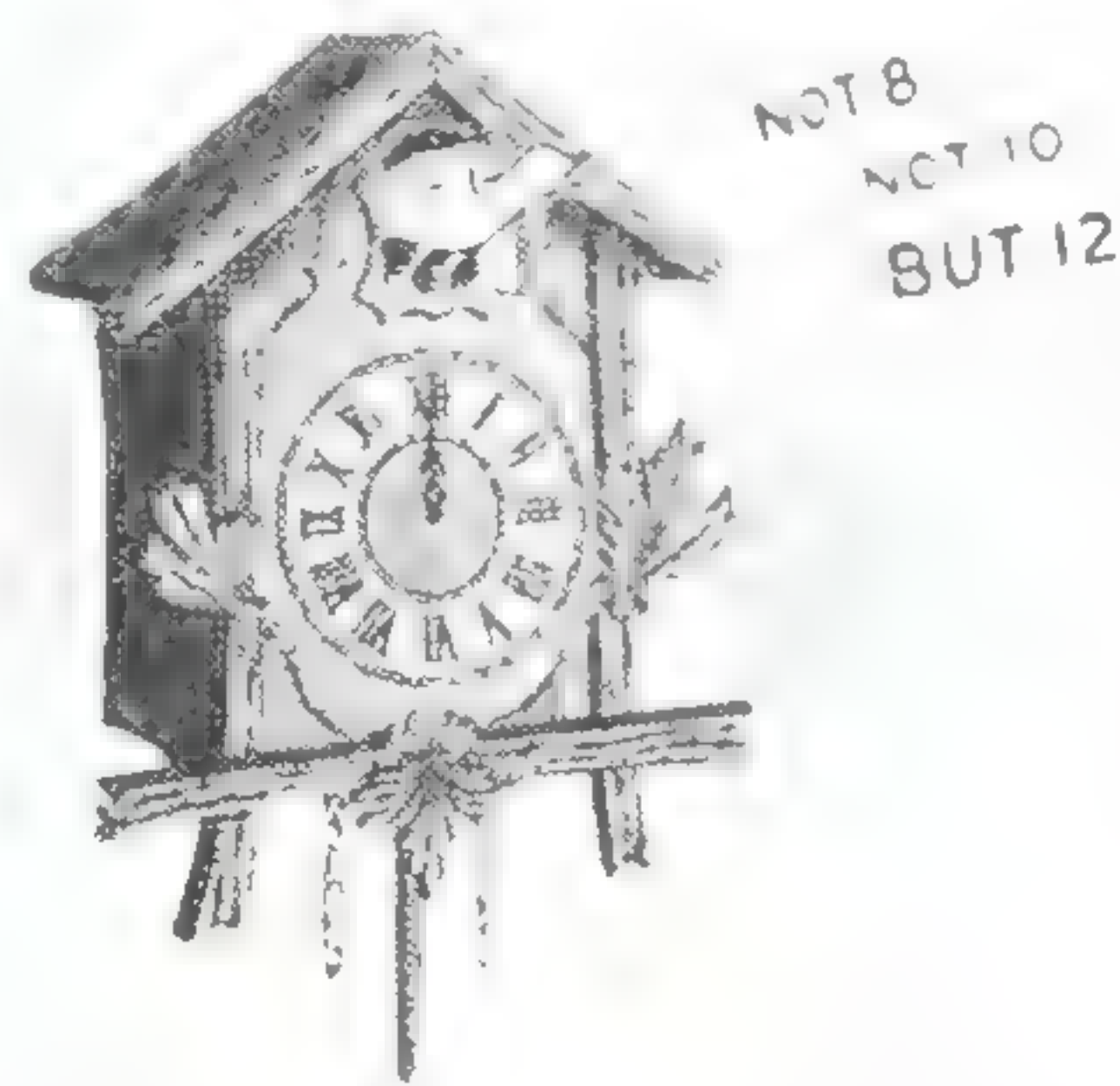
When they'd walked a short distance Sniper remarked, "Politically, as far as this town goes, you're dead." Candy only shrugged. "Yes, sir," Sniper grumbled, "you sure committed political suicide."

Candy didn't reply. He was thinking of

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another suicide—the Judge's—for the Judge must have known that not only Hearn but any other of Candy's hand-picked political henchmen would have shot him rather than risk his telling all he knew about their methods of mulcting the town. And since, knowing that, the Judge still came back, it meant only one thing. He thought Candy was such bad medicine for Elizabeth that he was willing to risk his life to give her a chance at freedom from him. He hadn't succeeded: Candy knew that Elizabeth would never leave him, no matter what had happened. But this knowledge, instead of comforting him, only forced him to face the decision he'd been trying to fight off ever since the Judge's death: If Elizabeth was to have her chance, her chance at a decent life free from the taint of her husband's misdeeds, Candy himself would have to do the leaving. Unconsciously he squared his shoulders.

"Now that you've given the town back to the suckers," Sniper's cynical voice brought him back to earth, "we'd better clear out—fast. That mob won't be satisfied with Hearn very long. They'll be after you next. Better start running, Candy."

Start running. Yes, he'd run, as he had so often in the past, as he had sworn he would never run again. But not from the mob this time. This time he was running for a different reason, a reason which Sniper would never understand.

If Elizabeth had been a weakling the shock of Candy's disappearance would have resulted in complete collapse; instead, it filled her with determination to find him again and this determination was greatly aided by an astute post card from Sniper who figured Candy was a mighty unhappy man.

Her unexpected arrival in the small dingy hotel room in Pocatello left Candy speechless for a minute. Then controlling his desire to take her in his arms he demanded with false belligerence, "What are you doing here?"

Elizabeth ignored his question to ask one of her own.

"Why did you leave me, Candy?"

"Why? You ought to be able to guess that without me telling you. It's just that I got around to looking for that door that opens both ways." Elizabeth's quizzical expression told him that his story wasn't getting across and with an effort at harshness he said, "I'm a guy that likes excitement—and all at once you just weren't exciting."

"You're lying, Candy," Elizabeth said softly, "but not very well. You left because you thought I'd be better off without you."

Candy stiffened. "Why should I pull a sucker trick like that?" he shouted.

Elizabeth smiled, the patient, tender smile of a mother for a child. "Because," she said, "you're in love with me." Her arms crept around his neck. "I know you are, Candy. That's why I came."

Candy shoved her aside roughly. "That's not the reason you came," he yelled. "You came because you're crazy about me, just as I—" he checked himself frantically. He hadn't meant to let her know he was still crazy about her. On the contrary, he'd meant to make her think he no longer cared; ever since she'd been in the room he'd been forcing himself to stay away from her, in the belief that her pride would at last force her to leave him, as he knew she should do—"just as," he gulped, then finished savagely, "—as you always were and always will be."

Elizabeth smiled again, but this time it was the triumphant smile of a woman gloriously, crazily in love, a woman who knows her man loves her no matter how he pretends otherwise. "Sure, Candy," she said softly. She placed her arms about him again and her voice was muffled against his heart. "Sure I'm crazy about you. Just as you are about me. And there's no sense fighting it."

No sense fighting it, he said to himself, and suddenly knew that she was right. There was no sense in fighting when her arms were close about him, when her lips, warm and red, were eager for his own. So he stopped fighting and began kissing her instead. It was much nicer that way.

THE END



A hero in their midst: Hostess Louella Parsons, Mrs. Darryl Zanuck and Mrs. Herb Stein with the lion of the Hollywood moment, Errol Flynn, at a party given for Ben and Bebe Lyons. Flynn was the center of congratulations, the grinning recipient of handshakes on his recent informal encounter with a Hollywood columnist

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Surprise Romance

(Continued from page 45)

from time to time, he had been seeing Hollywood's loveliest redhead, Miss Greer Garson—and incidentally, this will come as a surprise to those who little dreamed of this friendship.

So George was acquainted with the loveliness of beautiful women and radiant young girls. There was no need to be swept off his feet by Miss Rogers, who is not one of Hollywood's beauties; no need to feel awed by her superb talent, for Miss Garson is one of Hollywood's finest actresses; no need to be impressed with her wealth and possessions, for Gloria Vanderbilt is one of our richest heiresses. No need—well, anyway, he met Ginger and, despite everything in the world, knew she was the girl for him.

"If I thought marriage meant a constant dull round of paying back dinners, paying calls because someone called on us, of dull routine living, I wouldn't want it," George told us.

"Well," we said, "it wouldn't be with Ginger, you know. She isn't very social-minded, gives few parties and goes to few, lives pretty much to herself."

His eyes were warm as he spoke. "I know it," he said. It was plain he'd thought it all out and found one more point in favor of marriage with the woman he loved.

"Just what kind of girl do you want?" we asked point-blank.

"A truly old-fashioned kind," he answered. "A one-in-a-lifetime kind. A girl who neither drinks nor smokes."

"If my marriage lasted but a few years it would still be my last," he went on. "I figure on having one marriage in my life. None of this marrying after three weeks' courtship and then divorcing in six months. I'm just not that kind."

"Is it possible to be happily married in Hollywood, do you think, George? Really happy?"

"Yes, perfectly," he answered. "Certainly it's possible."

"Well" (and we got right down to solid foundation here), "do you think an actor and actress can marry and be happy?"

"Yes. Yes, I'm sure of it."

All thought through carefully, you see, to the very finish. His life and Ginger's mentally placed and put—waiting for the day.

THEY saw each other the very next night after the first date. For that matter, we saw them together, too, at—of all things—a drive-in hamburger stand. George Montgomery with a hamburger in his perfectly huge hand was looking at Ginger as no man with a hamburger clenched in his fist should look. It was our first intimation that a romance was brewing.

They met the following night at Johnny Maschio's for dinner. A four-some at the Ice Follies, swimming in Ginger's pool for George and Ginger, tennis and long talks led to the Labor Day week end.

To our notion, the one enormous factor that cinched George Montgomery's heart was Ginger's ranch just over the California state line in Oregon. George himself, out of his small earnings, has made down payments on two ranches of his own up in Montana. A woman who also loved ranches and the get-away-from-it-all life was—well, it was a blessing from above, that's all.

George drove up to join Ginger at her ranch for a four-day holiday.

"We fished, took walks, loafed, rested and talked," George told us. "It was really swell to get away, to get really



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in winter weather—(2) fast-finishing "SPECIAL" for less dry, less sensitive skin and for mild weather, mild climate use.

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acquainted. When the vacation was over we drove back to Hollywood together. No, better not say that." He thought a moment. "Heck, why not?"

We looked at this big handsome lad, so out-of-place in the blasé, sophisticated atmosphere of Hollywood, and saw Gary Cooper as he had been ten or even fifteen years before—shy, unsure of himself, a bit scared, maybe. Only Gary had had a home of some means behind him. George, one of an enormous brood, was born to Russian parents who spoke with thick accents and who had come to the New World to make a home on the Montana cattle ranch they leased.

When it came time for high school, the family moved into Black Eagle and George Montgomery Letz (his real name) trekked across the river to Great Falls to school, where he starred on the football and baseball teams. He enrolled at the University of Montana to study interior decorating, the only outlet he could think of for his talent for drawing and sketching—another interest he and Ginger have in common. Then he came to Hollywood to be with an older brother and began looking for a job. He found one, decorating the walls of a cafe at \$10 a week.

He tried movies and they would have none of him. He was twenty, shy, uncertain of himself.

He did double in trick riding shots, riding up stairs on horseback, performing difficult stunts. Between efforts he found a job, a strange job for a twenty-year-old Western kid. He became a bartender in an out-of-the-way cafe. Finally, a chance came to make a test for one of the Lone Rangers out at Republic. The test was pretty awful. "Well, don't worry," the director said, "we'll try again after lunch."

"I sat out in the car all through lunch hour and sweated," he said. "It was awful." But he got the job and was killed off in the Fifth Episode.

It got so bad finally he went home to Montana. When his engineer brother sailed for South America, George came back to Los Angeles to see him off and, because he no longer tried, Hollywood came to George. An agent saw him, signed him, sold him to Twentieth Century-Fox where, to the amazement and envy of every male on the lot, George became the object of every female's devotion. They mothered him, looked after him, despaired because of him.

That's the man at whom Ginger Rogers, older than George, looks with a significant light in her eye; a man who had never been east of Black Eagle, Montana, until he recently made a personal-appearance tour to Dixon, Illinois, with Louella Parsons.

Yet they are alike, these two—Ginger and George. Both are from ranch states. (Ginger comes from Texas.) Both are shy of people, both retiring, both idealists.

Two discrepancies face them—age and fame. Ginger is older than George, but history records that many successful marriages have surmounted this obstacle. As to the inequality of fame, things are being done about that. After "Cadet Girl," George will be raised to the rank of top leading man when he plays in "My Gal Sal."

When plans materialize to co-star George and Ginger in her Twentieth Century-Fox picture, "A Self-Made Cinderella," the time will be at hand for these two idealists in a strange land to come to a final decision about each other.

Our bet is—well, you don't care about that anyway!

The End.

Speak for Yourself

(Continued from page 6)

her personality. For beauty and real acting ability, she gets my vote. Oscars to Olivia!

MRS. RODNEY SURGI,
Vicksburg, Miss.

\$1.00 PRIZE Inspiration

IN your October issue of Photoplay-Movie Mirror I read the article, "How to Get a Fan Letter Answered." In it Nelson Eddy told of how he couldn't sing all of the songs his fans wished. This gave me an inspiration.

Why can't Hollywood have a picture just for this purpose. There could be gathered a group of singing stars, among them Nelson Eddy, Jeanette MacDonald, Kathryn Grayson, Judy Garland, etc. No story—nothing but singing. The stars could take turns in singing.

If this plan should ever be taken up I would be very grateful if Nelson Eddy would sing the song about the Cossacks from the picture "Balalaika."

SYLVIA GOLDBERG,
Perth Amboy, N. J.

\$1.00 PRIZE From England to Hollywood

ICAME over here from England some time ago and I want to express my feeling of gratitude toward such gay film stars as Jeanette MacDonald, Mickey Rooney, Deanna Durbin, Judy Garland, etc., whose happy faces for a time helped to dispel the gloom of war. Owing to the danger involved if one ventured out at night, one had to snatch pleasure during the day and not only I but my friends were and always shall be grateful for the gaiety of the comedies produced by your American studios.

It was from the people mentioned that we gained even more courage and happiness. Please keep on giving England light comedies, for in times like these I know they will be appreciated.

JULIETTE GARVEY,
Verona, N. J.

\$1.00 PRIZE Spec-ulation

WHENEVER the screen wants to de-glamorize one of their queens they stick a pair of specs on her nose and let us know that this makes her an ugly duckling. Then, when the plot thickens and the time is ripe she whips them off and lo! she dazzles our hero with the beauty they had heretofore hidden, at the same time sweeping the floor clean with her inches-long eyelashes.

But what about us poor things who must wear specs and who can't whip them off when the time is ripe. How do you think we feel when we realize the heroine is telling us she was unpopular with the boys and that they all laughed 'til she whipped off her specs and became the belle of the ball. Does that mean I'll never git me man because of my multiple eyes? 'Tis a fate worse than death.

LILLIAN HOUTWED,
New York, N. Y.

HONORABLE MENTION

THANK you, "Fearless," for your article "The Truth About the Stars' Figures." We poor housewives get pretty tired of being unfavorably compared with those paragons of feminine perfection that flit about on the screen.

Now I like Hedy Lamarr and I think Ann Sheridan is wonderful, but any wife likes to be able to find some flaw in another woman her husband especially admires, even if she is a movie star!

MRS. RONALD K. FIELD,
Kila, Mont.

AS a movie exhibitor I want to thank you for the boost you gave Kathryn Grayson in your last issue. Too many young stars are dropped by their studios because of the fact they fall in love and want to lead a happy married life the same as you and I. Kathryn Grayson has the qualities our customers want.

MRS. B. P. VIETHS,
Hawley, Minn.

MUST Henry Fonda be forever cast as a clumsy, girl-shy moron? He is a very fine actor and it's about time he was given a break. I'd like to see him in a part he could sink his teeth into.

E. S. GLASCOE,
Missoula, Mont.

WE miss you, Mr. Fitzpatrick. We miss colorful travelogues that transported us to every romantic spot on the globe.

Everyone is patriotic these days—everyone is proud of America, yet many of us are familiar only with our own little immediate world. I think it would be a splendid tribute to our freedom if you would give us a series of short subjects based on "Getting Acquainted With America."

MISS TRACY KENYON,
Woodhaven, N. Y.

WHAT a relief it was to see Ralph Bellamy in a legitimate role in "Dive Bomber." His work as a flight surgeon in this picture was splendid and should open the gates to better parts in the future. Those wealthy, country-hick roles he had fallen into were getting very monotonous.

THELMA LOUISE SMITH,
Memphis, Tenn.

IT was interesting to read about a prominent star's working as a clerk in the basement of a well-known store to gain experience for a picture. She should have learned from the other clerks one point invaluable to all movie actors—to greet the public with a smile. Wise is the star who remembers that a pleasant smile in public and courtesy toward the fans makes someone like a foot-weary clerk more eager to spend her money at the box office.

DOROTHY F. RAY,
Pasadena, Cal.

WHAT about Alan Hale? Is there an actor in pictures who has more consistently pulled mediocre movies out of their ruts? Time and again I've seen him put realism and meaning into a role that actually could have been left out entirely but through his artistry outshone the starring part. Whenever you see his name in the cast you know you can expect at least one good performance—he's never given a bad one.

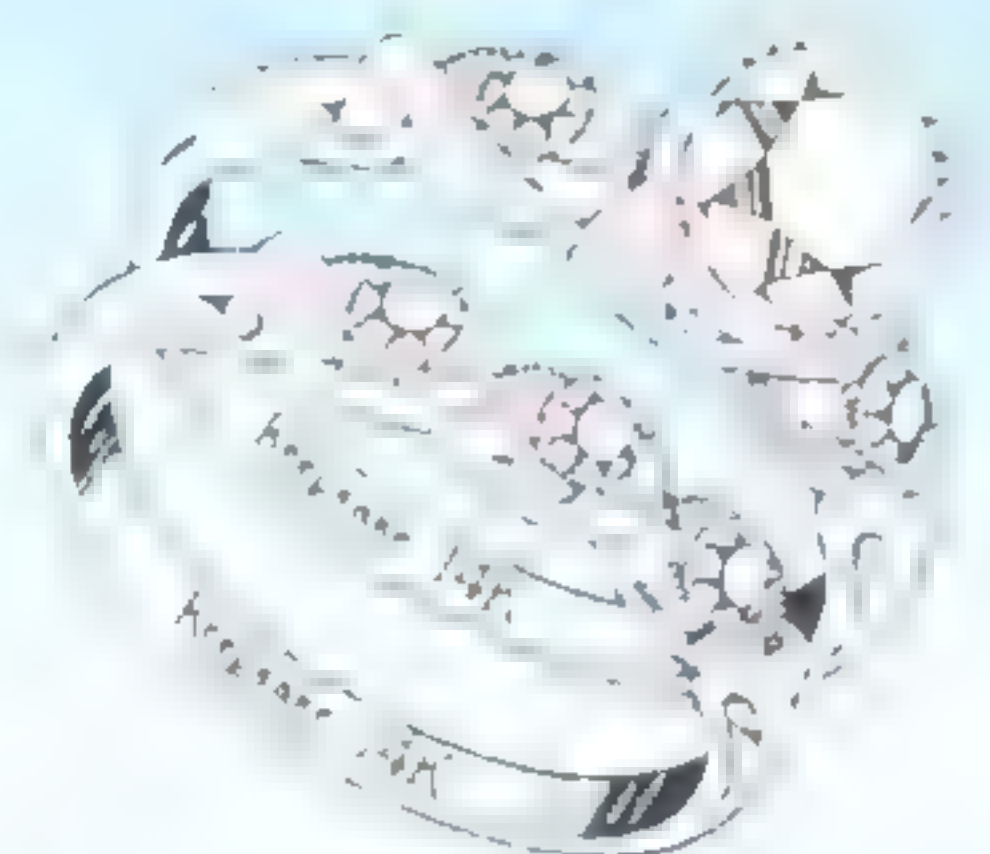
Then why not give him a real opportunity? Surely there are great stories to be filmed that demand a mature and characterful leading man, rather than the usual "glamour boy."

I want to see him where he deserves—in the lead!

MRS. M. E. CARLISLE,
Long Branch, N. J.



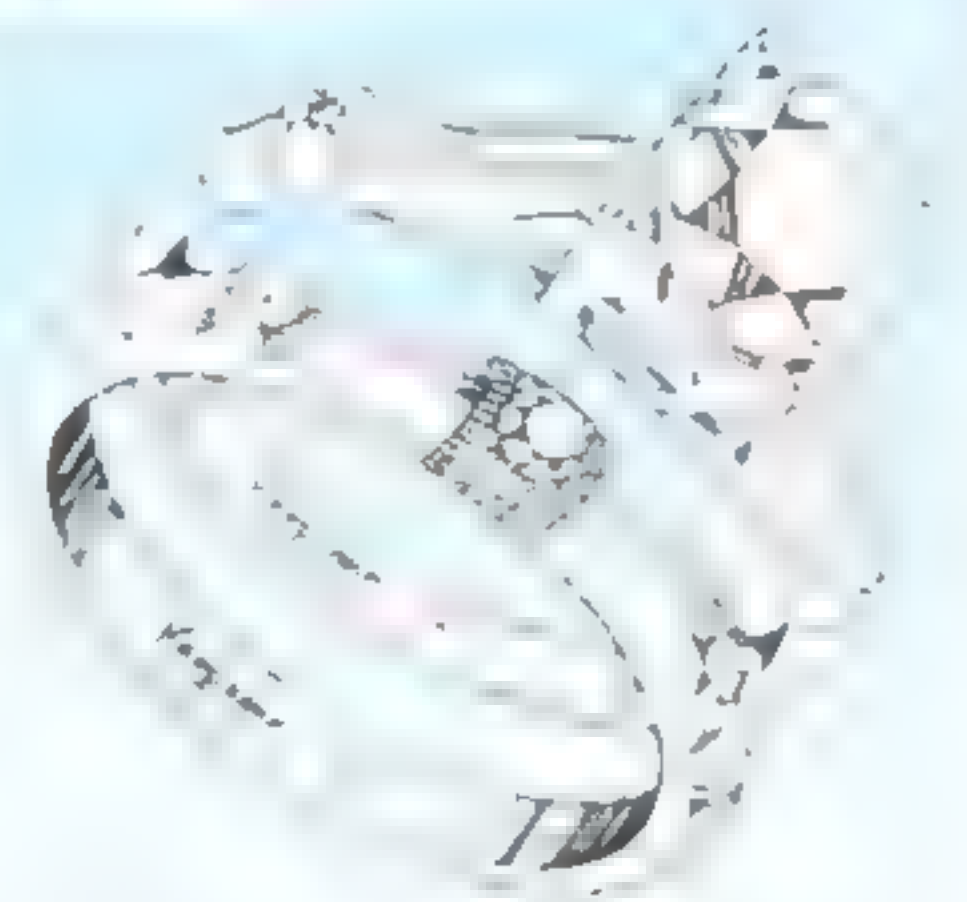
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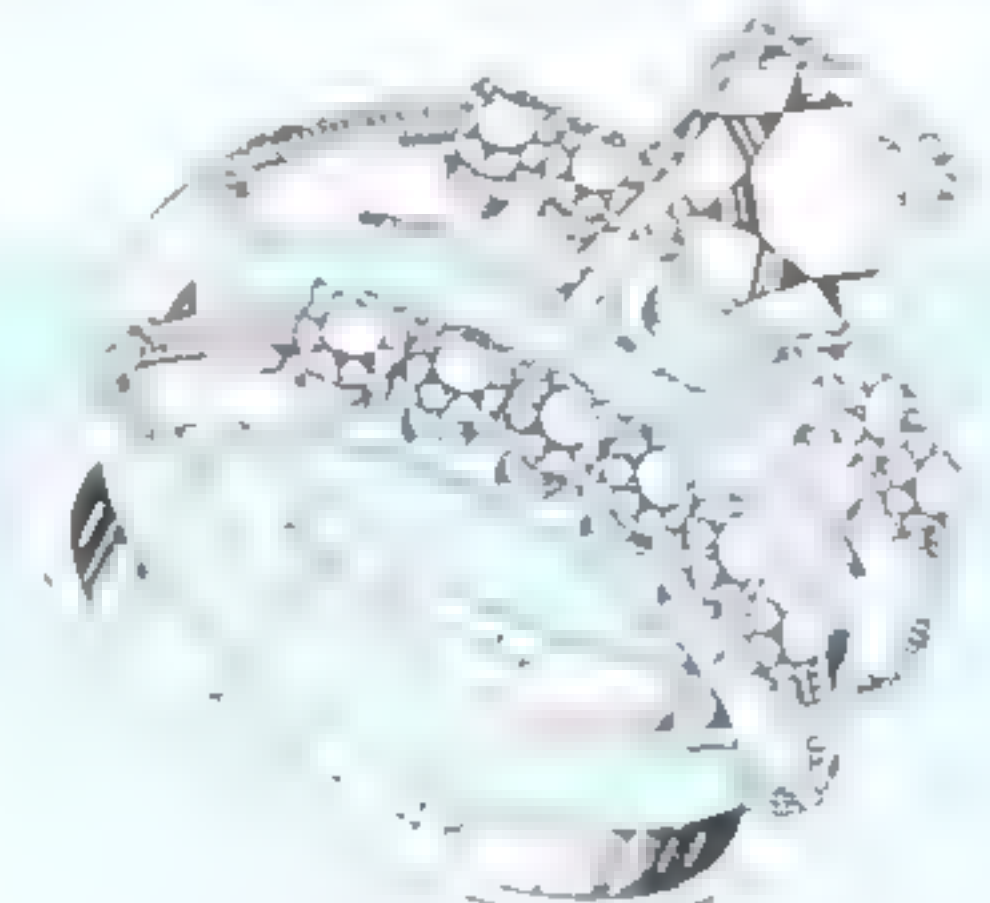
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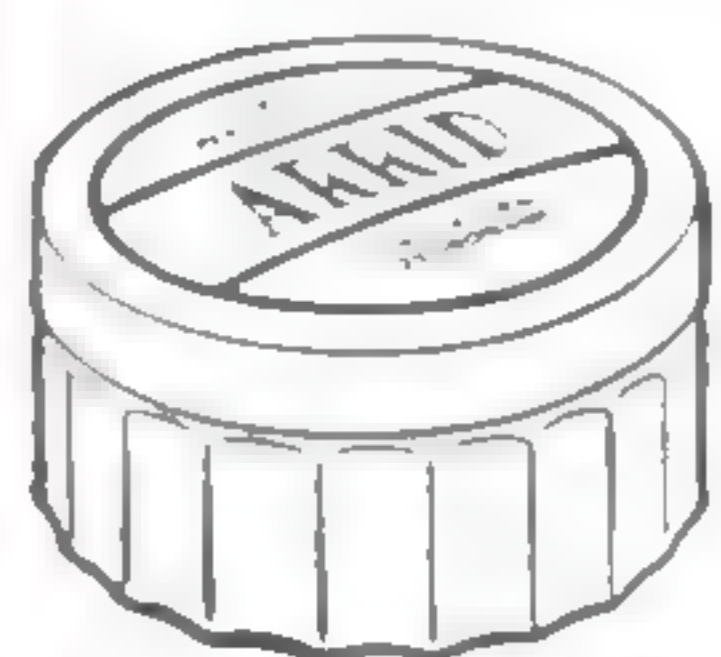
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facing facts

Some incidental thoughts about the power behind the powder puff, including a few dressing-table tricks

BY GLORIA MACK

● Be a magician and play some tricks with powder. All you need to know is that dark powder conceals, light powder accentuates. For instance, if your jawline makes you look like a too-determined woman, soften it by first powdering it with a shade the color of your neck. Then cover your whole face with a light glowing powder. You'll look nice and pretty if you use two shades of powder always, a darker one over a lighter or vice versa, depending on the time of day or night and on the effect you want.

● Don't get confused at the powder counter. It's simple to know what shade you should wear. Just remember always to choose a tint that is two shades lighter than your skin tone, a shade with life in it. But if you're a high-colored person, you're an exception to this general rule; then you'll match the shade of your powder exactly with your skin tone.

If you're on the pale lily-white side, choose a delicate pink shade; if you're too sallow, get a deeper shade of pink.

If you can't find just the shade you want, buy a lot of boxes and do some experimental mixing. That way, you'll never have to be a compromiser.

● Keep your powder under control. Don't sally forth with your eyebrows sprinkled with white. Use an eyebrow brush after every powder application. Unless you want to look like a candidate for the circus, be sure the powder in your compact is the same shade as the box on your dressing table. Hang your head in shame if you keep on using the same box of powder all year long. That will never do because your skin changes tone constantly. Have a variety of powder shades on your dressing table and see that they correspond with the seasonal changes of your skin during the year.



Jeanette
 MacDonald

● This is the girl Gene Raymond thinks is the nicest person in Hollywood—his wife, Jeanette MacDonald. They live happily together, are appearing just as happily in "Smilin' Through," their first co-starring picture.

On the subject of the dressing table, Miss MacDonald has this to say: "Like any art, the art of the powder puff has its rules and a badly powdered face is—well, you've seen them. Since the keynote of powdering is daintiness, make very certain the puff and the compact are both dainty and fresh."

● Be a power behind the powder puff and learn how to use it correctly. Never drag the puff across your face; you'll come up with streaked make-up. Instead, press in your powder with up and down strokes of the puff. If you're going to be stingy about using powder, you might as well not use it at all, because you'll shine through in about five minutes unless you apply it heavily and thoroughly. But don't walk out looking like a circus rider; there's another step that is an essential—the powder brush, with which you brush off all surplus powder to give you a nice even glow.

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Play Truth and Consequences with Bob Hope

(Continued from page 47)

and girls should be taught to be useful.

18. (Q) Who disciplines your children, you or Dolores?

(A) Unfortunately, that task has fallen on Dolores because I'm not home enough. As it is, I get up half an hour earlier in the morning to play with Linda and Tony so they'll know who I am.

19. (Q) Have you ever lied out of a tight spot? What was it?

(A) During "The Ghost Breakers" I pinched Paulette Goddard's scooter and went flying around the lot. Going down a hill I did a nose dive over the handlebars and ruined the suit I was wearing in the next scene. I walked back to the stage and when I got within sight and hearing, I pretended to fall and got up audibly apologetic for the hole I just tore in my trousers.

20. (Q) If a neighbor's dog kept you awake, what would you do?

(A) Feed it one of my relatives! But I'm a fine one to talk with the Great Danes, cockers and Scotties I keep around my place!

21. (Q) If you could do it, what change would you make in your appearance?

(A) Another pair of eyes in the back of my head, so I could be in the other fellow's close-up; and stronger wrists, so I could hit that white pill farther than Crosby on the sixteenth.

22. (Q) Have you ever attempted to reform another person and what were the results?



Bob Hope looks at Madeleine Carroll with a gleam in his eye; you'll know what that means when you play "Truth And Consequences" with him on p. 47

1. *Hansen*

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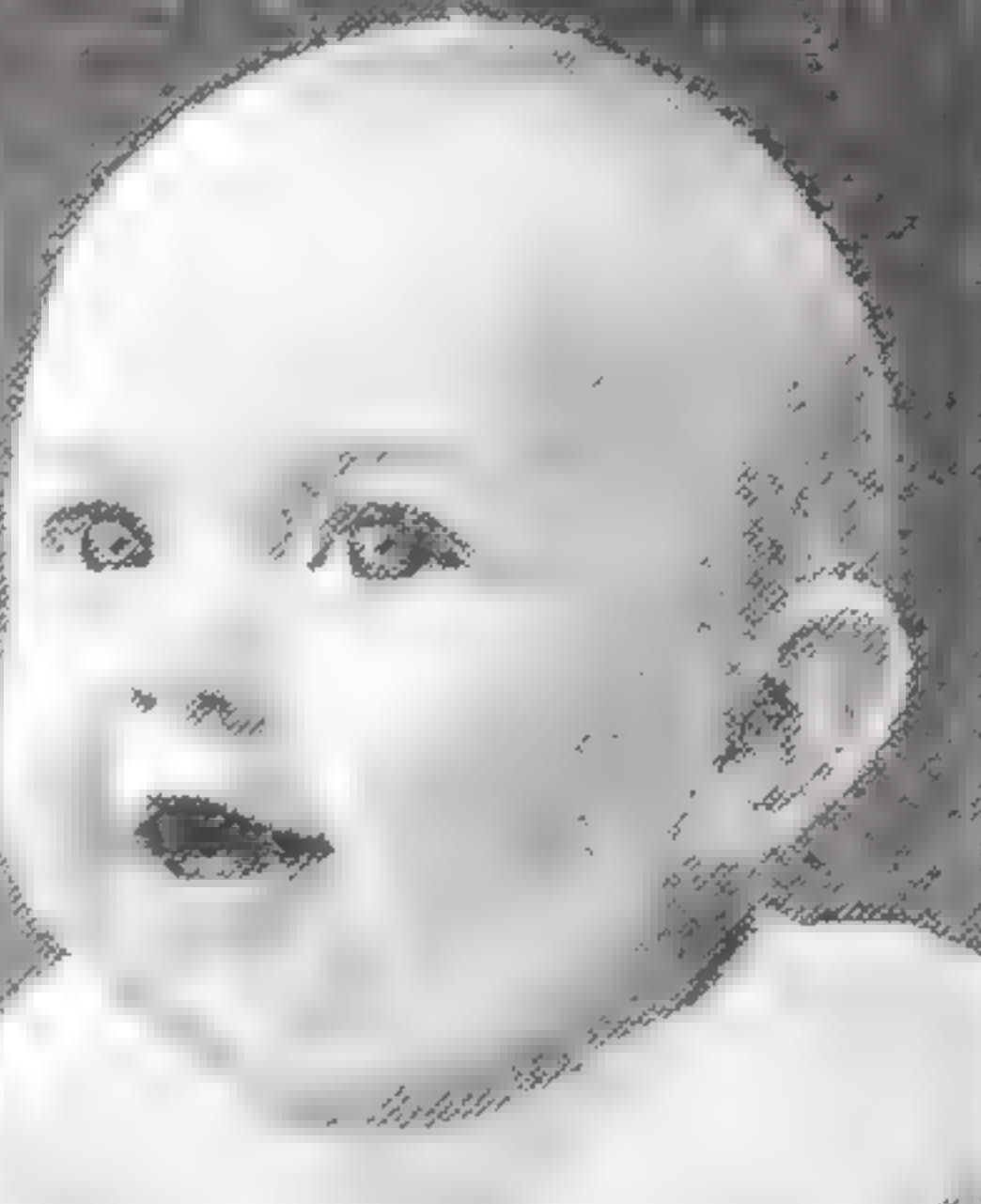
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(A) Yes, Madeleine Carroll. The result? She still won't talk to me.

23. (Q) Given the opportunity, do you think you would make a good screen lover?

(A) Why not? What's Gable got I couldn't get from a plastic surgeon and I don't mean Carole.

24. (Q) What was the first joke you told as a professional comedian?

(A) "We call our cat Carbide because it has a-cet-y-lene kittens." Need I say I worked behind a net at the time?

25. (Q) Are you sentimental about keepsakes? Which ones do you cherish?

(A) Very sentimental. Two of my most cherished possessions are my mother's old-fashioned sewing machine which she brought from England, and Dolores' baby ring. She gave it to me just before we were married and I wear it constantly, on and off screen.

26. (Q) What was the best business deal you ever turned?

One-Man Cavalcade

(Continued from page 64)

going to get me a sparkler like all successful show folks had in those days. I was a chorus boy in Raymond Hitchcock's show, 'The Yankee Tourist,' when he fell suddenly ill. The curtain had to go up, so they threw the part at me and I had gall enough to take it. From chorus boy to star in fifteen minutes.

"Things aren't geared to operate as fast as that nowadays," reflected the lovable scamp of a hundred pictures as he sat in his shirt sleeves on the breakfast porch of his Beverly Hills home. "But they did then. Seeing my name up in lights on Broadway gave me the biggest thrill of my life. I sat across the street from the Astor Theater, looking at the marquee and drinking ice-cream sodas by the peck. Then I went out and bought my sparkler and I haven't been without it since."

Neither has Wallace Beery been without his stardom. Not a single other top name of his first starring era—Mary Pickford, Gloria Swanson, even Charlie Chaplin, if considered as a star and not a producer—remains to join him on the list of ten biggest money-makers at the box office. But to the astonishment of all, up pops Wally as a record-maker.

Or is it astonishing? There is a human, earthy quality about the man and what he does that endears him to all erring mankind. We love his naïve scallawaggery, as eloquently exemplified in his latest picture, "Barnacle Bill," and rejoice in his vast good-natured strength. Perhaps it's because we sense that a deal of living has gone into this man, happy and otherwise, since the days when he and his brothers, Willie and Noah, were the three young sons of Policeman Beery in Kansas City.

WITH that pumpkin-pie grin of his, Wally recalls, "Some folks declared I was the orneriest kid on the block. Willie and Noah and I were always in fights. We were tough about everything but Mother; pretty soft about her—even took piano lessons just to please her."

"But the piano lessons were what finished me off. No real he-man, even if

When I borrowed \$35 bus fare to California. I'm only kidding; I came first class on the Chief. It's one of the finest trains I've ever ridden under.

27. (Q) What endearing nickname does Dolores have for you?

(Bob took the consequences. Write a poem to Madeleine Carroll.)

28. (Q) What was your prize flop?

(A) A benefit I played at Madison Square Garden in front of 20,000 witnesses. I spent a good ten minutes on the buildup for the best gag in my collection, only to have it murdered by the impressive entrance of Governor Lehman. That cured me of being a Democrat.

29. (Q) What is your definition of a glamour girl?

(A) Mascara, wired for sound.

30. (Q) Name the three most alluring actresses in Hollywood.

Madeleine Carroll. Madeleine Carroll. Madeleine Carroll.

THE END

he was only twelve, could sit and poke ivories. I ran away and rode the rods to Memphis and rode 'em back again when the jobs didn't keep up with my appetite.

"I started off as engine wiper down in the railroad yards and then Willie, who was with Ringling Brothers' Circus, got me a job manicuring the elephants.

"One day Noah wrote saying he was making twenty-five dollars a week on Broadway. Sounded like good money to an eighteen-year-old, so I jumped a freight train headed for New York. I managed to get a job in the chorus of 'Babes in Toyland' and after a couple of seasons of musical comedy as seen from the chorus lines the Raymond Hitchcock chance came along."

A FEW years later the Essanay Studio in Chicago, which had developed the biggest and most popular stars of the day, Broncho Billy Anderson, Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne, offered Wally a year's contract at seventy-five dollars a week to play comics and later to direct. As the Swedish housemaid who leaped from burning buildings and jumped out of runaway wagons, big burly Wally became the laugh riot of the hour.

In the very midst of all this slapstick Wally found his love idyl. She was fifteen-year-old Gloria Swanson, then an extra at Essanay. Her wide smoky gray eyes, curling brown hair and petite figure completely upset the equilibrium of the rough-and-ready Beery. She, on the other hand, was flattered by the attentions of Essanay's swashbuckling star and director and they could be both seen and heard in his bright yellow roadster with its flashing silver trimmings and loud horn that resounded out over Lake Michigan.

When Wally went to California with Broncho Billy Anderson he kept the mails boiling to Gloria. But he was determined that the first to share his good fortune must be his parents. After he was able to bring them out and set them up in a cozy white bungalow with a red geranium hedge he sent for Gloria

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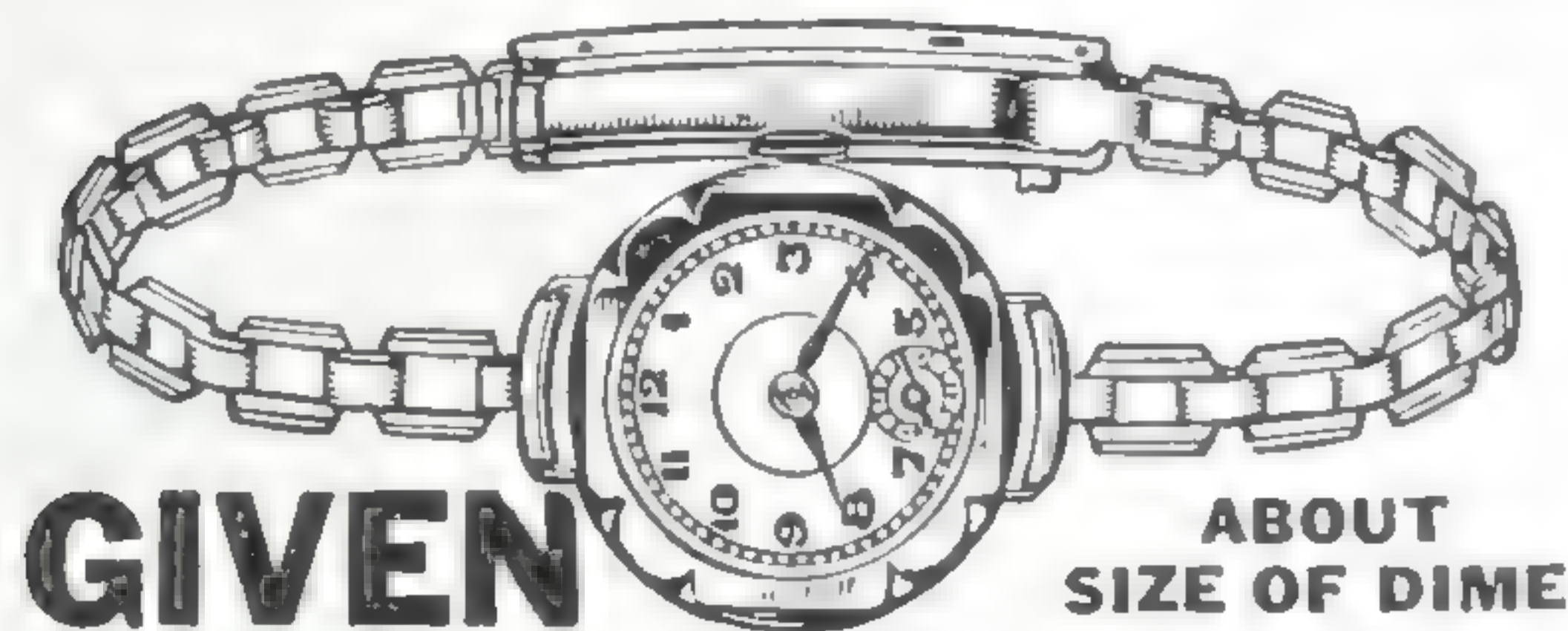
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and her mother. Wally and Gloria were married and the girl who was soon to be one of Hollywood's greatest glamour queens of all time contented herself with cooking and sweeping and making Wally the happiest man in the world.

Or perhaps contented wasn't quite the word in the light of events.

Proud of her beauty, Wally showered his fascinating little wife with clothes and expensive baubles. An amusing warning of ructions on the home front came when Wally, delighted with a robin's egg blue Easter ensemble Gloria had designed, bought her a new car to match it. Carried away by her new grandeur, Gloria stepped out of the Alexandria Hotel, in those days the Ambassador of Hollywood, and, regally settling herself in the back seat of the car while motioning Wally to the front, said, "Home, James." Like a flash Wally reached over and bodily pulled the startled Gloria over to the front seat. "Don't ever give me that 'Home, James' stuff!" he roared.

But the incident didn't end there. Ridden by dreams of stardom, Gloria besieged and beseeched every director on the lot to give her a chance in pictures. Her beauty and magnetism won out. Over the protests of Wally, who loved a simple home life, more and more film opportunities began to come to her. This created a home vs. career situation and Gloria definitely chose the career. Finally, it became obvious that there was no course left but divorce.

"That was the end of the real romance of my life," Wally admits.

Heartbroken, he went completely berserk, openly neglecting the studio and spending days at a time fishing in the mountain streams.

A year later found him in Japan, making movies for the Japanese, no less. America's entry into the first World War brought him back to this country, but the day he reported at camp the Armistice was signed.

BEERY, who had been one of the most popular figures in pictures, then spent months looking for a job. By a strange irony it was Mickey Neilan, then Gloria Swanson's heart interest, who offered Wally his comeback in American films as the German officer in "The Unpardonable Sin."

So able an actor did he prove himself that he became greatly in demand. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, monarch of the studios, succeeded in capturing his contract. He has just completed his fourteenth year on that lot and signed a new long-term contract.

In the meantime Wally met Rita Gilman, a tall willowy blonde who played extra parts in his pictures. After eight months of courtship he asked Rita if she loved him enough to give up thoughts of a career and make a home. She accepted and for fourteen years their marriage lasted.

It was through Rita that Wally met Carol Ann, who is the niece of Rita's aunt. The baby's mother had just died and Wally offered to take the child.

"Carol Ann is the happiest thing that ever happened to me," Wally says simply.

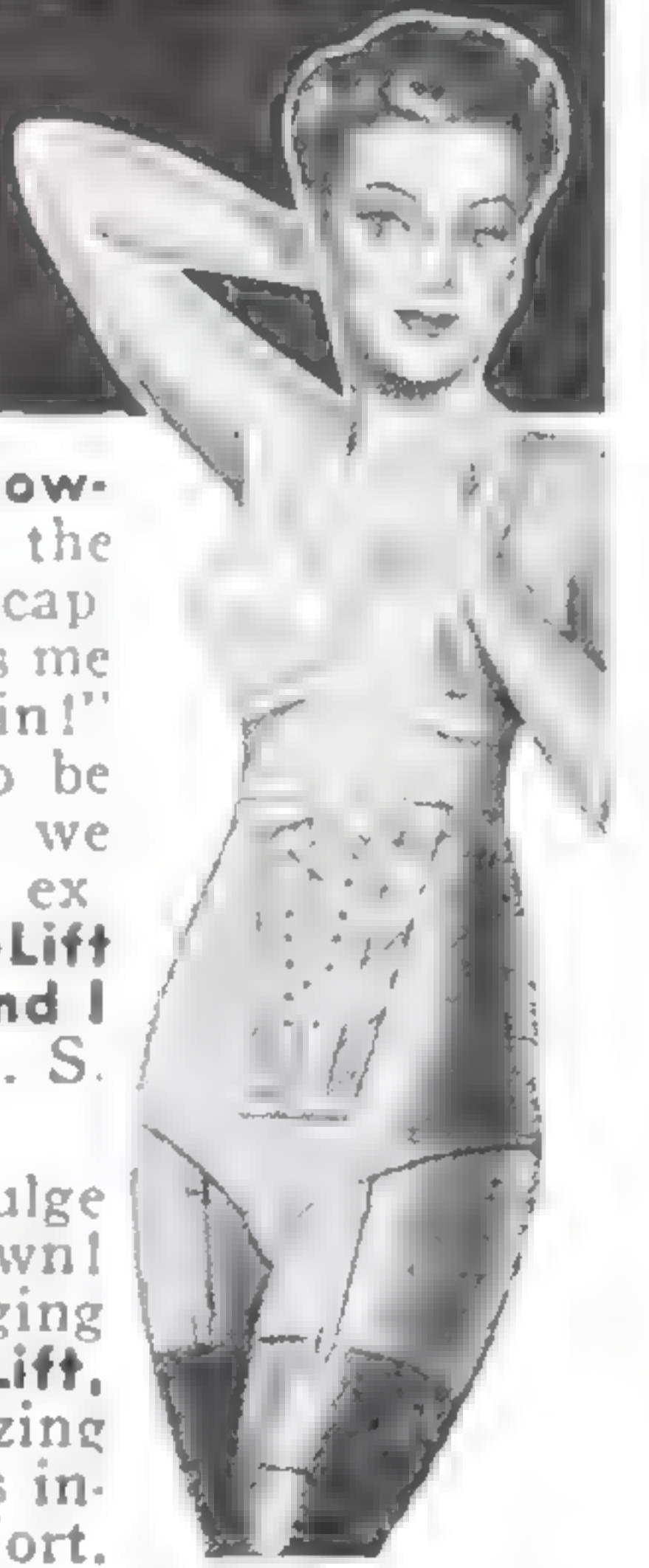
The three were inseparable companions for years. Then one morning two years ago, just before Wally's birthday, Rita Beery walked into the room and said, "Wally, I want a divorce."

Wally was flabbergasted.

"I just want my freedom to begin a new life," she continued.

She had been ill for several years and he humored her in this, as he had in everything else. They agreed on a \$100,000 settlement and sharing the custody

NOW I FEEL LIKE SIXTEEN AGAIN!

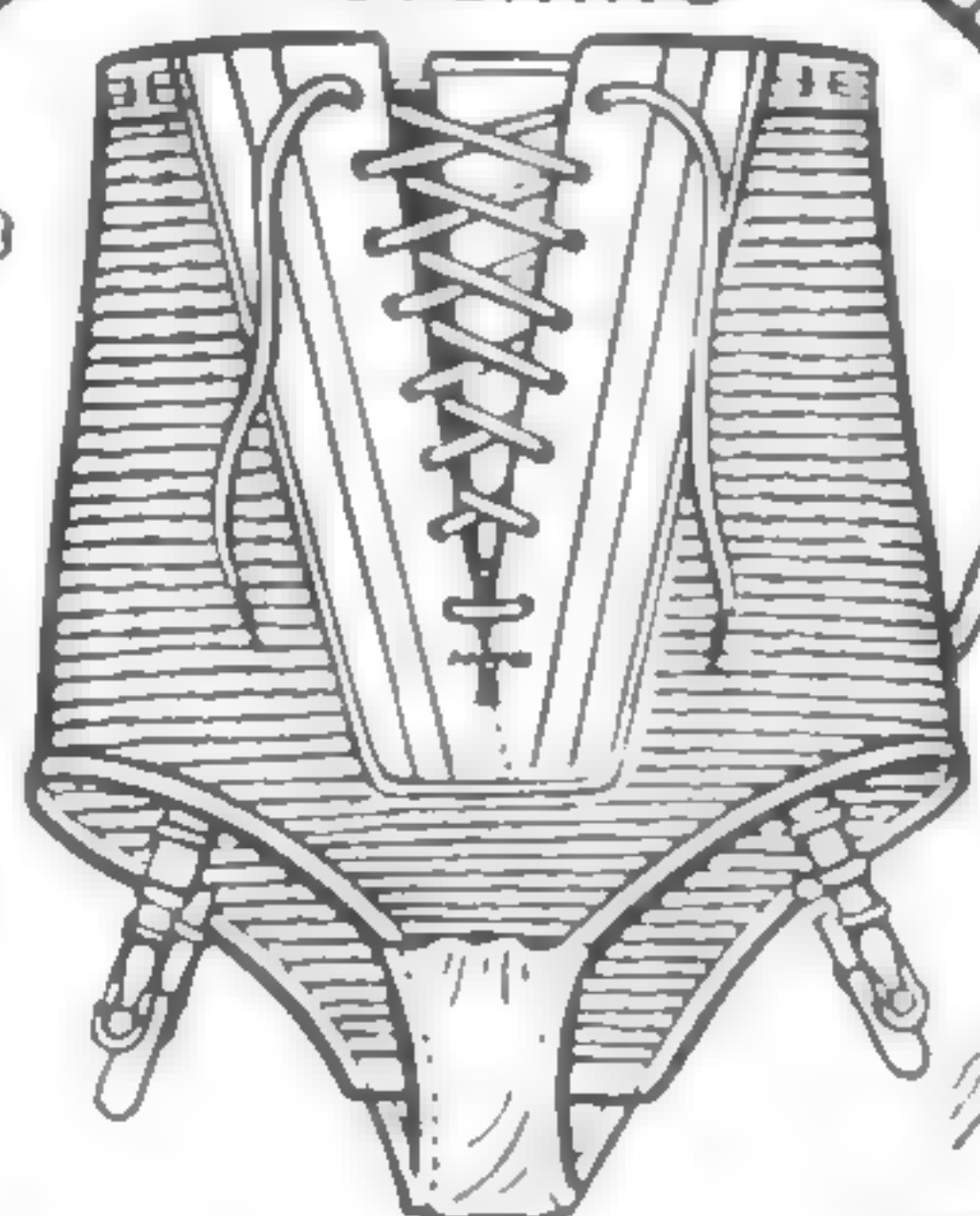


"Droopy posture gone... low-down feeling banished... the energy of a young girl recaptured... Tum-E-Lift makes me feel like a new woman again!" —such are the phrases to be found in the testimonials we constantly receive. For example: "I like my Tum-E-Lift... I feel like 16 again and I am 37 now," says Mrs. A. S. of Detroit.

So don't let waistline bulge and a tired back get you down! Lift up that dragging, sagging abdomen with a Tum-E-Lift, the controlling, slenderizing supporter-belt which brings invigorating mid-section comfort.

YOU WILL FEEL NEW, TOO!

Because you'll find Tum-E-Lift a pleasure to wear. You'll rejoice in its energizing all-day support. Mrs. C. L. of Arizona writes: "I can't tell you how much your Tum-E-Lift has meant to me. It made a lot of difference in my figure, and I feel great comfort wearing it. Don't think I'll be able to do without it again."... Order a Tum-E-Lift today, see for yourself how it will make you feel and look fresher at once!



WITH FRONT LACES FOR
PERFECT ADJUSTMENT
(NEW IMPROVED MODEL)

Tum-E-Lift is scientifically constructed, to provide perfect comfort, perfect support. Lightweight—amazingly strong! Adjustable front panels, of firm, rich broadcloth, control your figure the way you want it—merely tighten or loosen the laces—and presto! your mid-section is reshaped to a slenderized, healthful, flat-fronted posture!

HOLLYWOOD INSPIRED! HOLLYWOOD DESIGNED!

Here's the secret of Tum-E-Lift—it's made of 2-way stretch—a lightweight "miracle" cloth that's powerfully strong. Washing actually preserves its strength. "No-Roll" top, long metal ribs in front—short ones in back—absolutely prevent "riding-up", curling, rolling, or bulging. Detachable garters. Color: Nude. Detachable crotch of soft, melange for personal convenience. An exclusive slenderizing abdominal support—obtainable only from us. Remember, you get the same fit and comfort you would expect from a made-to-order supporter-belt costing 2 to 3 times the price of Tum-E-Lift.

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Just like magic, Tum-E-Lift smooths and lifts your bulging "tummy", lending prompt relief to weakened abdominal muscles. You look inches slimmer instantly. Yet, Tum-E-Lift is flexible—it allows complete freedom of movement. Bend, stoop, walk, sit, recline—this marvelous support is always delightfully comfortable!

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FILL IN ALL dimensions in picture and coupon. NOTE—send us this picture, too.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

S. J. WEGMAN CO., Dept. 434
6425 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Send me for 10 days' approval a genuine Hollywood Tum-E-Lift Supporter. I will pay postman \$3.49 plus postage. If not satisfied, I may return it for refund. I enclose dimensions asked for in picture above. My present waist measure is.....Hips are..... (Waist sizes from 22" to 38") Height is..... I am accustomed to wearing a long ☐ short ☐ girdle. Check one.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

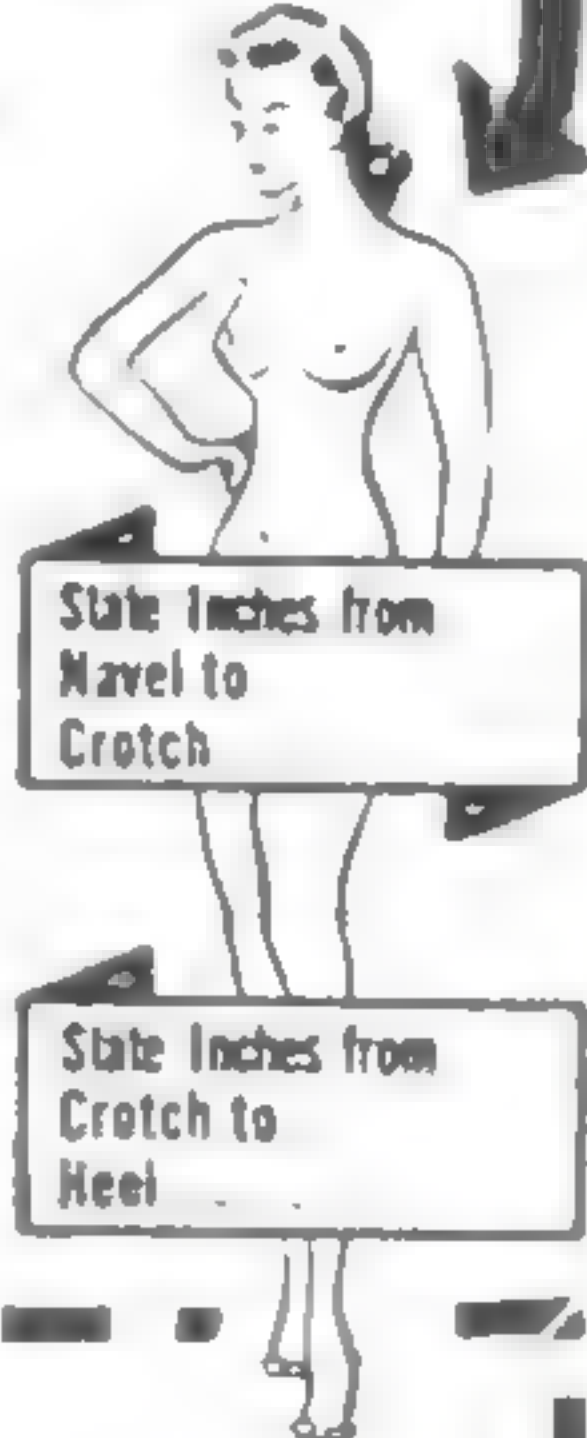
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Navel to
Crotch

State Inches from
Crotch to
Heel





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of Carol Ann. Wally drove his wife and adopted daughter to the station and returned to his house, which now seemed empty and hollow.

Five weeks later, Rita returned. "Have you changed your mind?" Wally asked eagerly. But it seems she had merely come back to ask an additional \$50,000 in the settlement. Wally gave it to her.

"But the greatest shock of my life was when I picked up the paper and read that my wife had married another man just one week after the divorce," Wally declares.

For days he moped about the house, swept by one wave of loneliness after another. When he could stand it no longer, he jumped into his plane, flew to Reno and humbled his pride by pleading with Rita to let Carol Ann return with him for a visit. Carol Ann has been Wally's constant joy ever since.

It is heart-warming to see the worship that shines from the child's eyes as she

gazes at the man who has always within her memory been father to her.

Wally says fondly, "I'm going to try to make a real first-class star out of Carol Ann."

Recently Wallace Beery, the one-man cavalcade of motion pictures, experienced the proudest moment of his life. It was the day when commissions were being handed out by the Navy to those men who had earned them and his name was called strong and clear.

"Lieutenant Commander Beery, United States Naval Air Reserve!"

A fifty-six-year-old man, resplendent in a new naval officer's uniform over his powerful frame, stepped forward, saluted smartly and turned away quickly to hide the blur in his eyes. Wallace Beery's country had just bestowed upon him the greatest honor which in his opinion it could offer: it had accepted him as a defender in its Naval Air Reserve.

Happy landings, Commander!
THE END.

The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 24)

✓ Skylark (Paramount)

It's About: A dissatisfied wife who remodels her husband.

THE premise is way, way off the beam in this meant-to-be-big-stuff movie. In this day and age one can't imagine a wife's walking out on a husband who provides lavishly and loves deeply simply because his business entanglements prove annoying. Who does she think she is, for heaven's sake? In this case, she's Claudette Colbert who listens to the siren song (in deep bass) of the other man, Brian Aherne, and almost succumbs, leaving her desperate and adoring husband Ray Milland in a snit.

American businessmen such as our advertising executive Mr. Milland do, we admit, find themselves torn between new accounts in business and old accounts at home—and what a home, by the way. But wouldn't you think a wife would understand the situation? Well, anyway, everyone at the preview was mad at Claudette for her inconsistent behavior (she was most unfunny in the comedy sequences, too) and sour at Paramount for miscasting Brian Aherne, who is anything but the "listen, chum" guy they tried to make him.

But we did like Milland; and Walter Abel, when he stayed sober; and the beautifully appointed and unstinted accessories, all of which win our one-check approval.

Your Reviewer Says: A big A that turned out to B—unfunny.

✓ Birth of the Blues (Paramount)

It's About: A young Southern gentleman who organized the first "Blues" band.

IT'S cozy, that's what it is, with all those old familiar numbers from way back to "Wait 'Til the Sun Shines, Nellie" up to "Melancholy Baby" to conjure up dreams and memories.

In fact, there's a Bing Crosbyish air about the whole picture, slow, easy-going, good-natured and lackadaisical. You just can't help liking every minute of it, the music, the cast, including Mary Martin, Brian Donlevy, Carolyn Lee, Rochester and J. Carrol Naish.

Bing, a down-South lad, wants to play Negro music, hot and wild. After many

setbacks, he finally rounds up his first white band to play blues and, through the aid of Mary Martin's singing, gets a hearing.

In no time, he's a sensation and so, you see, that's how blues music was born.

Your Reviewer Says: Mighty lak a cute little picture.

Mexican Spitfire's Baby (RKO-Radio)

It's About: A war orphan who almost wrecks a marriage.

THERE are too many things going on to find out just what this is all about. As nearly as we could make out, however, Leon Errol attempts to soothe the troubled waters between Lupe Velez and hubby Buddy Rogers by having a war orphan brought over from Europe. He hopes the little thing will make all things right.

The "little thing," however, turns out to be a glamour girl, orphaned from War Number One, but despite this, or maybe because of it, the story gets duller and duller and unfunnier and unfunnier.

Even Zazu Pitts isn't funny.

Your Reviewer Says: Phooey!

The Pittsburgh Kid (Republic)

It's About: A girl manager and her fighting prodigy.

YOU just know sport-minded fans are going to hurry off to the movies to see Billy Conn, the guy that nearly kayoed Joe Louis for the championship. What they are going to see is the usual prize-fight picture, relieved in its monotonous plot by the casting of Jean Parker as a fight manager.

But—and here comes the good news—they are going to be agreeably surprised at Billy. As a screen personality, he's not half bad at all.

The women will admire his handsome physique, his curly hair and naïve manner, which he carries around off the screen as well.

That Parker's a cute trick, too, and turns in a grand performance.

Your Reviewer Says: I'll be home soon, Mom, after the picture.

PHOTOPLAY combined with MOVIE MIRROR

Hold Your Man!

IS THERE a sure way to hold the affection of your sweetheart or husband? Should you meet him more than half way? Or will he love you better if you treat him like a little

boy? Do you forgive and forget or rise up and stand firm on your rights? Lawrence Gould, noted psychologist, gives a delightful recipe for a more understanding home—shows how to keep your man from slipping from under your wing—presents many fascinating clues to everlasting happiness. Don't miss "He's Yours Forever" in the December Physical Culture . . .

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Easy to use Viscose Home Method. Heals many old leg sores caused by leg congestion, varicose veins, swollen legs and injuries or no cost for trial if it fails to show results in 10 days. Describe your trouble and get a FREE BOOK.

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Can't Keep Grandma In Her Chair

She's as Lively as a Youngster—
Now her Backache is better

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

✓ Dr. Jekyll And Mr. Hyde (M-G-M)

It's About: The supremacy of evil over good in a scientist.

DESPITE all the reports you've heard to the contrary, this is a gripping, compelling, interesting picture. True, it loses something of its value for having been made three times for the screen; true, too, that the Fredric March version (John Barrymore made it first) was a more grotesque and shocking interpretation. But it's still a good movie and always will be as long as people are fascinated at the morbidly repellent.

Spencer Tracy, as the scientist, seems a bit old for his passionate love for Lana Turner and in one or two instances seems to overact considerably; but on the whole it's the best scary-cat fun we've had in a long time and as such we enjoyed it.

Lana is convincing and beautiful, but it's Ingrid Bergman who walks off with the honors. As unfortunate Ivy, the barmaid who falls victim to the evil Mr. Hyde, Miss Bergman turns in her best performance.

It's a pretty gallish dish of storytelling, as you know, but who can resist the horrible fascination of exploring the unknown recesses of a man's baser self?

Your Reviewer Says: A frightening, thought-provoking horror.

Sing Another Chorus (Universal)

It's About: A college show, a rascal and a fashion review.

COLLEGE shows, especially movie college shows, are eternally trying to hit Broadway, it seems, with enterprising young people such as Johnny Downs behind the movement, aided by snappy feminine admirers—to name Jane Frazee as one.

There's that ubiquitous villain, this time played by Walter Catlett, and his voluptuous co-worker Iris Adrian to throw a monkey wrench or two into the works. But you know how it is; everything just ends up too dandy for words, with members of the audience kinda looking around guiltily at each other when the lights go up for having sat through an hour of such folderol.

The story and the comedy are a bit on the odorous side. But the music is fair.

Your Reviewer Says: Give your eyes a vacation and listen to the music.

The Kid From Kansas (Universal)

It's About: Trouble on a banana plantation.

A BLIGHT, sabotage and every kind of conceivable trouble hit the banana plantation of Leo Carrillo, threatening to put it completely out of business. Foreman Andy Devine and his nomad friend from Kansas, Dick Foran, receive the blame for all the pesky trouble until Foran, escaping from the jail to which he has been confined for murder, uncovers the real rascals and, after a stiff fight, subdues them.

A lot of action is mixed up in the story, which moves along right friskily. In fact, the trio of actors, Devine, Carrillo and Foran, are slated for more such action pictures, which should be good news to those who enjoy this type of entertainment.

Your Reviewer Says: Yes, we have some bananas.



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These fears are so needless! Today at your drug or department store, you can buy Mary T. Goldman Gray Hair Coloring Preparation. It transforms gray, bleached, or faded hair to the desired shade—so gradually that your closest friend won't guess. Pronounced a harmless hair dye by competent authorities, this preparation will not hurt your wave, or the texture of your hair. If you can comb your hair, you can't go wrong! Millions of women have been satisfied with Mary T. Goldman's Hair Coloring Preparation in the last fifty years. Results assured or your money back. Send for the free trial kit—so that you may see for yourself the beautiful color which this preparation will give to a lock from your own hair.

Mary T. Goldman Co., 7656 Goldman Bldg. St. Paul, Minn. Send free test kit. Color checked.

☐ Black	☐ Dark Brown	☐ Light Brown
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The Outlaw Trail (RKO-Radio)

It's About: A young bandit who turns marshal.

YOUNG TIM HOLT is a personable young lad who finds himself in considerable deep water for the first half of this film. Intending to aid in a bank robbery, Holt turns hero instead when he aids the Marshal in catching the band of robbers. When the Marshal dies from wounds, Holt takes over his job and turns good boy from there on in. The transition—from robber to Marshal—is so fast one can't be sure which side of the morality fence young Holt is on. But he's a likely enough lad, either way, and fans are sure to go for him.

Like his famous father, Jack Holt, Tim seems destined to be a Western star to reckon with one of these days.

Your Reviewer Says: A Western for small-circuit theaters.

Niagara Falls (Roach-U.A.)

It's About: A meddlesome honeymooner and a quarreling couple.

THE names Slim Summerville and Zazu Pitts should be enough to bring on several loud guffaws. You can expect nothing of the sort in this sad little weak-tea story of a honeymooning couple, Slim and Zazu who, after a twenty-year courtship, arrive at a Niagara Falls hotel for their honeymoon. Unable to keep his nebbly nose out of other people's business, Slim maneuvers a quarreling couple into a bedroom for a night's duration and keeps guard over them, hoping they'll make up.

His own bride is left—as Keats would put it—"alone and palely loitering." The couple, Tom Brown and Marjorie Woodworth, turn out to be—unmarried.

Sounds comic, but, brethern and sisters, it ain't.

Your Reviewer Says: Run by this one quickly.

Ellery Queen and the Murder Ring (Columbia)

It's About: The famous detective solves a hospital murder.

ALL Hollywood, or all of it who saw the preview of this *Ellery Queen* story, is talking about the side-splitting performances of two dumb bunnies, Paul Hurst (a fine actor) and Tom Dugan, who play their roles straight. They will simply roll you in the aisles, these two. They

prove to be far and above the story that surrounds them and should be grabbed up as a team by some smart producer.

Ralph Bellamy is again the detective, *Ellery*, whose exploits lead him into the realm of medication with the strange murders of Blanche Yurka, hospital owner, her son and a nurse. It's all pretty mysterious until those two pop up—and then it's plain riotous.

Your Reviewer Says: The comedy relief is such relief.

Gentleman From Dixie (Monogram)

It's About: Dark doings in the deep South.

AFTER his release from prison, Jack La Rue returns to his brother's stock farm down South to find villainous John Holland, the man who framed him into prison, up to his old tricks.

Jack, permitted to remain on the farm as a trainer by his brother's wife, Marian Marsh, earns the love of little Mary Ruth, Marian's stepdaughter, and remains to straighten out the nasty undercurrents of deviltry.

Mary Ruth, an M-G-M contract player on loanout, is an accomplished musician. Her performance on the piano is the highlight of the picture.

Your Reviewer Says: A child's talent makes it all worth while.

Burma Convoy (Universal)

It's About: Men and trucks traveling the Burma Road to bring supplies to the Chinese Army.

FAST-MOVING, timely melodrama is this well-plotted movie that deals with the truck caravans along the dangerous Burma Road and the attempts of spies to get information as to their movements in order to plot guerrilla attacks.

Charles Bickford is the leader of the truck drivers who wants to return to the United States. But when his younger brother, Frank Albertson, tries to join the caravaneers and is killed because he has discovered who's responsible for the leak of information to the enemy, he sets out to avenge his death.

Evelyn Ankers provides the heart interest as the daughter of a canny Scotchman, Cecil Kellaway, who shines in a small part. Keye Luke as a Chinese investigator, Truman Bradley and Willy Fung are also very good.

Your Reviewer Says: Dramatic and exciting mystery melodrama.



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or Olivia de Havilland in "Hold Back The Dawn"

THEN—

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THE MALE ANIMAL

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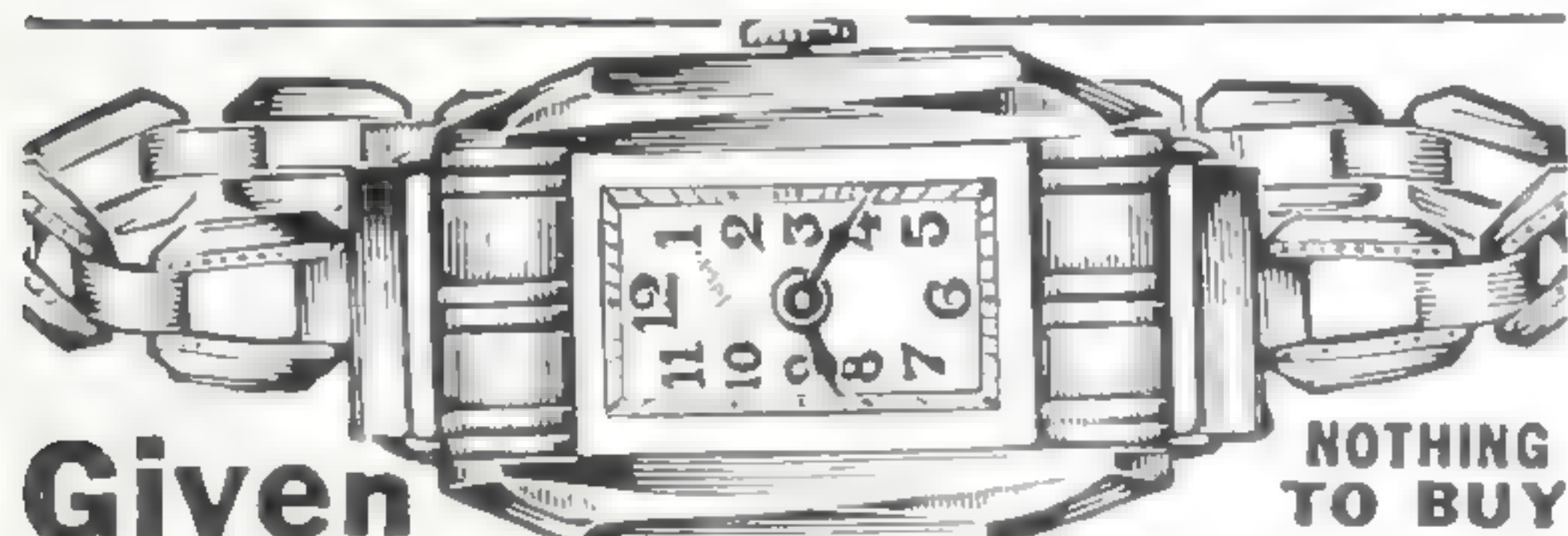
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Mr. Celebrity (Producers Releasing Corp.)

It's About: The efforts of a young veterinarian to keep the custody of his nephew.

A YOUNGSTER, Buzzy Henry, is the outstanding player in this warm sentimental little story and you'll be charmed by his ingratiating and sincere performance. With his ability and poise, he's bound to go far.

When his grandparents attempt to get him away from James Seay, his young veterinary uncle, Seay takes Buzzy to Celebrity Farm to hide out. There they find that several notables who have been living on the bounty of a wealthy eccentric are about to be evicted. Among them are Francis X. Bushman, Clara Kimball Young and Jim Jeffries, who'll bring you nostalgic recollections of their past glories. Several exciting horse races are interpolated in the story and it's a horse trained by Seay who saves the day for all.

It's packed with hokum, yes, but it's a lively and heart-warming picture, and Seay and Doris Day are very pleasing.

Your Reviewer Says: You'll like this.

Week End In Havana (20th Century-Fox)

It's About: Romance in Cuba.

CUT to the Zanuck pattern of musicals that literally abound with color, dancing, music and Carmen Miranda, "Week End In Havana" is frothy, gay and tuneful, a pleasant treat for the eyes and ears. Laid in colorful Cuba, the sights, especially that Miranda, are something to see.

A good strong breath would blow away the featherweight plot that has Alice Faye, a New York shop girl, enjoying a Havana vacation at the expense of a steamship company.

John Payne, executive of the company, endeavors to extract a waiver from Alice that will free his company of all blame for a grounded ship. What he does extract is romance that takes like a vaccination.

Cesar Romero, as Carmen's flirtatious manager, is clever and the Miranda songs are hot-peppery as usual.

Your Reviewer Says: Enjoy the sights, sounds and the heartbeats of Cuba.

Two Latins from Manhattan (Columbia)

It's About: A feminine song and dance team who take the place of a Cuban sister team in a night club.

THIS tried so hard to be sparkling and gay, but it fell down miserably. It's trite and corny and the musical numbers seem to drag out forever.

Joan Davis is the press agent of a New York night club. When two Cuban entertainers, imported for the floor show, fail to show up Joan persuades her roommates, Joan Woodbury and Jinx Falkenburg, who are down on their luck, to substitute for them.

Of course, the real entertainers finally arrive and then everything gets very complicated.

Despite her lack of screen experience, Jinx is very charming and should do very well. She and Joan Woodbury are a pair of very attractive pseudo-Latins and it's too bad their material in this picture is so slight.

Your Reviewer Says: Uninspired.



AN INTIMATE MESSAGE TO YOUNG WOMEN

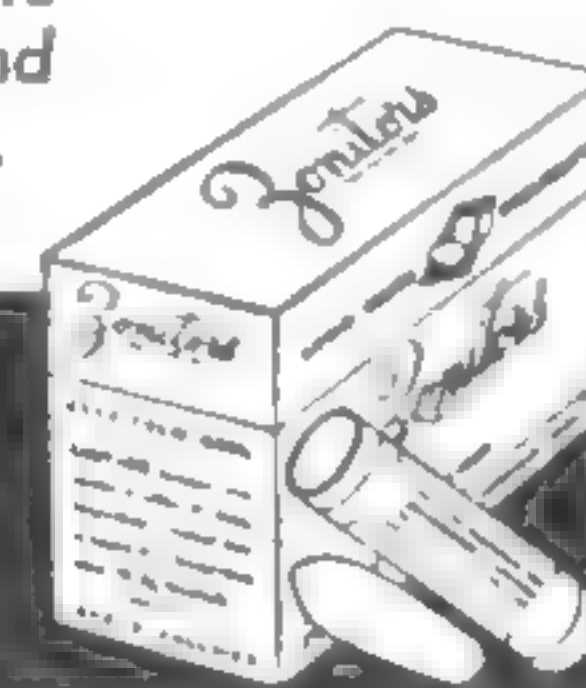
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The Truth about Hollywood Relatives

(Continued from page 67)

story of that movie wife and her mother-in-law? Or the story of another glamour girl and her mother who married a man younger than the daughter? Or the one about the glamour girl and her stepfather? Or the one about the executive with a brother, a brother who sends around pep memos to the big brother's office force? Those memos are written on a distinctive blue paper the big brother provided for the younger brother. In private Mr. Big explains to the hired help that blue is just to flag them, to let them know any orders written on such tinted paper are to be strictly disregarded! Do you know—well, listen...

The truth about Hollywood relatives is that practically every star has at least one blood relation and often five or six leaning luxuriously against the bank roll, refusing to work and constantly threatening that if they are not supported in a style to which they never could have attained through personal endeavor, they will turn on the heat of bad publicity.

Of course, some of the Hollywood relatives work. There is the pleasant and amusing case of Mr. Pankey and Mr. Yule, respectively stepfather and real father of that gay young man, Mickey Rooney. Mr. Pankey is Mickey's mother's present husband; Mr. Yule is her ex-husband and the father of Mickey; both gentlemen are on the M-G-M pay roll. Joe Yule is there as an actor, and a good one when it comes to playing character comics. Mr. Pankey is in the Metro accounting department. It makes for peace all the way round and a nice kind of plenty, too. Mickey lives with his mother but is good friends with his dad, and everybody's happy.

The Crosbys are a wonderful mob, too. Larry and Everett are both in the agency business, though naturally Bing works through that agency on all his vast financial dealings and the "ten percent" from these movie-radio-record earnings alone are enough to keep the brothers in platinum pin money for life. But they represent a lot of other actors and singers, too. Bob Crosby does okay with his Bobcats, his band and occasional pictures. Pa Crosby keeps an eye on Bing's horses (which isn't hard as long as he doesn't look too much at the winner's circle) and the bookkeeping on the Crosby stables. There is a whole crop of younger Crosbys coming up, Bing's four, Ev's one, Larry's two; and not one of these small fry has any idea except that some good "show business" work lies ahead of him.

Claudette Colbert's brother is so completely independent of her that he refuses to use either her professional or their family name but works as an agent under the name of Charles Wendling. It is true that he works through the same agency that handles Claudette's affairs, but he handles other personalities and not his famous sister.

Maybe these cases of independence are based upon the relatives concerned being male. On the whole, the male relatives aren't so bad. When you come to the women—well, let's start with that mother-in-law.

The man involved is an important star who until recently had never married. His mother was very proud of this fact. "I'm his best girl," she always beamingly boasted as they attended parties together. That no mother should be a mature son's best girl seemed to be a healthy idea that never entered her tightly waved head.

The son, periodically, fell in love. But he never stayed in love long. Mamma saw to that. They were almost without exception dominant girls he fell for, but Mamma could outmaneuver them, nevertheless, until one girl, an absolute dove of a creature, came along. She looked gentle. She was gentle and that, apparently, was what fooled Mamma. Probably she figured such a guilelessly little thing wasn't worth worrying about. So imagine her feelings when one night she got a phone call from Yuma, a phone call from her son and the dove, asking her blessing on their union.

Mamma tore her hair. Mamma wept her eyes out. In vain did the son, returning to Hollywood next day, assure her that he was making over to her the luxurious house they had lived in, that he was establishing a trust fund for her, that he would see her daily, that he would always care for her. Mamma said she wanted no part of all that. What she demanded was an annulment of the marriage.

The little dove ignored that gently. As the star's wife she saw to it that they got a home immediately. It was a home no bigger than the mother's home, no more luxuriously furnished. It didn't even have a swimming pool as the other house had. In fact, the girl started right there and continued to do everything humanly possible to make the mother feel not only equal to her, but her superior. That did no good, however. The mother went about Hollywood telling everyone how marriage was bound to hurt her boy's career, how neglected she was, how lonely. She began to get various illnesses, or at least she said she did. She didn't stop at inferring that it was her son's apparent heartlessness that was making her ill; she told the town so in so many words.

The wife, however, had one weapon that the mother could not lick: her absolutely unselfish love of the man they both wanted.

By her very telling the star that whatever was his happiness was her happiness, she blunted every attack of the mother's upon her. The son, hitherto blindly devoted, began clearly seeing his parent's selfishness. The mother still has her big house and her steady, luxurious income, but the son has stopped seeing her, no longer goes to call. The son continued to call for the first year or two, until his mother simply got too bitter and shrill. The marriage is an ideally happy one.

THEN there is the story of the star who is one of three sisters, all of whom came to Hollywood hoping to land in glory. Only one of them, after a hard struggle, clicked. The others kept on trying their luck until the girl signed her first important contract. Then they relaxed. "Why should we work?" they ask. "Sis has plenty." So the star supports them. It makes her angry and outraged, but she has no recourse unless she wants to take some bad publicity. For instance, once she refused to give one sister an extra large check, so the sister turned up on the set of her picture the next day, doing a stint of extra work for \$5. She let it be whispered about that she was picking up that \$5 because of the star's lack of generosity. That star said to me, "I don't mind the money half so much as what it is doing to those girls' characters, being supported and being willing to be supported by me. Gosh, they are only in their twenties and yet they are deliberate

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parasites. It makes you feel that that old gag about blood being thicker than water should also read that it's not so clean as water, either."

There is also the case of the star with the amorous mother. This star has the power to pick her own casts, with the result that a lot of ambitious boys, unable to make the grade with the daughter, began courting Ma, thereby hoping to get not only in the star's good graces but also in her pictures. This didn't fool the star at all, but Ma fell for the flattery and began believing she was irresistible, so much so, in fact, that when one smart young man came along and proposed to her, she quickly married him, not stopping to think that he was younger than her child and had no visible means of support. He has now, though, for the star had to come through with a house and an income, an income large enough, apparently, for him to feel that work is something like Ol' Man River that can forever stay away from his door.

Another nice complicator is relatives who look on the bottle when it is full and who keep on looking until it is empty. There are two stars in town, male stars, who each have a brother to fit this description.

Both these minor brothers go around the local bistros crying in their beer, or anybody else's beer, about how their famous brothers neglect them. One brother in particular is famous for landing roundhouse punches where they will do the least good except for giving his stellar brother the worst paragraph in the next morning's paper.

For, of course, the headline always reads "Joe Blank's brother in night-club brawl."

SHEER courage would do away with much of this relative blight, the sheer courage that Paulette Goddard showed when she sued back at her stepfather when he brought her into court on a charge of nonsupport.

In the case of procedure, Paulette pointed out that she had not only supported herself since she was sixteen, but also supported her mother, who was still then married to the hurt Mr. Levy, who was no relation to Paulette herself whatever.

Most stars won't do that, however, and it is a harder thing to do when an elderly mother or father, a crippled sister or a weakling brother is involved. One major star even has a heck of a time with his grandparents, who spend money like water and weep crocodile tears in public about how abused they are.

Rather than have such troubles aired to the public most stars pay and pay and pay.

So the next time you hear all those charges of nepotism in Hollywood, listen to them with a certain degree of cynicism. It's true that there are brothers and sisters and first cousins and in-laws on all the studio pay rolls, but it is often true because that is the only way to keep these bad actors away from the court of uninformed public opinion.

Once when the late Jean Harlow was having a dress made, she told the designer, "I want this cut so tight that you can see my muscles ripple when I move."

It's too bad that the stars can't have their bank rolls cut that tightly too. They'd cut a better figure when their careers are over if they could. They'd have some reserve left in the bank to live on in the lean years. But they can't do it now. Their relatives won't let them; they're too busy making hey-hey while the spotlight shines.

THE END

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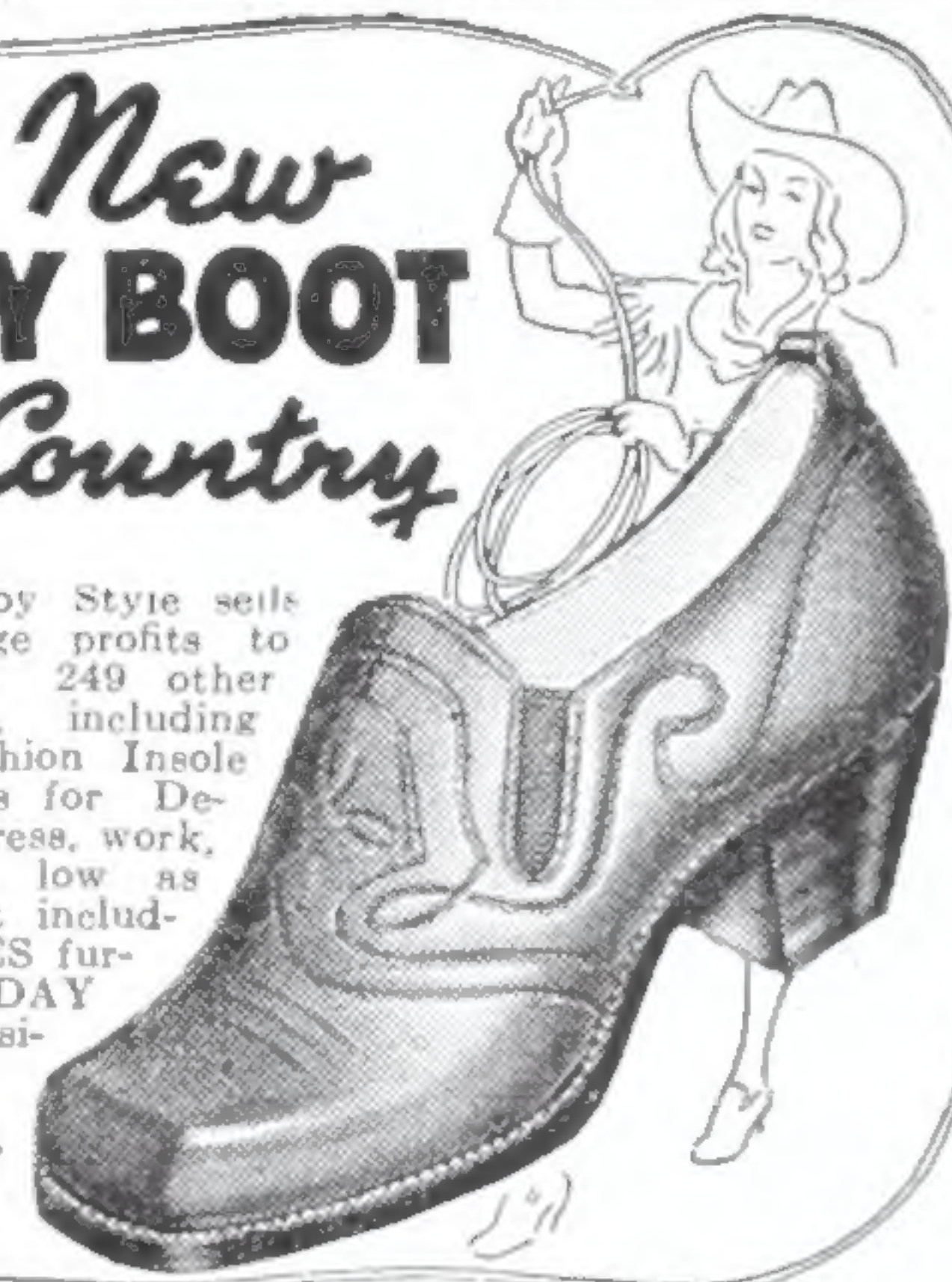
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Tennis-match twosome were Mr. and Mrs. Bill Powell.
If you want to read about whom they saw, see page 11

Casts of Current Pictures

"BIRTH OF THE BLUES"—Paramount. Screen play by Harry Tugend and Walter DeLeon. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. Cast: *Jeff Lambert*, Bing Crosby; *Betty Lou Cobb*, Mary Martin; *Memphis*, Brian Donlevy; *Aunt Phoebe Cobb*, Carolyn Lee; *Louey*, Rochester; *Pepper*, Jack Teagarden and His Orchestra; *Tuxedo*, J. Carroll Naish; *Limpy*, Warren Hymer; *Wolf*, Horace McMahon; *Ruby*, Ruby Elzy; *Deek*, Danny Beck; *Suds*, Harry Barris; *Leo*, Perry Botkin; *Henri Lambert*, Minor Watson; *Piano Player*, Harry Rosenthal; *Skeeter*, Donald Kerr; *Maizie*, Barbara Pepper; *Grant*, Cecil Kellaway; *Jeff* (as a boy), Ronnie Cosbey.

"BURMA CONVOY"—Universal. Original screen play by Stanley Rubin and Ray Chanslor. Directed by Noel Smith. Cast: *Cliff Weldon*, Charles Bickford; *Anne McBrogal*, Evelyn Ankers; *Mike Weldon*, Frank Albertson; *Lloyd McBrogal*, Cecil Kellaway; *Victor Harrison*, Truman Bradley; *Smitty*, Willy Fung; *Maisie*, Viola Vaughn; *Lin Tai Yen*, Keye Luke.

"DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE"—M-G-M. Screen play by John Lee Mahin. Based on the novel by Robert Louis Stevenson. Directed by Victor Fleming. Cast: *Dr. Harry Jekyll*, Spencer Tracy; *Mr. Hyde*, Spencer Tracy; *Ivy Peterson*, Ingrid Bergman; *Beatrice Emery*, Lana Turner; *Sir Charles Emery*, Donald Crisp; *Dr. John Lanyon*, Ian Hunter; *Sam Higgins*, Barton MacLane; *The Bishop*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Poole*, Peter Godfrey; *Mrs. Higgins*, Sara Allgood; *Dr. Heath*, Frederic Worlock; *Interne Fenwick*, William Tannen; *Marcia*, Frances Robinson; *Freddie*, Denis Green; *Mr. Weller*, Billy Bevan; *Old Prouty*, Forrester Harvey; *Colonel Weymouth*, Lumsden Hare; *Dr. Courtland*, Lawrence Grant; *Constable*, John Barstow.

"ELLERY QUEEN AND THE MURDER RING"—Columbia. Screen play by Eric Taylor and Gertrude Purcell. Story by Ellery Queen. Directed by James Hogan. Cast: *Ellery Queen*, Ralph Bellamy; *Nikki Porter*, Margaret Lindsay; *Inspector Queen*, Charley Grapewin; *Miss Tracy*, Mona Barrie; *Page*, Paul Hurst; *Sergeant Velie*, James Burke; *Dr. Janney*, George Zucco; *Mrs. Stack*, Blanche Yurka; *Thomas*, Tom Dugan; *John Stack*, Leon Ames; *Alice Stack*, Jean Fenwick; *Dr. Williams*, Olin Howland; *Dr. Dunn*, Dennis Moore; *Miss Fox*, Charlotte Wynters; *Crothers*, Pierre Watkin.

"GENTLEMAN FROM DIXIE"—Monogram. Original story and screen play by Fred Myton. Directed by Al Herman. Cast: *Thad Gerrill*, Jack La Rue; *Margaret*, Marian Marsh; *Jupe*, Clarence Muse; *Betty Jean*, Mary Ruth; *Lance*, Robert

Kellard; *Browley*, John Holland; *Warden*, Herbert Rawlinson.

"KID FROM KANSAS, THE"—Universal. Screen play by Griffin Jay and David Silverstein. Original story by Griffin Jay. Directed by William Nigh. Cast: *Kansas*, Dick Foran; *Panch*, Leo Carrillo; *Andy*, Andy Devine; *Smitty*, Ann Doran; *Cesar*, Francis McDonald; *Walker*, James Seay; *Linda*, Marcia Ralston; *Jamaica*, Nestor Paiva; *Chief of Police*, Antonio Moreno; *York*, Leyland Hodgson; *Russell*, Wade Boteler; *Maloney*, Guy Usher.

"LADIES IN RETIREMENT"—Columbia. Screen play by Garrett Fort and Reginald Denham. From the play by Reginald Denham and Edward Percy. Directed by Charles Vidor. Cast: *Ellen Creed*, Ida Lupino; *Albert Feather*, Louis Hayward; *Lucy*, Evelyn Keyes; *Emily Creed*, Elsa Lanchester; *Louisa Creed*, Edith Barrett; *Leonora Fiske*, Isobel Elsom; *Sister Theresa*, Emma Dunn; *Sister Agatha*, Queenie Leonard; *Bates*, Clyde Cook.

"LOOK WHO'S LAUGHING"—RKO-Radio. Screen play by James V. Kern. Directed by Allan Dwan. Cast: *Edgar Bergen*, Edgar Bergen; *Charlie McCarthy*, Charlie McCarthy; *Fibber McGee*, Jim Jordan; *Molly*, Marian Jordan; *Julie Patterson*, Lucille Ball; *Jerry*, Lee Bonnell; *Marge*, Dorothy Lovett; *Gildersleeve*, Harold Peary; *Mrs. Uppington*, Isabel Randolph; *Bill*, Walter Baldwin; *Hilary Horton*, Neil Hamilton; *Cudahy*, Charles Halton; *Mr. Collins*, Harlow Wilcox; *Hotel Manager*, Spencer Charters; *Mayor*, Jed Prouty; *Kelsey*, George Cleveland.

"MEXICAN SPITFIRE'S BABY"—RKO-Radio. Screen play by Charles E. Roberts and Jerry Cady. Directed by Leslie Goodwins. Cast: *Carmelita Lindsay*, Lupe Velez; *Matthew Lindsay*, Leon Errol; *Lord Epping*, Leon Errol; *Dennis Lindsay*, Charles "Buddy" Rogers; *Aunt Della*, Elisabeth Risdon; *Fifi*, Marion Martin; *Pierre*, Fritz Feld; *Lady Epping*, Lydia Bilbrook; *Chumley*, Lloyd Corrigan; *Miss Pepper*, Zasu Pitts; *Hotel Clerk*, Jack Arnold.

"MR. CELEBRITY"—Producers Releasing Corp. Original story by Martin Mooney and Charles Samuels. Screen play by Martin Mooney. Directed by William Beaudine. Cast: *Danny Mason*, Buzzy Henry; *Jim Kane*, James Seay; *Carol Carter*, Doris Day; *Mr. Mason*, William Halligan; *Travers*, Gavin Gordon; *Johnny Martin*, Johnny Berkes; *Judge Culpepper*, Jack Baxley; *Cardo the Great*, Larry Grey; *Francis X. Bushman*, Francis X. Bushman; *Clara Kimball Young*, Clara Kimball Young; *Jim Jeffries*, Jim Jeffries.

"NIAGARA FALLS"—Hal Roach-U. A. Screen play by Paul Gerard Smith, Hal Yates and Eugene Conrad. Directed by Gordon Douglas. Cast: *Margy Blake*, Marjorie Woodworth; *Tom Wilson*, Tom Brown; *Emmy Sawyer*, Zasu Pitts; *Sam Sawyer*, Slim Summerville; *Potter*, Chester Clute; *State Trooper*, Edgar Deering; *Chuck*, Ed Gargan; *Trixie*, Gladys Blake; *Head Waiter*, Leon Belasco; *Honeymooners*, Rand Brooks and Margaret Roach; *Clerk*, Jack Rice.

"OUTLAW TRAIL, THE"—RKO-Radio. Original story by Arthur T. Horman. Screen play by Norton S. Parker. Directed by Edward Killy. Cast: *Steve Haggerty*, Tim Holt; *Ellen Grant*, Janet Waldo; *Smokey*, Ray Whitley; *Whopper*, Lee "Lasses" White; *Red Haggerty*, Morris Ankrum; *Tom Haggerty*, Edward Waller; *Idaho*, Glenn Strange; *Joel Nesbitt*, Roy Barcroft; *Andrew Grant*, Joseph Eggenton; *Clemens*, Carl Stockdale; *Sheriff Saunders*, Merrill Holmes; *Kurt Holladay*, Ethan Laidlaw; *John Davis*, James Farley; *The Mayor of Remington*, Guy Usher.

"PITTSBURGH KID, THE"—Republic. Screen play by Earl Felton and Houston Branch. Based on a novel by Octavus Roy Cohen. Directed by Jack Townley. Cast: *Billy Conn*, Billy Conn; *Patricia Mallory*, Jean Parker; *Cliff Halliday*, Dick Purcell; *Joe Barton*, Alan Baxter; *Barbara Ellison*, Veda Ann Borg; *Max Ellison*, Jonathan Hale; *Feets Johnson*, Ernest Whitman; *Knockout Riley*, John Kelly; *Magenta*, Etta McDaniel; *Garvey*, Dick Elliott; *Morrie*, John Harmon; *Devlin*, Robert Barron.

"SING ANOTHER CHORUS"—Universal. Screen play by Marion Orth, Paul Gerard Smith and Brenda Weisburg. Original story by Sam Robins. Directed by Charles Lamont. Cast: *Andy Peyton*, Johnny Downs; *Edna*, Jane Frazee; *Stanislaus*, Mischa Auer; *Mr. Peyton*, George Barbier; *Francine La Verne*, Iris Adrian; *Peggy*, Sunnie O'Dea; *Ralph*, Joe Brown, Jr.; *Theodore Gate-son*, Walter Catlett; *Ryan*, Charles Lane; *Morris*, Peter Peters; *Boris*, Ronald Peters and Rosario and Antonio.

"SKYLARK"—Paramount. Screen play by Allan Scott. From the play produced by John Golden. Based upon a play and novel by Samson Raphaelson. Directed by Mark Sandrich. Cast: *Lydia Kenyon*, Claudette Colbert; *Tony Kenyon*, Ray Milland; *Jim Blake*, Brian Aherne; *Myrtle Vantine*, Binnie Barnes; *George Gorell*, Walter Abel; *Federick Vantine*, Grant Mitchell; *Charlotte Gorell*, Mona Barrie; *Theodore*, Ernest Cossart; *Ned Franklin*, James Rennie; *Maitre D'Hotel*, Fritz Feld; *Jewelry Clerk*, Leonard Mudie.

"SUNDOWN"—Walter Wanger-U.A. Screen play by Barre Lyndon. Directed by Henry Hathaway. Cast: *Zia*, Gene Tierney; *Capt. Bill Crawford*, Bruce Cabot; *Major Coombes*, George Sanders; *Devey*, Harry Carey; *Pallini*, Joseph Calleia; *Bishop Coombes*, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; *Kuypens*, Carl Esmond; *Lieut. Turner*, Reginald Gardiner; *Hammud*, Marc Lawrence; *Ashburton*, Gilbert Emery.

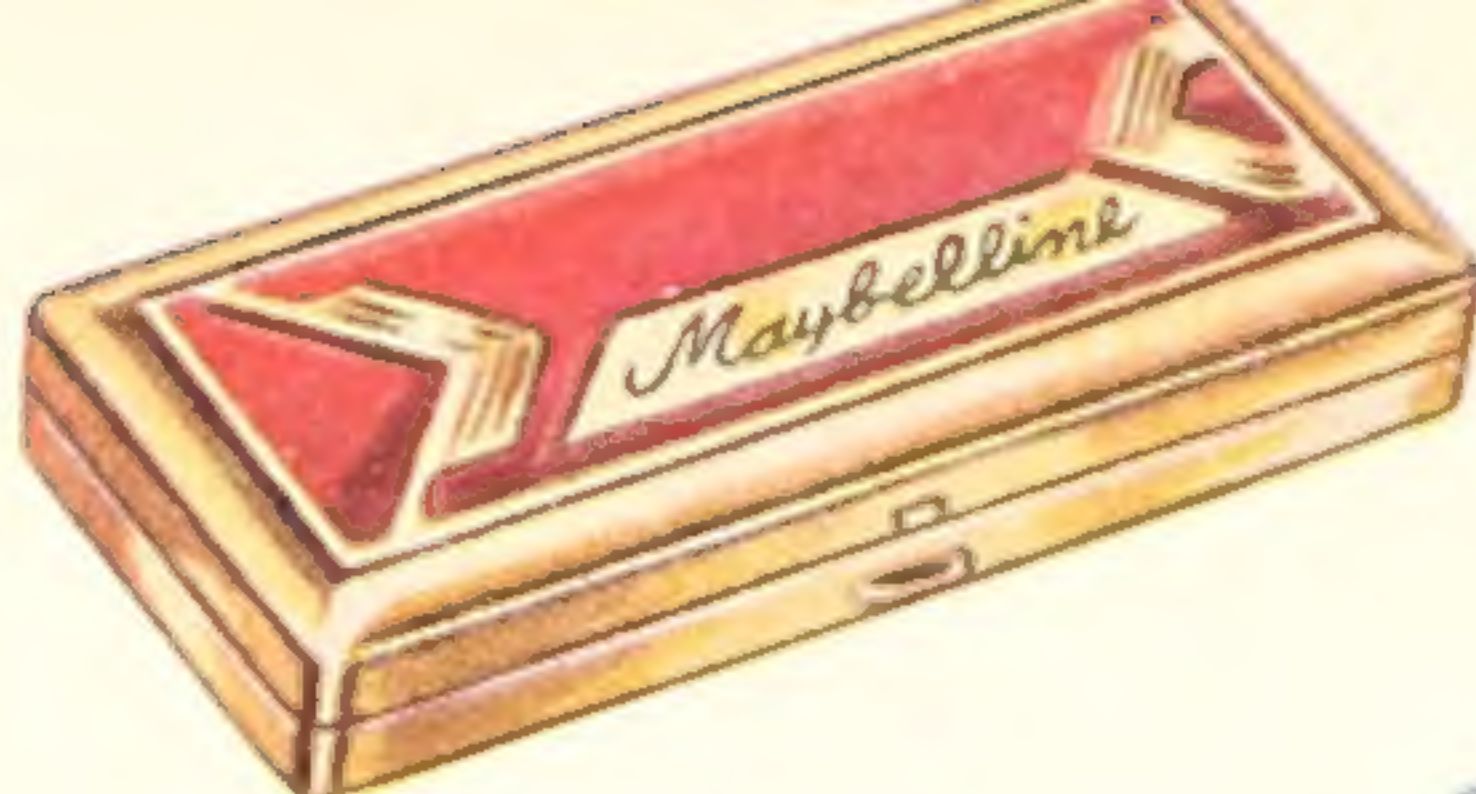
"SUSPICION"—RKO-Radio. Screen play by Samson Raphaelson, Joan Harrison and Alma Reville. Novel by Francis Iles. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Cast: *Johnnie*, Cary Grant; *Lina*, Joan Fontaine; *General McLaidlaw*, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; *Beaky*, Nigel Bruce; *Mrs. McLaidlaw*, Dame May Whitty; *Mrs. Newsham*, Isabel Jeans; *Ethel* (Maid), Heather Angel; *Isobel Seabush*, Auriol Lee; *Reggie Wetherby*, Reginald Sheffield; *Captain Melbeck*, Leo G. Carroll.

"TWO LATINOS FROM MANHATTAN"—Columbia. Original screen play by Albert Duffy. Directed by Charles Barton. Cast: *Joan Daley*, Joan Davis; *Jinx Terry*, Jinx Falkenburg; *Lois Morgan*, Joan Woodbury; *Armando Rivero*, Fortunio Bonanova; *Don Barlow*, Done Beddoe; *Marianela*, Marquita Madero; *Rosita*, Carmen Morales; *Tommy Curtis*, Lloyd Bridges; *Felipe Rudolfo MacIntyre*, Sig Arno; *Charles Miller*, Boyd Davis.

"WEEK END IN HAVANA"—20th Century Fox. Original screen play by Karl Tunberg and Darrell Ware. Directed by Walter Lang. Cast: *Nan Spencer*, Alice Faye; *Rosita Rivas*, Carmen Miranda; *Jay Williams*, John Payne; *Monte Blanca*, Cesar Romero; *Terry McCracken*, Cobina Wright Jr.; *Walter McCracken*, George Barbier; *Boris*, Sheldon Leonard; *Rafael*, Leonard Kinskey; *Driver*, Chris Pin Martin; *Arbolado*, Billy Gilbert; *Mr. Marks*, Hal K. Dawson; *Captain Moss*, William Davidson; *Taylor*, Maurice Cass; *Passengers*, Harry Hayden and Leona Roberts.

"YANK IN THE R.A.F., A"—20th Century Fox. Screen play by Darrell Ware and Karl Tunberg. Original story by Melville Crossman. Directed by Henry King. Cast: *Tim Baker*, Tyrone Power; *Carol Brown*, Betty Grable; *Wing Commander Morley*, John Sutton; *Roger Pillby*, Reginald Gardiner; *Corporal Harry Baker*, Donald Stuart; *Squadron Leader*, Morton Lowry; *Al*, Ralph Byrd; *Thorndyke*, Richard Fraser; *Flight Lieutenant Redmond*, Denis Green; *Flight Lieutenant Richardson*, Bruce Lester; *Wales*, Gilchrist Stuart; *Group Captain*, Lester Matthews; *Canadian Major*, Frederick Worlock; *Mrs. Fitzhugh*, Ethel Griffies; *Headwaiter*, Fortunio Bonanova; *Instructor*, James Craven; *Radio Operator*, G. P. Huntley; *Intelligence Officers*, Stuart Robertson, Dennis Hoey.

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